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May 19, 1928

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"The Emperor of America" again!

—Sax Rohmer continues his thrilling Series

Emperor of All

MAY 19, 1928

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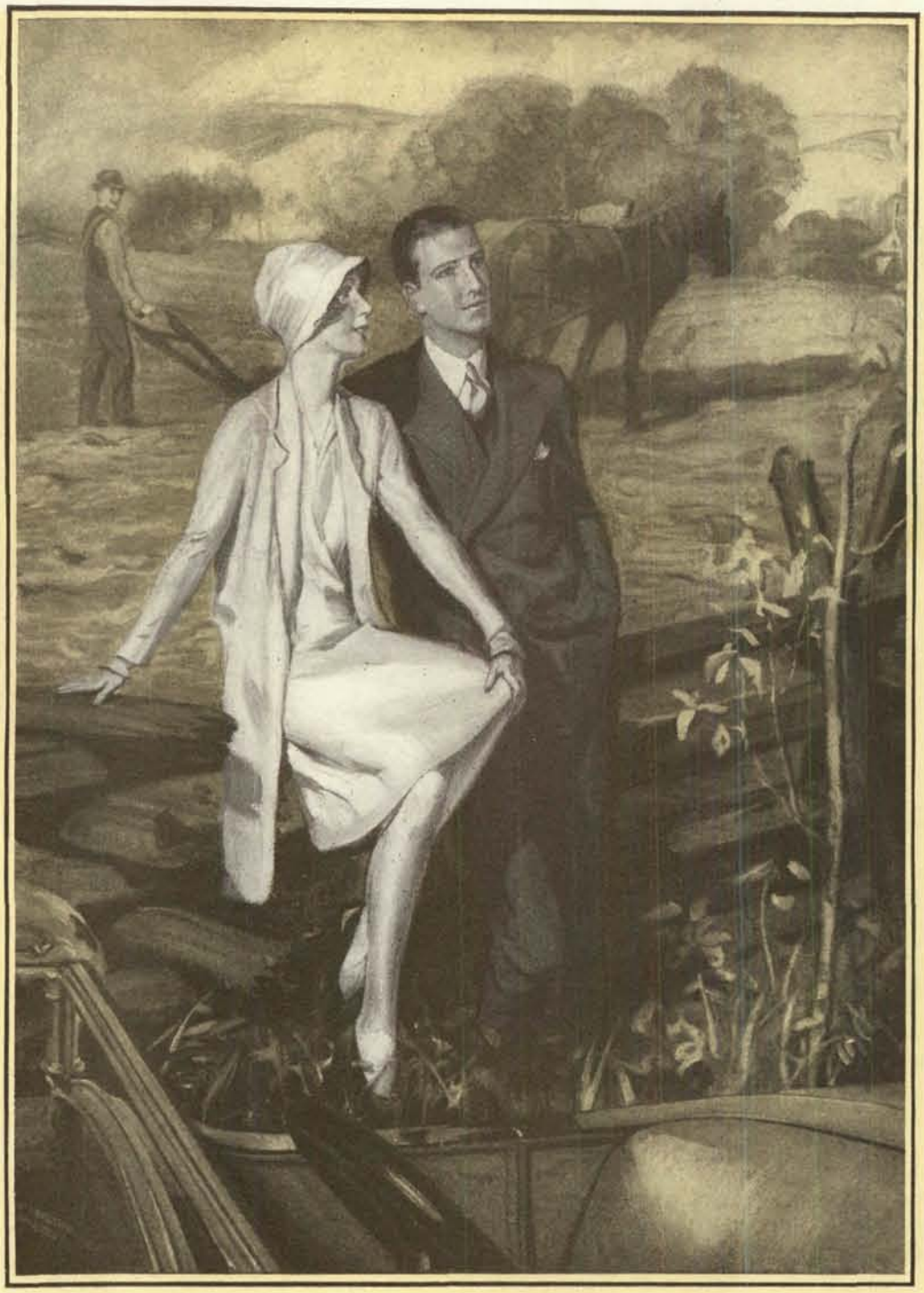


About this time of the year. . .

—the romance of the open road calls to everyone! But remember that most cars today require a heavier grade of motor oil for warm weather driving; certainly the majority of 1928 engines do.

For today's finer, faster engines run hotter. Upon higher heat . . . faster "turn over" . . . more explosions . . . depends their increased efficiency. Such engines demand *exact* lubrication; the right grade of motor oil is not only important, it is *imperative.*

Texaco Motor Oil, clean, clear, golden . . . is scientifically refined and of full viscous body. Each grade is designed to provide correct lubrication for a definite type of engine . . . to ensure full protection against heat and friction.

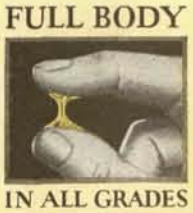
Change your motor oil now . . . *today.* And while you are changing *make sure of both brand and grade.* This is the invariable practice of those motorists who know that flawless motoring and Texaco lubrication seem to be inseparable partners.

A dealer near you sells golden Texaco Motor Oil. The Texaco Red Star and Green T identifies him.

With the first sign of warmer weather have your crankcase drained, flushed and refilled with fresh oil. Most cars require a change in *grade* also. Consult the Condensed Texaco Lubrication Chart on the left.

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

FULL BODY



IN ALL GRADES

Condensed

TEXACO LUBRICATION CHART

The makes of cars listed represent more than 94% of all cars in service. Check carefully to see if your car requires a change to summer grade.

NOTE: Cold Weather recommendations apply at temperatures below 50° F. Where two grades are indicated, the heavier oil should be used during extremely hot weather.

Make of Car	Cold Weather	Warm Weather	Make of Car	Cold Weather	Warm Weather
Buick	M	H	La Salle	H	EH or S
Cadillac	H	EH or S	Lincoln	H	EH
Chandler	M	H or EH	Marmon	M	H or EH
Chevrolet	H	H or EH	Nash	M	H or EH
Chrysler	H	H or EH	Oakland	M	H
Dodge	M	H or EH	Oldsmobile	M	H
Essex	M	H or EH	Overland	M	H
Ford A	M	H	Packard	H	EH or S
Ford T	FF	F	Peerless	M	H
Franklin	H	EH	Pontiac	M	H
Hudson	M	H	Reo	M	H
Hupmobile	M	H	Star	M	H
Jewett	M	H	Studebaker	M	H or EH
Jordan	M	H	Willys-Knight	M	EH

NOTE: The letter M on the Texaco Chart indicates Texaco *Medium;* H indicates Texaco *Heavy;* EH indicates Texaco *Extra Heavy;* S indicates Texaco *Super Heavy.* Texaco Golden Motor Oils, grade for grade, comply with the viscosity grades of the Society of Automotive Engineers (S.A.E.).

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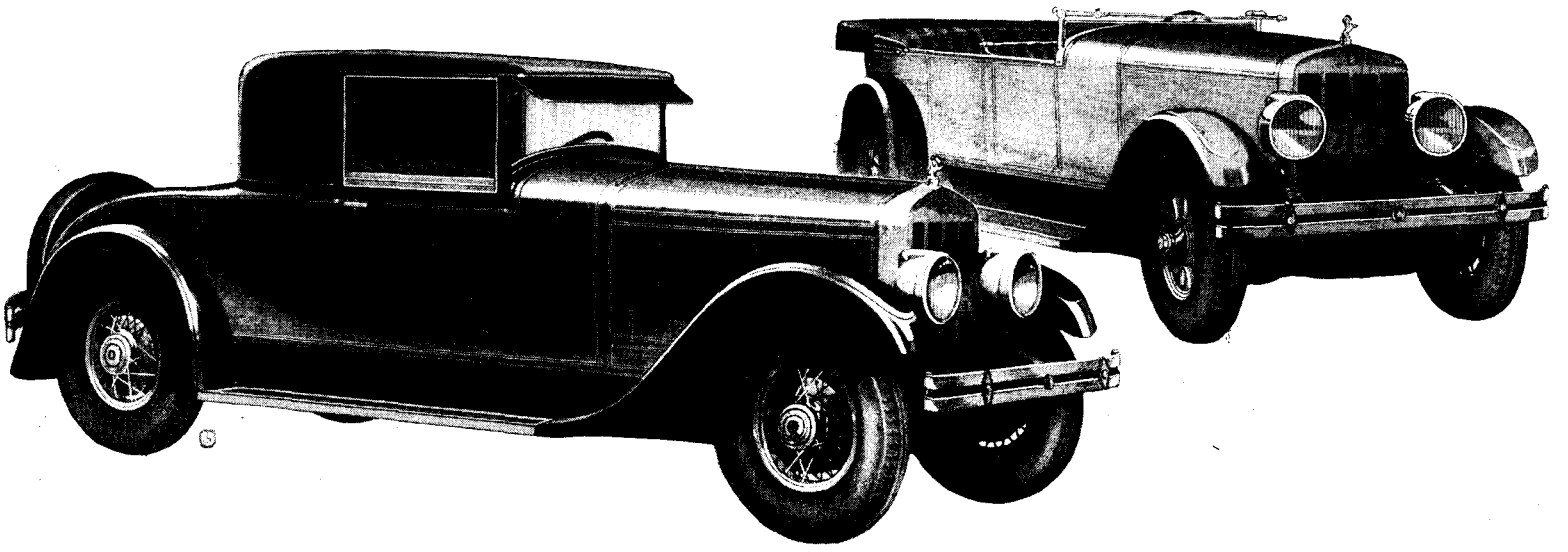


Both the Motor World and Aviation have followed Franklin's pioneering

TWENTY-SIX years ago—courageously and independently—Franklin pioneered air-cooling—the most efficient and dependable cooling principle for automobile engines.

Today, modern Aviation has virtually standardized on air-cooled motors for long, hazardous flights—for sustained high speed, regardless of altitude or weather conditions.

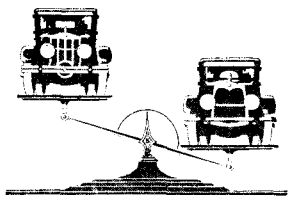
Such an endorsement of a Franklin engineering principle is by no means unusual. With equal vision, Franklin pioneered the first four-cylinder motor, the first six-cylinder motor, the first valve-in-head cylinder, the first sedan body. Franklin introduced the high hood, narrow radiator shell, panelled grille and modified cubistic body lines—now apparent in fully half of the smartest new cars.

The introduction of the Airman Series gave the motor world a new standard of speed—higher average speed throughout a day's run—and a new standard of riding comfort—the Airman has been widely acclaimed "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built."

And now Franklin offers the first *light-weight*, 7-passenger models—ideal family cars; spacious without being bulky; handled and controlled with runabout ease.

You will want to acquaint yourself with the automobile's nearest approach to flying. Just telephone the Franklin representative and an Airman will be placed at your disposal . . . . Term payments are offered.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE



The Franklin Sedan weighs 10% to 20% less than other sedans of equal size—10% to 20% less weight to handle—to move about—to use up gasoline and tires.

Airman Series FRANKLIN

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Accolac ... New finish for Armstrong's Linoleum Floors Saves housework . . adds rich beauty

So easy now to clean an Armstrong Floor!
Accolac, the new lacquer finish, resists dirt . . . simplifies waxing . . . makes the surface satin-smooth

SOMETIMES the simplest of ideas are the most difficult to carry out . . . and the most beneficial in results.

Such is the story of Accolac—the new lacquer finish now applied to Armstrong's Linoleum at the Armstrong factory.

Even rubbers and muddy shoes won't spot and stain the new Accolac finish of an Armstrong Floor. A quick wiping . . . Presto . . . and Clean!

It took months of laboratory work . . . experiments . . . trials . . . then practical tests—months of careful, patient effort—to perfect this new Accolac finish.

The results are well worth the effort. Today Armstrong Floors have a finish such as few floors have ever offered—the beautiful, soft-luster effect of a rich, rubbed-down surface.

Beautiful . . . labor-saving, too!

You'll see this striking beauty when you see the new Armstrong designs now on display. But there's a second virtue—important to you—that reveals itself only after Armstrong Floors are in your home. It is a hitherto undreamed-of cleaning ease.

The new Accolac finish will very seldom need scrubbing. For virtually all dirt remains *on* the surface, where it can be flicked away with a cloth. Even spilled, greasy liquids wipe right up from the satin-smooth surface. In fact, Armstrong's Linoleum with the new Accolac finish sheds dust as easily as your finely lacquered furniture.

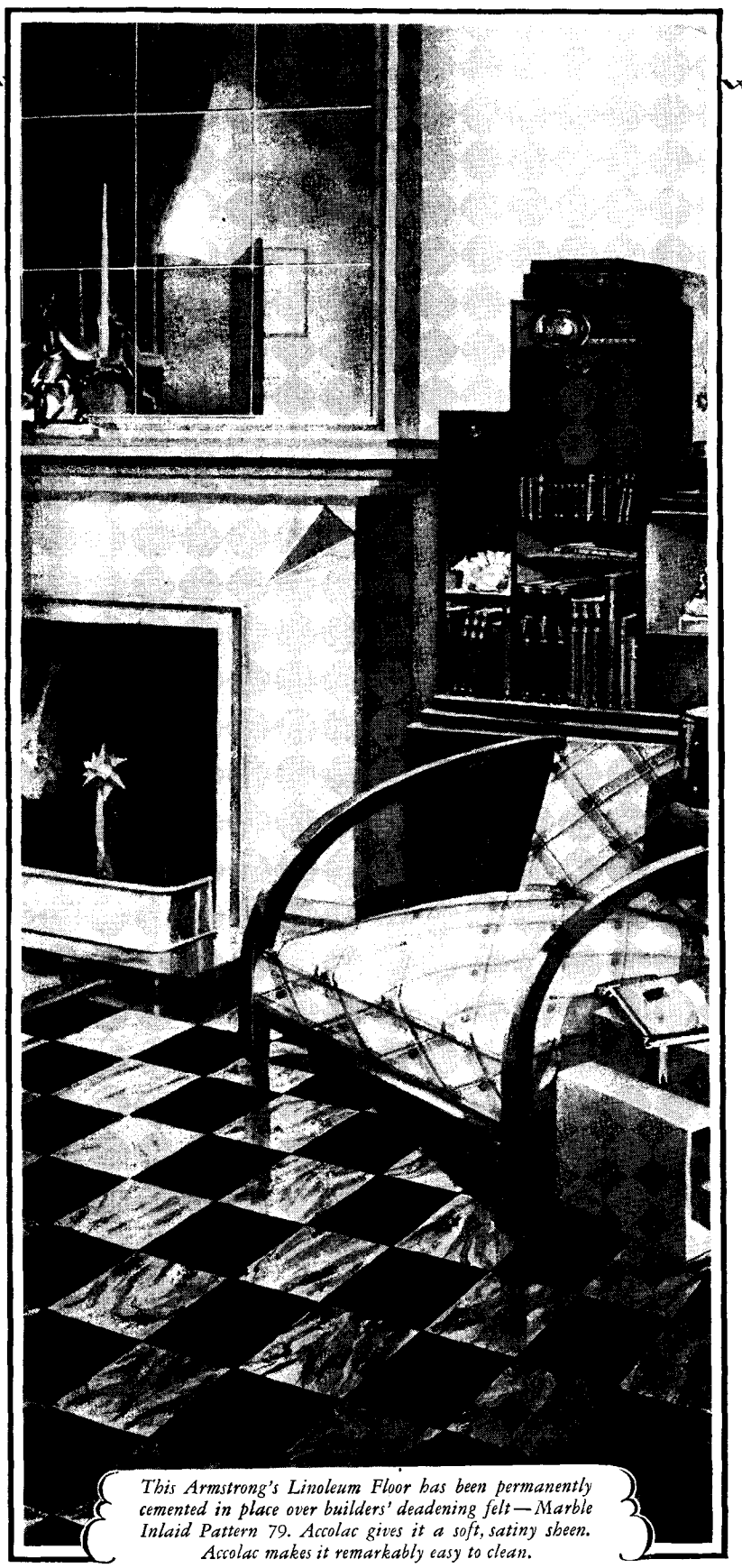
Floor waxing and polishing, too, are now quick, easy tasks. Accolac provides a smooth, non-porous surface. Wax *is not* rubbed down into it. Rather, the wax you apply spreads out evenly *on the surface* for a quick, uniform polishing. No waste. No lost energy.

More beauty, and less care to keep that beauty—these are floor virtues worth paying extra for. Yet no matter what grade of Armstrong's Linoleum you buy today—Plain, Inlaid, Embossed, Jaspé, Arabesq, or Accolac-finished Printed Linoleum—you will find it, as always, reasonably priced. But now you get even more for your money.

How clever are you with color?

Would you like to see how your favorite color schemes have been carried out in various types of fashionable interiors? Would you like information and help in planning your own decoration? Then send for Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." New revised edition brings you latest hints. Explains offer of author's free, personal service. Just send 10c to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 905 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*



This Armstrong's Linoleum Floor has been permanently cemented in place over builders' deadening felt—Marble Inlaid Pattern 79. Accolac gives it a soft, satiny sheen. Accolac makes it remarkably easy to clean.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ EMBOSSED ~ JASPÉ ~ ARABESQ ~ PRINTED

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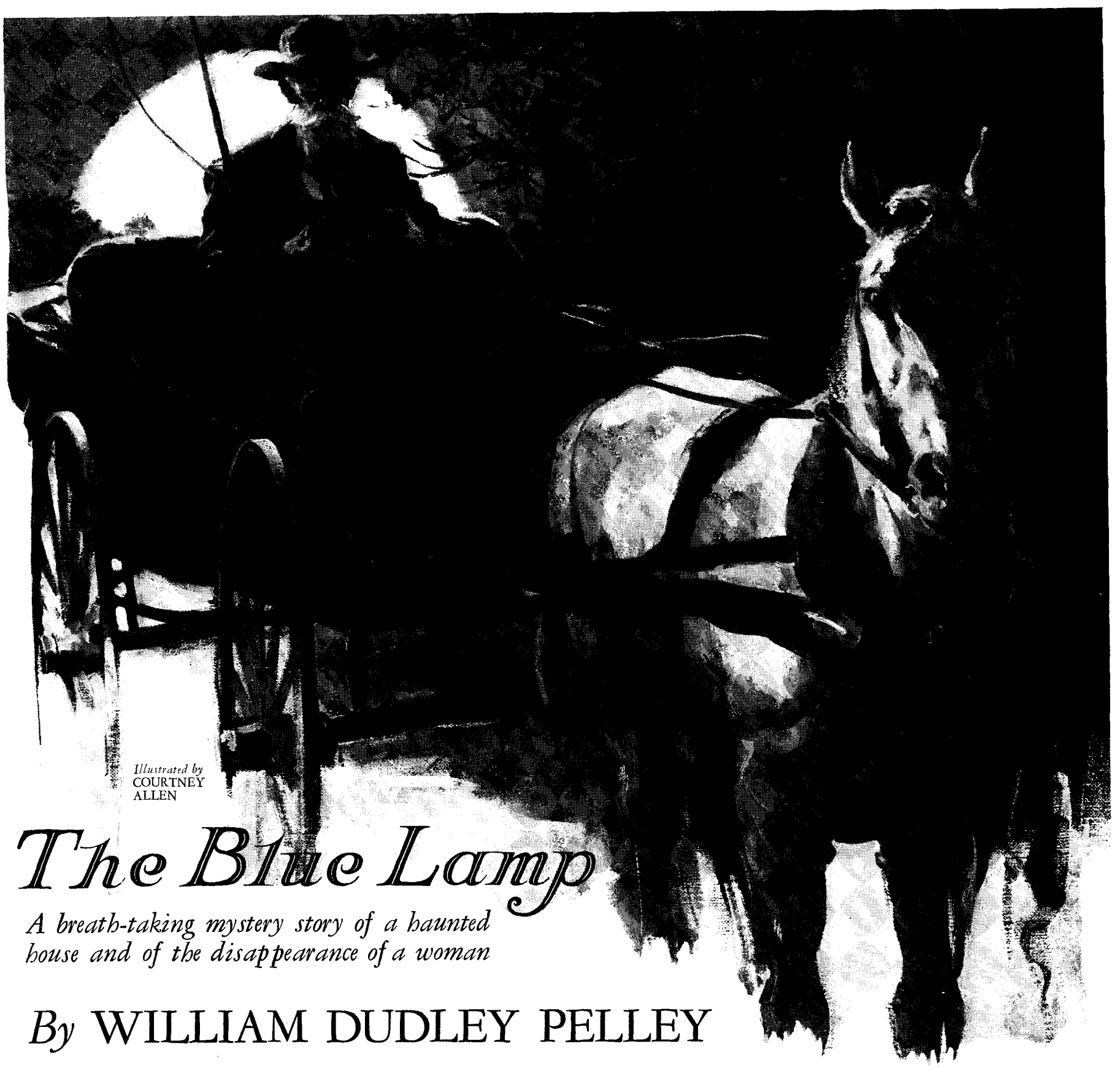

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

The Blue Lamp

A breath-taking mystery story of a haunted house and of the disappearance of a woman

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

THE first Vermonter to discern weird and perturbing phenomena about the abandoned Harmon premises was an elderly eccentric named Jacob Gleason. He lived on a back road between Paris and Wickford.

Jacob had driven into town one pleasant autumn afternoon to consult with Squire Butterworth regarding an incubator patent. His phlegmatic white mare had clopped over the East Main Street bridge at sunset; he had tied her near the depot, secured his supper in Farrell's Quick Lunch and met the attorney at a quarter after seven. An hour and a half they were closeted together. When the gray-bearded inventor descended the steel-treaded stairs in the Citizens' Bank block, he went diagonally across to the Olympic movie theatre, as was his wont. It was a quarter to eleven when the patient mare was at last headed homeward. The illuminated courthouse clock struck eleven mellow strokes as the rig left the Paris street lamps behind and skirted the bog lands across the river, colloquially known as the Flats.

Autumn had come early in the mountains that year; most of the leaves had already fallen. Goldenrod and milkweed grew along the waysides, and the night air was spicy with sumac and spruce. A vast coral moon had risen above Haystack Mountain. As it mounted the heavens it became cold silver.

Ahead—something dark, sinister, wraithlike

So bright was the moonshine that old Jacob noticed it. "Golly!" he muttered. "It's almost light as day."

Reaching the hilltop, where the mare paused for breath, Gleason could see the Cogswell farm, the Wheeler place, even the grist mill in Merritt's Hollow. Spruce beyond the Wheeler cornfield, where the harvest stood in shocks, reflected that sharp lunar brilliance till their uppermost boughs seemed crusted with silver. Strangest of all, he could likewise see it glinting on the slate-covered gables of the Harmon property across the slope down in Echo Fork.

In all the time between crossing the bridge and guiding the mare down the grade toward the Fork, the inventor turned out for one vehicle only. Just before passing District Three schoolhouse the powerful headlights of an on-

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coming motor car savagely blinded the man in the buggy. He turned into the gutter to permit it to pass. He had a confused sense of a mighty limousine purring past him, but was concerned at the moment in keeping his vehicle from upsetting. Then the red eye of a tail lamp vanished behind him. He clucked to the mare and a maple grove hid them.

Down toward the Fork the mare scuffed in the dust, swishing her tail as the reins struck her rump. The whiffletree creaked musically; the slack of the harness tugs slapped on the shafts. Now and then the buggy's steel tires hit a sand-buried stone, and a spark would be fired at the contact with flint. Jacob grew drowsy. He slouched in the seat. The mare knew the road, and he gave her the bridle.

On the southern edge of a wooded hill, before the Harmon place was reached, the road swung a curve through a long aisle of trees. In summer their boughs made an overhead bower. Though the leaves had fallen now, and despite the brilliant moonlight, the sensation of driving through a tunnel visited nocturnal travelers and suggested a stretch to be hurried through quickly. The whole district, in fact, was scarcely to be tarried in. The highroad was narrow. To the left and right were spaces of brush, with spilled stone walls that marked off the woods. Also a quarter mile further on, when these woods at length ended, the moonlight shone brightly in Echo Fork itself.

And facing the Fork was that eerie brick house!

PASSING through this tunnel meant nothing to the mare. She jogged mechanically, eyes half-closed and heavy ears flapping. Old Jake was vaguely aware of their progress; he swayed in the seat with his beard on his vest.

But halfway through the tunnel a startling thing happened. The mare's ears stopped flapping. Her eyes came wide open. With a halt and a snort her forward legs stiffened. Jake was aroused by the buggy's wild lurch. Again the mare snorted. Then the buggy went backward.

"Whoa! *Whoa!*" Jacob cackled. "What th' devil ails ye, y' durned ol' fool?"

The mare gave another leap, stopped, snorted again and seemed to quiver in terror. Ears like steel shells were pointed to the right. Old Jacob peered. His mouth sagged open.

Ahead, close to the bushes, something dark, sinister, wraithlike, was moving toward the Fork. In the same direction as themselves. At a steady, floating pace. There was just enough light to discern it, but the stretch was too dark to reveal its identity.

It would float a few rods, then halt and waver. Then another few rods and more queer uncertainty. No noise that Gleason could perceive accompanied this phenomenon, but the old man's hearing was not of the best and the crunching of gravel would scarcely have reached him.

"Hello, ahead thar!" he ventured. "Who is it?"

Instead of responding, the black *thing* got into action. The mare watched it tensely, her rubber nostrils quivering.

Jacob had the fright of his life. In and out through mottled patches of moonshine and shadow the apparition wended, paying not the slightest attention to the rig overtaking it. It had gone a hundred yards when the old mare's terror lessened. She moved along slowly. But, drawing close to *it* once more, again she stopped and snorted.

This time, with a quiver of fright down his aged back, Jacob saw black, trailing, voluminous draperies about the figure.

"By heck, *it's a woman!*" the old man exclaimed. "It looks like a nun."

But why should a sister, in the funereal robes of her caste, be off in these mountains with the hour nearly midnight?

Spasmodically, however, their progress continued. The phantom moved forward. So did the mare. Two more times Jacob hailed it. Yet he got no response. Not until the Harmon property appeared at the tunnel's eastern end did a legend of the district occur to old Gleason and sap such strength as remained in that moment. If the phantom had anything to do with the abandoned Harmon property, its one-time identity might startle the nation. . . .

SEVERAL years bygone—old Jacob Gleason had forgotten how many—a New York banker had visited Vermont and selected that spot in the mountains for a summer place. Paris people soon realized that out by the Fork a house was going up. It was more than a house, that structure at the Fork. To the farmers roundabout it appeared as a mansion.

Built solidly of brick, set back from the highroad, with a campanile in front and a broad side veranda, it became a district show place; persons who knew John Harmon, its owner, and who were fortunate enough to gain entrance after its completion, spoke awesomely of its appointments and told stories of its furnishings.

The banker's health was poor, however, which accounted for a residence up in the mountains. He was likewise a widower. An only daughter, Mary Harmon, who had not married until then because of her devotion to her father, lived with him in the mansion two seasons and made many friends by her beauty and generosity. Local rumor had it that when her father passed onward an enormous fortune would accrue to her. But she was plain-mannered, unassuming, and far more interested in clumsy local charities than in displaying her affluence or exhibiting snobbery.

Toward the close of the second year of their seasonal occupancy an aristocratic stranger arrived as a house guest. Middle Vermont was electrified to learn that the tall, svelte, cold-faced visitor was known as Count Briskow; that living among them was a Hungarian noble who evidently expected to marry the heiress.

But he came only once, for the next year John died.

Mary Harmon sent up servants who closed the house, without, however, altering its appointments or disturbing in the slightest the furnishings or fixtures. When the girl wrote, making permanent arrangements with Squire Butterworth to represent her locally and act as official caretaker for the premises, she declared she expected to utilize the house on her return from Europe after her marriage; meanwhile she wanted everything to remain as her father's whim had provided. It had been the ambition of a life of hard struggle, and she meant to keep it, to remind her of her parent, precisely as he had left it.

BUT Mary Harmon never went to Europe. And neither did she marry. She vanished.

The father was no sooner buried, his will probated, an estate of nearly five million dollars turned over to his daughter as his only heir, when Mary Harmon disappeared one evening between sunset and sunrise.

According to the yellow journals, which kept the sensation alive for a month and a day, she went one evening to attend a little private dinner with her titled fiancé in the apartment of a struggling young medical student in Boston. Little or nothing was known of this student except that he had been

She, according to reports before her disappearance, had been impressed

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graduated from a Boston medical college and was pursuing some private experiments under a bad financial handicap. Count Briskow had met him, had become interested in his work, and had introduced him to Miss Harmon. She too, according to report among her friends prior to her disappearance, had been impressed with the young man's zeal and had even suggested endowing a laboratory for him wherein he might carry out a wider range of experiments in the field of bacteriology.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after coming home from the dinner Mary Harmon had complained of an unexplainable lethargy growing upon her. During the night immediately after the affair a growing nausea had first been attributed to the wine she had drunk; when this nausea became worse, poison was feared. Count Briskow promptly volunteered the information that he had been responsible for the presence of the wine, and a half bottle still remaining in the studio laboratory was recovered and analyzed. No poison was found.

The next night after the dramatic dinner, Mary Harmon was missed from her Beacon Street home. Servants declared that during the supper hour Count Briskow visited her, was closeted with her for nearly an hour despite her indisposition, and that during his visit the heiress put in a telephone call for young Dr. Hawkins, the suspected medical student. Dr. Hawkins arrived at the house and went upstairs, where sounds as of quarreling were heard between the two men. Briskow came down first and banged out the front door, snatching his hat from the hand of a servant and muttering angrily as he strode down the steps.

Count Briskow had become interested in him and had introduced him to Miss Harmon

This servant immediately joined two others in the rear of the downstairs premises, knowing that if their mistress desired them the ringing of a buzzer bell would produce them.

Up until then no trained nurse had been called in, owing to the mysterious nature of Miss Harmon's malady and lack of knowledge as to its seriousness. The attending physician had decided that if the heiress did not improve by next morning he might order her to a hospital for observation.

When the evening hours began to pass with no buzzer call from the sickroom, the housekeeper finally went up to investigate. The chamber was in darkness. The bed was empty. There was no sign of Hawkins, Mary Harmon or anyone. Nor had any message been left for the housekeeper.

Puzzled, not a little worried, thinking that perchance her mistress had gone somewhere with Dr. Hawkins for medical examination or treatment, the servants did not report the disappearance that night. But when morning brought no word of her, and when Briskow reappeared and learned what had occurred, Boston and New England—in fact the entire eastern United States—had a high-powered mystery for its evening teacups. According to the Count, Miss Harmon had been abducted, but what made him think so he refused to disclose.

There was no denying the sincerity of Briskow's upset. The foreigner was beside himself with wrath and perturbation. At once he led the police—and a corps of private detectives personally retained—to Dr. Hawkins' rooms.

They were stripped naked of every portable possession, including many scientific instruments which the Count's money had provided. The condition of drawers, chests and shelves disclosed the frenzied departure the young doctor had made. Even letters and papers which might give a clue to his identity and history were significantly missing.

The man had gone, and Mary Harmon with him. That, at least, was the public assumption.

But at once the yellow newspapers began to ask questions. First and foremost, Mary Harmon had been worth five million dollars. No attempt had been made to draw upon this money, not even her active bank account.

Second, it was unreasonable to suppose that a girl worth five millions, with little or no money on her that could be accounted for, would arise from a sick bed and run away with a poor medical student she had met but twice in her life, and both of those times within the past week.

Third, if she had suddenly become enamored of him and wanted to marry him, there was absolutely no necessity for an elopement; she was accountable for her behavior to no one; the Count, under rigorous questioning, admitted that no formal engagement existed between them; she was not the type to commit a prank so romantic, and certainly if she had left of her own accord she would have communicated with servants and her attorneys about the disposition of her affairs in her absence.

Human or superhuman, something had entered the Harmon mansion

The mystery was further complicated by Count Briskow's behavior under cross-examination. Although his anxiety was grievous, he steadfastly refused to divulge what he had quarreled with Hawkins about on the evening he had banged from the house. He contended that to reveal it would be to violate a confidence in which he had no choice. It affected Miss Harmon's personal affairs, and his honor as a gentleman enforced his silence. "Did it have any bearing on motives for such a vanishing?" he was asked. "Possibly but not probably," he had answered. Of one thing he was certain: young Dr. Hawkins had abducted the young woman and was secreting her somewhere for a nefarious purpose. What purpose? The Count refused to explain.

Yet an abduction against the young woman's will was something else. Wealthy heiresses dressed only in nightgowns and silken wraps are rarely removed forcibly from homes as publicly prominent as those along Beacon Street, Boston, in the early summer evening, with servants unconsciously guarding the rear and all manner of traffic passing in the streets. Carried downstairs against her will, she would certainly have attracted aid by screaming. If drugged, some sort of conveyance would have been required when once the street was reached. And in the publicity given the disappearance in the week ensuing, no cab driver could be found who reported carrying away a fare that answered the description of the missing heiress.

Newspaper men gradually perceived that Count Briskow's real upset was principally due to the fortune he stood to lose if the girl were not found. He grew increasingly distraught. A small army of crime operatives combed Boston and New England, all in his pay. They learned plenty about Hawkins, but nothing of Mary Harmon's whereabouts.

Dr. Euclid Hawkins was the only son of deceased parents in Ohio. His father, a reputable small-town physician, had left insurance on which the young man had scraped his way through medical school. The lad had always borne a good reputation during his boyhood; he had been grave-minded and boresomely studious during his college course. Not even a sweetheart could be found with whom he had ever been in love. Count Briskow had met him in the Boston Public Library originally; they had entered into casual conversation in the reference-room, where both were interested in poring over the same medical books. A visit by the Count to Hawkins' small attic laboratory had followed. And thence their friendship.

IN ALL the information unearthed no clue was presented as to Mary Harmon's cause for flight willingly or Hawkins' expedient for transferring her to some hiding place unwillingly. And the heiress stayed hidden.

Newspapers ran riot in headlines. Vast numbers of reporters had their pay raised for unearthing trifles. Circulations jumped. From Boston to Chicago the greeting of friends was, "Have they found Mary Harmon yet?"

Learned criminologists came forward with theories. Alienists talked of romantic complexes. Sociologists were positive the young woman had been removed by some hoax played upon her and turned over to a life of shame. From Portland to Galveston came daily reports of strange women answering her description being seen in strange places.

In all the furor keen-brained newspaper editors noted only three salient items of bona fide significance bearing on the mystery.

The first of these was Count Briskow's reticence about the cause of his quarrel with (*Continued on page 48*)

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A Woman Looks at Smith

A clear-eyed annalist whose histories have borne fruit

By
IDA M. TARBELL

Author of
The Life of Abraham Lincoln

"VIEWING the situation from the side lines, as an ordinary citizen; I should say women have exceeded in the comparatively short period that they have been admitted to full citizenship even the wildest expectations of those who promised that their activity would be beneficial to public life."

This judgment of an "ordinary citizen" deserves more than ordinary attention. It comes from a man who has spent eight of the nine years since women have been admitted to full citizenship on the front line as governor of the state which contains a larger number of women of voting age than any other in the Union. Also it comes from a governor who, throughout this long period of service, has done his best to meet women halfway in their efforts to fit into public life.

It is doubtful, indeed, if any man in office in the country has gauged more accurately the contributions women are fitted to give in government, or had a profounder instinctive sense of their natural interests or of their capacity for direct and disinterested service when those interests are aroused than Governor Smith. For Alfred E. Smith of New York is the "ordinary citizen" quoted above.

Luckily for them and for him, his idea of the chief aim of government fits in with their natural interests. The welfare of all the people—their health, safety, education, steady employment, care when ill, support when broken in mind and body—this is a state's chief business, according to Governor Smith.

There is no doubt of the genuineness of his sympathy with these ends, his joy in every step which leads toward their realization. To appreciate just how deeply he feels about it all you should hear him explaining what he calls his picture books to one unfamiliar with what New York State, under his prodding, is doing to make life more tolerable for those dependent upon her care—the crippled, the feebleminded, the blind, the criminal, the insane, the shattered veterans of the World War—as well as to serve the convenience, the safety, the opportunity, the health of her active citizens.

"Figures and talk aren't enough these days," he will tell you. "People have to have pictures to understand, so I decided to make picture books where they could see what we are doing with their money."

It's something worth while to look over these books with the responsible author. Opening them on his big desk, he will go over the illustrations one by one, explaining each with an enthusiasm which would almost convince you that he had never seen it before.

"Look at that," he says, pointing to a long, open, two-story structure at the West Haverstraw Hospital for Crippled Children. "That's what they call a solarium. They can wheel the kids out where they can sit all day in the sun and air. I don't know how many beds are in the picture, but they can put fifty or more on that roof. Never had anything like that before in New York State.

"And see here. You wouldn't believe it, but at Matteawan they were so crowded the patients had to sleep on the floor. Think of a rich state standing that! Well, we're going to stop it. There are more than 1,200 new beds in those wings.

"Then look at what was happening at Rome, in the State School for Mental Defectives—beds in a cellar! You wouldn't believe it. Look at the fine place that we are building there."

And so it goes—not missing a picture—giving you the impression of a man who is actually gloating over what he is showing. As a matter of fact, he is.

"Governor Smith's great gifts," says Mary Hun, the head of the State Commission for the Blind, "are his imagination and his sympathy for all human beings. To him an insane man is a man whose mind has gone wrong; a blind man is merely a man in the dark; a cripple, one who cannot walk. The state must cure the man if possible; if not, he must be cared for. The governor never thinks or talks of people as mere defectives.

Wedding Bells: Open Sesame

HOWEVER, you do not have to be afflicted to arouse interest and sympathy in Governor Smith. He is just as keen for those who are happy. That is why a bridegroom who takes in Albany on his honeymoon is always able to introduce his bride to the governor. No matter how crowded the schedule, the secretaries know they must make a place for the newlyweds.

"It's the greatest day in a man's life," he will say soberly. "Of course I'll see them."

This warm, genuine feeling for human beings makes the governor the natural ally of the women working in the state for human welfare. They found this out long before he was elected governor, however, just as he found out their persistency and distinterestedness when seeking legislation which they believed to be for the good of men, women and children.

It was a discovery on both sides.

They discovered that a "Tammany politician"—as all the reform element considered Al Smith back in 1903 when he first was "tidied up" for the Assembly at the direction of the chief of his district, Big Tom Foley—could be as sincerely concerned over workmen's compensation, an eight-hour day for women, widows' pensions, better housing, as they were.

Friends in Every Port

HE DISCOVERED that these various measures which he was hearing about—most of them for the first time—struck at handicaps that he was only too familiar with in the lower East Side world of New York City, where he had been born and had always lived. He was for them from the start—that was something worth while, and he backed the women who so valiantly in season and out of season returned to their attack.

He served with them on commissions, conferred with them, learned to know their temper, their caliber, their ideals and needs, their dependability.

When finally, after twelve years of active service in the Assembly and four in the city of New York, he was made governor, he knew he wanted Frances Perkins on the State Industrial Commission, for he had learned about her eight years before when a famous factory commission was at work in the state. She remained one of his first lieutenants in labor matters and is now chairman of the State Industrial Board.

He knew he wanted to retain Mary V. Hun on the Commission for the Blind. He did, and Miss Hun now heads that commission.

He knew he wanted Mrs. Henry Moskowitz as an unofficial adviser. She had aided in his campaign; he knew of her long unselfish social service. She is now the director of publicity for the Democratic State Committee and one of his most trusted counselors.

In his first year as governor, Smith named over 30 women to positions he believed them fitted to fill; in the eight years since the number has risen to over 140.

One interesting early appointment was to a place hitherto sacred to the male. There was a vacancy on the State Civil Service Commission, naturally coveted by more than one man, but the governor warned, "Hands off"—he was going to give it to a woman.

And this he did—gave it to a woman he had never met, who never was a candidate but of whose fitness and ability he had convinced himself by inquiries not only from Democrats who knew her but also from his Republican friends and counselors in her town—he has them in every port! This woman, Mrs. Charles Bennett Smith of Buffalo, is now the head of the commission.

But Governor Smith has done more than fill offices with women—he counsels with his appointees, keeps track of their work, helps them by suggestion, listens to their ideas. He does this too with women, whatever their party, who come to him with their causes.

Presenting your case to the governor is not the fearsome business that it is with too many public men. Your reception is cordial, from the orderly at the outside door through the succession of experienced attendants and secretaries who sift the applicants. And if you reach the governor's office—you may get what you want en route—you do not find it the usual frigid and impersonal office of the powerful.

It has all their fittings—the standardized mahogany and the walls lined with yellow sheep-bound records, but the formality is broken by pleasant personal objects—family photographs on the mantel: the chief a familiar one of his smiling self with his adored granddaughter, "six months old on the twenty-fifth of January and weighs 19 pounds"; photographs of Mrs. Smith on his desk; a little bronze G. O. P. elephant; a Democratic donkey; a funny peanut man; handsome notebooks—gifts no doubt—all carefully placed where he can enjoy them, but where they will not be in the way of his pad, his heavy pencils, his big ash tray, his glass of water, the space which may be needed for records, for documents.

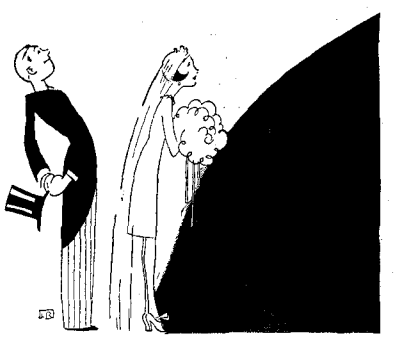
Everything shines and everything is in order: *his* idea of their order. Apparently he couldn't live with them if they were off the angle which satisfies him. No attendant, however careful, ever quite gets it. The first thing the governor does when he enters that office in the morning is to line up the elephant, the donkey, Mrs. Smith, the ash tray, and all the rest to please himself. "Now we're all set," he will exclaim, and plunge into his work.

Personally the governor of New York is as orderly and shining as his office. He dresses immaculately—likes modish, well-fitting suits and all the nice accessories which go with them, and wears them naturally, and, when off duty, with just a touch of swagger—but not when on duty.

Al Smith and Alfred E. Smith

A MAN could not be more of a governor and a gentleman than the one who greets a stranger, admitted because he believes him to have a case to which he should listen.

His face is a surprise. The newspapers have insisted for years in giving us but one Governor Smith—the happy-go-lucky, laughing, frequently guffawing Al Smith. That is not the man who receives one on a first visit to his office to discuss something to which he has been persuaded he should listen. This is a grave man with clear, unwavering gray eyes and a firm but fine and flexible narrow-lipped mouth, who greets you



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soberly, impersonally—listens attentively and decides promptly whether he should or should not give you more time.

As he listens he wheels his chair around facing the big window through which you look over the treetops on the city of Albany. As he stares ahead he chews hard on a fat, usually unlighted cigar—a cigar which serves him in his thinking process as fumbling with a watch chain or a paper knife, folding and tearing up sheets of paper, serve other men—a kind of nervous outlet.

You can almost see his mind seizing your point, if you have any—deciding what he can do about it, if anything.

"Is this what you mean?" "Is this what you want?" he asks abruptly—and then in vigorous, correct, precise English he will state your case, give his opinion, make his decision. If he has a doubt of your understanding what he means—if he wants to clinch the facts back of his answer—he is apt to wheel back to his desk and, seizing a pad of paper, with a fat soft lead pencil, draw a diagram, make an outline of what he wishes you to see clearly.

Places for the Ladies

THE question of women on juries has recently been up at Albany.

"Here's how I see it," says the governor, picking up his pad and tearing off the top sheet (on which there are geometric diagrams, or something which a previous caller has perhaps profited by). "Here's the law now. There are certain *disqualified*"—and he scrawls the word, following it with a sign of equality, and tells you who they are. "Women, like men, would be disqualified for those reasons. Then there are the *liable* and the *exempt*"—writing the words. "Men are exempt who have professions or duties from which they cannot be excused without detriment to society—*lawyers, doctors, ministers of the Gospel*—all on account of work," he writes under Exempt.

"I would add women"—and he writes *"and women."*

"How could a woman who has children and no help" (he knows all about that situation) "be expected to sit on a jury a month? Then there are the young women—good women. I don't want my daughters to sit in a New York criminal court listening to the endless stories of wickedness and filth. It isn't right.

"But give women the right to serve if they want to. Of course there are women who don't have much to do and might like to serve. Let them do it."

Governor Smith has not only taken women into camp as far as the law permitted but he has worked steadily to remove their political handicaps. When he came into office in 1919 there were 79 positions under the state Civil Service Commission for which a woman was not allowed to take examinations. She could not be an inspector on a state hospital commission; she could not be a water analyst in the department of health or a chemist in the public service; she could not be a bank examiner, an elevator operator, a bacteriologist, a specialist in English in the education department. In less than a year after Governor Smith was inaugurated, the law was amended so as to open to them the examinations for these positions.

They have used their opportunities—standing up well in the tests. Instead of no women as bacteriologists in the health department there are now 9; instead of no women physicians in state institutions there are now 10.

There are, to be sure, civil-service positions for which women are not fitted.

"You could not make a woman head of Sing Sing Prison," the governor says. "And, then, you could not put a man in many of the positions in the Bedford Infirmary. You have got to have sense about these things."

Year after year his annual message has recommended that any unjust discrimination against women should be removed from the statute books. He has utterly refused, however, to interfere in the slightest degree with any statute that protected the health or well-being of a woman whether in her home or in her industry. Once, when a delegation from the opponents of the eight-hour law came to him, pleading that it was an infringement of equality, he made a famous answer:

"Equality! I can't nurse a baby!"

"This bill," he said of one pensioning widows with children, "ought to be called 'A bill for the protection of the American home.'"

He knew what it meant for a woman single-handed to keep her children together. At thirteen, he, the oldest child, had seen his mother come home from the funeral of his father, with only a few cents in her pocket, give the children their supper and go out to get a job as an umbrella maker, bringing back her bundle of sticks when she came. And he, now her chief supporter, had gone out next morning and begun his career as a newsboy. If *his* mother had had a pension!

Party: the People's Tool

GOVERNOR SMITH'S greatest service to the women of the state has been to awaken many of them to the higher meaning of political parties. It is hardly their fault if they have pretty generally regarded victory at the polls as the chief end of a party. They inherited that notion and have not yet emancipated themselves in any great number.

Now, loyal a party man as Governor Smith has always been, past master of organization as he unquestionably is, party to him is—a tool, not an end.

"The reason for the existence of political parties," he told the Constitutional Convention thirteen years ago, is to bring about "what goes the farthest to do the greatest good for the greatest number."

And again, when advanced labor laws were being fought on the ground that the state should not enact class or privilege legislation: "What is the state?" he cried. "Green fields and rivers and lakes and mountains and cities? Why, (*Continued on page 46*)

His face is a surprise: no guffaws; the grave, clear convincing eyes of the governor who listens to all

Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, who wants to be what she is—a busy wife and mother

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The Emperor of America

A traitor is dealt with in approved "Zone fashion"

"THE point is," said the captain, "that although I am honored to place my cabin at your disposal, I can't hold the Ruritania in her dock three seconds after one o'clock. It is just 12:30."

Sir Harry Bristol was a charming host. He was also a very truculent specimen of mercantile skipper.

The big politician smiled soothingly. For a big politician he was a small man; but his lined and humorous face conveyed a definite impression of power.

A faint vibration communicated itself to the party assembled in the captain's room. It ceased.

"They're turning the engines over," Sir Harry went on. "My first officer will report inside two minutes. We carry mails, and we sail on time." He looked at the clock. "If the missing member isn't here soon, your conference will be a short one, madame and gentlemen."

He glanced around at his guests. They were a notable company: one woman and seven men. The woman was charming: a dainty design for a magazine cover miraculously come to life; one of those elusive creatures commonly supposed to live only in the imagination of artists. The men were Commander Drake Roscoe of the United States Navy; Dr. Stopford, ex-surgeon of the Ruritania; Ned W. Regan, most famous private detective outside the pages of Conan Doyle; Deputy Commissioner Burke of Police Headquarters; Page Sutton, one of America's wealthiest citizens; Peter Champion, the Lumber King. And the big politician. To a deaf man with a blind eye it must have been apparent that this conference in the captain's room of the Ruritania was no mere excuse for conviviality.

Roscoe rapped sharply and opened the door

"I appreciate your position entirely, Sir Harry," said the politician.

HE WAS interrupted by a rap on the cabin door.

"Yes?" cried the captain. The door opened. The first officer, standing in a shadowy alleyway, saluted.

"O. K., sir," he reported laconically.

"Very good. Carry on, Mr. Graham." The first officer withdrew.

"You understand, Captain," said Regan, his voice more than ordinarily gruff by reason of repressed excitement, "that this party couldn't have assembled in any other place. Two of us are booked to sail. You know how we got aboard. You know how we aim to get ashore. This is a British ship, and unless they bomb us we can reckon we're safe here from the Zones."

"That is, for another twenty-five minutes."

"The criminal known as the Emperor of America is operating in New York again," said Peter Champion, and brought down a large, gnarled fist on the chair arm. "It's costing me and Page Sutton a big piece of money to buy the information we are expecting tonight, but we have suffered enough. So has all the country."

"Excuse me buttin' in," said Stopford, "on such scanty information. But this sportsman, who seems to have been unavoidably detained, how does he come to be at large? I've been away from your peaceful country. My impression was that there'd been a big bust-up of the gang, with long terms of imprisonment and what not."

"Some of the worst of the bunch slipped through," explained Regan, removing a vast cigar from the corner of his grim mouth and gazing reflectively at the cone of ash. "The newspaper reports you read in Europe didn't lay undue stress on this point. They're operating again. We've established touch several times."

"It seems to me—" began Stopford.

There came a loud rap on the door. It was thrown open. A big man, heavily muffled, his hat brim pulled down to shade his face, burst into the cabin.

IN a vault which must have suggested to one entering it that he had been translated to medieval Spain, a horrible figure was seated.

The vault, which appeared to have been hewn out of living rock, was roughly oval in shape; it was, in fact, a natural cavern artificially perfected. The rock composing its walls and roof was dark green serpentine; so dark that it appeared black, having been refined to a glossy surface. A central column seemingly upheld the roof. Actually, it was part of the virgin rock, but had been most exquisitely fashioned.

It resembled the trunk of a date palm, and on the vaulted ceiling it spread out six geometrical branches which conformed to the curves of the gleaming walls and were caught up and supported by six slender pillars. The floor, slightly uneven, was uncarpeted and composed of polished serpentine. Arched doorways, uncurtained, showed dead black against the sea black of the walls left and right and slightly east of the central pillar; another gaped, ominous, like the mouth of Molock, at the eastern end of the vault.

A greenish but adequate light pervaded the place. Its source was not apparent. Somewhere—evidently a long way off—as though echoed and reëchoed through innumerable caverns, a sound of falling water was audible.

Except for a long and narrow table set before the western wall and a high-backed Spanish chair ornamented with stamped leather, there was no furniture. In this chair the solitary figure was seated. Strange enough the vault—a serpentine bubble, a geological phenomenon in the bowels of Manhattan—the figure who occupied the place was stranger yet. It was that of a man wearing a black robe. The yellow, hairless face, the slitlike eyes lost something of their horror but nothing of their mystery when one realized that the man wore some kind of rubber mask. Rubber gloves lent to his hands the same smooth inhuman appearance.

On the western side of the central column a speck of red light glowed.

"H. Q.," said the voice. "Report of Divisional Chief C, in charge of party

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Returns By SAX ROHMER

covering Divisional Chief B. The latter, Robert MacRae, leaving B headquarters in charge of subordinate, proceeded at ten minutes after midnight to the Ruritania. He is now aboard. According to order, he was covered but not detained. Zone Officer 3 C has remained aboard. Standing by on boat deck for instructions. Group Master 2, Sector 3 C 2, and Group Master 4, Sector 2 D 1, detailed for special duty, also remain on board, in charge of zone officer. Party in captain's cabin as before. Report ends."

"Report," directed the musical voice of the masked man, "of H. Q. patrol covering Divisional Chief C."

"Report just to hand. H. Q. patrol confirms. Report ends."

The snappy nasal voice was that of one self-confident and undismayed. The masked man spoke again in icy tones:

"Your reports are unsatisfactory. Unless I order you to condense, make all reports in detail. This is an official reprimand. Do not repeat the report of H. Q. patrol. Give me that of group master covering Ruritania from the river *as received.*"

"To hand." The nasal tones were less confident. "Group Master 1, Sector 3 C 1, reports that all other visitors are now ashore. All mails aboard. Dock quiet. Ruritania's engines have been turned over. Chief officer at station. First officer at station. Staff captain on navigation bridge. All set for pulling cut. Timed 12:41. Report ends."

Silence fell in the sea-black vault, broken only by the sound of distant falling water.

"Instruct Zone Officer 3 C," said the musical voice, "to place group masters detailed for special duty at selected points commanding port-side portholes of commander's cabin. Zone officer will be held responsible if both fail. Advise zone officer. Immediately Divisional Chief B is removed from the rolls, zone officer and group masters will report to Divisional Chief C personally. Move."

The speck of red light went out. Very faintly came a low rumbling. It died away. Across the polished surface of the table one long, flexible yellow hand moved. It rested for a moment on a switchboard. The vault was plunged in darkness.

"THE only thing I have got to worry about," said the man who had burst into Sir Harry Bristol's room, "is this: Have I covered my tracks?"

Dr. Stopford replaced his monocle, which he had been burnishing. "From the spots of information I've been able to pick up about the Zone people," he replied, breaking a dramatic silence during which the party watched intently the last speaker, "I should say definitely and positively, No!"

"I agree with you," MacRae declared. "I've fallen for a price that would buy almost any man. But I'm doubting if I'll live to spend the money."

The captain broke in amiably: "As I gather," said he, "that a proportion of this committee is not sailing in the ship, it appears to me" (glancing at the clock) "that you have roughly seventeen minutes in which to earn the price to which you refer."

He swung his chair around and stood up. He bowed to Madame Czerna and then turned to the politician.

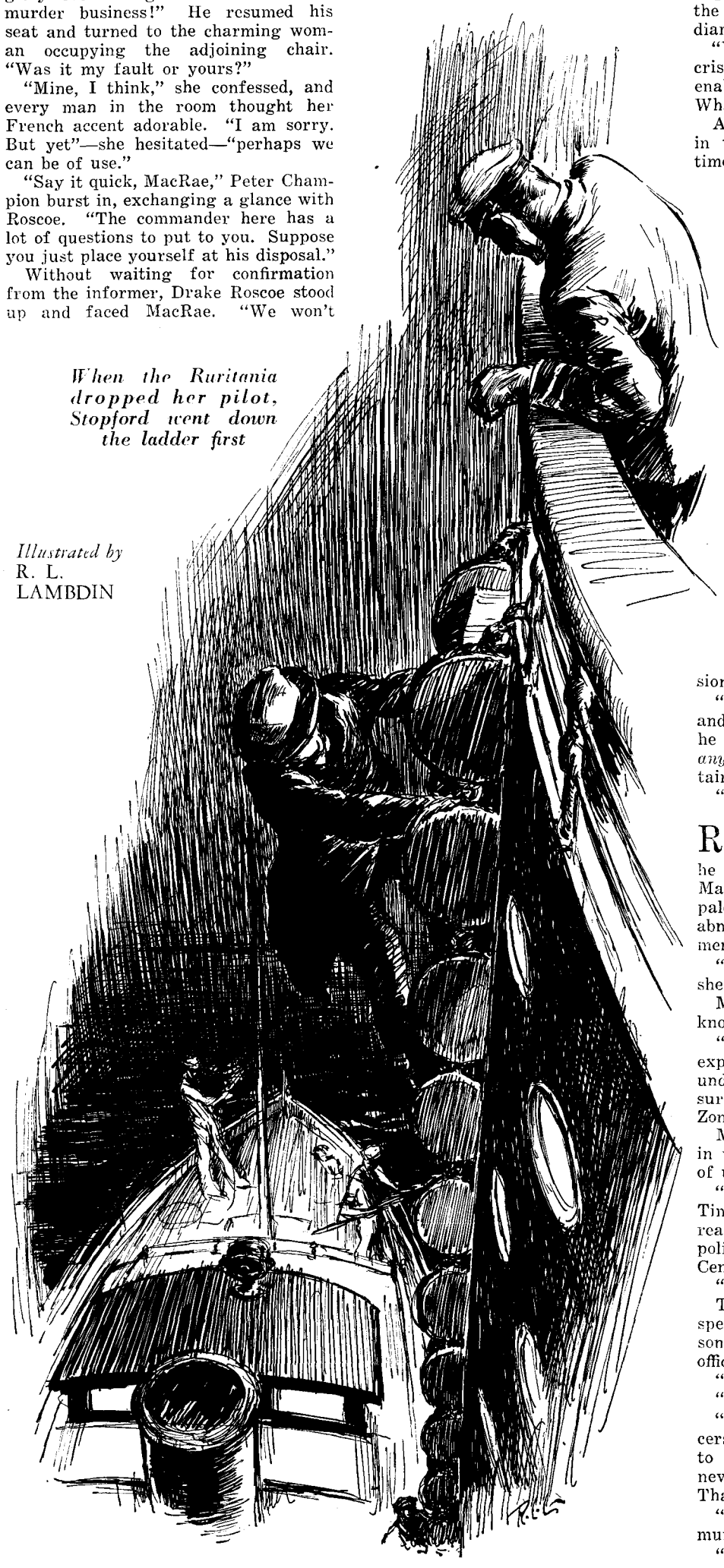
"Duty calls," he explained. "Necessary orders have been given, and you will be warned three minutes before the ship sails. Please excuse me. Good night, Roscoe. Good night, Stopford. My steward is in attendance if you require anything." He bowed again very stiffly, and went out.

"The old man's fed up," Stopford murmured. "What in the name of glory ever brought me back to this murder business!" He resumed his seat and turned to the charming woman occupying the adjoining chair. "Was it my fault or yours?"

"Mine, I think," she confessed, and every man in the room thought her French accent adorable. "I am sorry. But yet"—she hesitated—"perhaps we can be of use."

"Say it quick, MacRae," Peter Champion burst in, exchanging a glance with Roscoe. "The commander here has a lot of questions to put to you. Suppose you just place yourself at his disposal."

Without waiting for confirmation from the informer, Drake Roscoe stood up and faced MacRae. "We won't waste time," said he tersely. "You are Robert MacRae, representative of a number of European newspapers and also a divisional chief of the organization known as the Zones."



When the Ruritania dropped her pilot, Stopford went down the ladder first

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

"That's right."

"Show me your badge." MacRae, a tall, gaunt figure, very bald, and with haunted, tawny eyes, threw back the lapel of his coat. Diamonds glittered. Eight pairs of eyes became focused on the device pinned to his coat, a large diamond D upon an onyx shield.

"You have undertaken," said Roscoe crisply, "to furnish evidence which will enable us to clean up the Zone group. What is this evidence?"

Amid a tense silence—for everyone in the cabin recognized the value of time—MacRae took from his pocket something wrapped in tissue paper. Unwrapping the paper, he put upon the captain's table a duplicate badge.

"Paste," he explained. "But no one will challenge it. My own I daren't part with, yet, for obvious reasons. I figure I'm one of four, but I can't be sure. Under me I have three zone officers, nine sector captains and thirty-six group masters with operatives. *Over* me I have Head Center. I don't know Head Center—what he really looks like, I mean. But he knows me. I know my three zone officers. They know me. I know my sector captains, but they don't know me. I don't know who's in charge of the other divisions. But the power of this badge holds good all over the city."

"What d'you mean?" Page Sutton demanded.

"I mean that this badge gives me authority over all zone officials below rank of chief whatever division they belong to."

"I see!" Drake Roscoe murmured and studied the duplicate badge which he held in his hand. "You mean that *anybody*, wearing this badge, could obtain control of the Zones?"

"Sure!"

ROSCOE turned to Madame Czerna. "Does this look familiar to you?" he asked and held up the diamond D. Madame's charming face perceptibly paled, and her eyes seemed to grow abnormally large, but following a moment of indecision:

"It is the badge of a divisional chief," she replied composedly.

MacRae stared hard. "How do you know?" he challenged.

"I was once a Zone officer," Madame explained, her composure quite regained under the stimulus of Stopford's reassuring hand squeeze. "I had charge of Zone 2 A. That was before the big raid."

MacRae looked around him, smiling in wry fashion. "Are there any more of us here?" he asked.

"No," said Roscoe shortly. "Get busy. Time is short. Listen. Have you any reason to suppose that there is a big political plot being hatched by Head Center?"

"Yes. But I don't know what it is."

The politician was watching the speaker fascinatedly. "Have you reason to believe that there are yet higher officials than Head Center?"

"No. He's the boss."

"How d'you know?"

"I don't know. But whereas zone officers are sometimes put through direct to Head Center, a divisional chief is never put through to anybody above. That's why I figure he's in control."

"Reasonable, but wrong," Stopford murmured.

"Let me get (*Continued on page 37*)

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The Rise of Swifty White

Or "Only a Telegraph Boy," or "From Messenger to Millionaire," or "The Waif on the Bar-Room Floor"

Swifty White, with Elizabeth Hines, starts the rage of the Black Bottom, Ed Wynn obliging at the piano

Wide World

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

GEORGE WHITE, the small, neat, darkling, feather-footed impresario, who brews for you and me each year that extraordinarily heady draft known as The Scandals, was once a messanger boy.

In such Algerian biographies—Horatio Algerian biographies, I mean—as From Canal Boy to President the intervening steps are wont to be many and confusing. But in the case of the endlessly amazing Master White I think it is possible to name not only the moment when, at heart and in fact, he stopped being a messenger boy but also to name the very moment when, within another hour, he became, at heart and in fact, a theatrical manager.

He was twelve years old at the time, for all this befell nearly a quarter of a century ago. He had arrived in New York surreptitiously, a nonpaying patron of the New York Central Railroad, who was earnestly engaged in putting as much distance as possible between his soiled, ragged runaway self and the disapproving parental roof, which was in Toronto.

As he stood on the street corner, looking at the tall buildings, he was not burdened by any worldly possessions except for his harmonica, with the aid of which he had been wont to dance a double shuffle and thereby coax pennies from the passengers on the ferryboat going to and from Island Park up home. He was fond of his harmonica, but he could not eat it.

A placard outside the Postal Telegraph office in Murray Street announced, to whom it might concern, that, within the machinery of that organization, boys were wanted for some unspecified purpose. The response from the younger generation in the vicinity was so hearty that it partook of the nature of a stampede. Master White continued to apply long after all the vacancies were filled, and he was about to be thrown out by the scruff of the neck. Indeed, the exasperated manager was just jumping over the counter in a most threatening manner when, in his desperation, the terrified youngster resorted to the only propitiatory trick he knew. Even as the alarming man was reaching for him, the boy clutched at his harmonica, put it to his lips and began a shrill, disarming melody of protest.

Telegrams Go Undelivered

THE ogre was so startled that he halted in his track, burst out laughing, gave the kid 50 cents wherewith to get himself a clean shirt and (as he hinted delicately) a wash or two. Thereafter, a blue-clad Mercury, young White toted telegrams for the Postal.

One night the first telegram in the batch given him for distribution was to be delivered to someone who could be addressed at the saloon over which Piggy Donovan presided at the corner of Canal Street and the Bowery. It is not a matter of record what the telegram said, but if you were familiar with the patrons of Piggy's grogshop in those sinful days, you might surmise, perhaps, that the message ran something like this:

Hogan is on. You had ought to skip.
MAME.

The friendly interior of Piggy Donovan's fascinated the newcomer from Toronto. To the languid applause of the slouching sailors and the blowzy streetwalkers who sat at the little tables, a fifteen-year-old darky was doing a clog dance. Mine host was finally aware that, issuing from somewhere out of sight on the other side of his bar, a voice was asking a question. Peering over, he traced that voice to the still lingering messenger boy, a morsel of a messenger boy. For George White did not tower above the height of four feet six until he was eighteen years old, and at twelve he was microscopic.

The voice was inquiring, with some timidity, whether a total stranger might also tread a few measures on the Donovan plaisance. The mighty Piggy was charmed with the suggestion and winked at the piano player to oblige with a tune. Then, with much scraping of chairs and banging of beer mugs to direct attention to what the vaudeville advertisements called a superadded feature in the program, the dance began. And the fat ladies of the Bowery fairly wept in their beer over the minuteness of the new entertainer.

Quite a shower of nickels and pennies rewarded what was really George White's first public appearance in New York. The local talent—the little colored boy's name was Sunny Swinton—helped gather the largess in, and the two went into conference behind the piano.

"Are there other places like this along here?" the stranger wanted to know.

Sunny Swinton said sure there was.

"Will you show me where they are?" the newcomer persisted.

Sunny Swinton said sure he would.

White took him firmly by the arm and led him out into the Bowery. At the curb he paused to look meditatively at his receipt book and the five telegrams which were to have been delivered along a route of which Donovan's was only the first stop.

The New-Born Team Makes a Hit

THESE impedimenta of a career which he had already abandoned in his heart now troubled him a little. They constituted a problem. He solved it in really masterly fashion. With great simplicity he threw them into the street. It is not known what thereafter became of them. But *that* was the moment, I take it, when he stopped being a messenger boy.

Proudly Sunny Swinton escorted the newcomer down the Bowery into the maze and hubbub of Chinatown, crossing under the L, passing by the forbidding door of Nigger Mike's and around the corner into an evil and twisted pathway called Doyers Street. There the whine of the airless Chinese Theatre groaned endlessly the night long. There, in his house across the way, the benign Chuck Connors, with his little brown derby and his lingering Cockney accent, shared a roof with a retired garroter and, as so-called arbiter of the neighborhood, ruled under the courtesy title of mayor of Chinatown. There, up a crazy flight of stairs, the Chatham Club kept open (*Continued on page 49*)

White

George White, feather-footed impresario

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Mr. Pullman's Pink — *A Short Short Story*

By BARRY BENEFIELD

SEEING Lon Olds' ancient cab and pair of fleabitten grays coming up the red hill on the way to the railroad station, Aunt Clytie knew that the southbound 2:45 would soon be rushing in. She was out in her back yard doing white folks' washing. She waved a soapy hand at Lon, rushed into her kitchen, picked up a basket and a bundle sitting ready on the table, dashed out of her front door, and began climbing the hill.

Pink *might* be on the 2:45 today. If he should, she might whisper up at his ear just to draw him out, "Black boy, I bet you been fightin' an' gamblin' an' gettin' in trouble." But no, she couldn't tell what she'd say.

She set down the basket and the bundle of laundry she had been lugging up the hill three times a week since Pink's disappearance three months before. For a long while after he had got his job as a porter he had been as regular as a clock, and she had told her friends that Mr. Pullman must be a boss and a half to take a runaway scamp like Pink and make him settle down, the boy's late father having been what he was—a lazy, laughing, unruly black devil.

Pink wasn't on any of the three sleeping cars. If he had been, he would have been standing on the steps, his white jacket visible a hundred yards away.

So she turned and walked slowly along by the train toward the coaches, where her customers would be if there were any business for her on this train.

"What you got in that basket, Auntie?"

"Fried apple pie—one dime. Bread an' butter—one nickel. Fried chicken—fo' bits a po'tion."

"Hand me a pie."

HER legs were not long, but by tiptoeing she could easily reach the white man's downstretched hand. She went on. She should have been calling out what she had to sell, and working fast. Trains with Pullmans didn't hesitate long in little Crebillon.

"Mammy!" The voice was just above her. She looked up. Pink's shoulders were out of a window. His black face beamed down at her.

"Whut you doin' in dat low-down Jim Crow car, boy? How come you ain't back yonder in dat Pullman wif white folks? Whur you been all dis time? Ef I gits my han's on you, I'll bust yo' brains out."

Pink was doing the best he could to jump up and down; he broke forth in a laugh that warmed his mother's heart.

"Stop dat heehawin', boy, an' tell me something."

"I'm on my way, Mammy. I'm in a new job now."

"Whut new job?"

"Vally. I'm body servant to a white gemman down at New Awleans. I been wif him three months already. He's gone ahead. You know niggers *got* to be in de Jim Crow section when dey ain't wif dey white folks."

"When you comin' home, boy?"

"Soon as I can. But maybe it won't be for a year. We been travelin', an' we aims to travel some mo'."

Pink's mother suddenly dropped her air of severity. She must hurry. She lifted up the bundle of laundry.

"Take yo' clothes, chile."

He didn't reach down a hand. His face lost its broad white-toothed smile. "I don't need none, Mammy. My new boss give me all I needs. You sell 'em to somebody, an' keep de money. Dem silk socks cost a dollar a pair."

He wouldn't take the bundle, so she eased it down to the ground.

"I reckin you can eat some o' yore ole mammy's fried chicken an' apple pies, cain't you, honey? I'll reach up the basket to you, an' you take ever'thing in it. You don't look fat an' sassy like you used to. Hurry, chile, an' take dis basket. We ain't got long, now."

"I couldn't eat a mouful, Mammy."

"Take de basket den, chile, an' keep hit till you *is* hongry. I'll git anudder. Hurry, reach down yo' han's. Ain't you got no han's no more?"

"Nome, I don't need no vittals at all. You go on an' sell yo' chicken an' pies. Don't you hear dem passengers callin' at you up front yonder?"

"Yes, I heah 'em, but I ain't studyin' 'bout no passengers. Take dis basket, chile; you don't look good."

Tiptoeing, she stood holding the basket against the side of the car. It hid his face from her. She waited to feel the weight of the basket lifted from her hands. It was not lifted, and then she heard the conductor call, " 'Board!"

"Hurry, honey," she begged. "Please take dis basket." The train jerked, the basket was twisted out of her hands by the moving car. It rolled over and over, spilling out its chicken and sandwiches and pies on the ground.

Now Pink's mother could see him again, his shoulders stuck out of the window, his ashy black face looking back at her. And so she stood until the train had gone.

Then she looked down. Two dogs were wolfing her chicken and sandwiches. She picked up the basket and the red-and-white checkered cloth that had covered it, and went on down the track, and down the red hill, and got home at last.

Peddling to passengers was a good side line for a washerwoman who lived near the station. She had thought of it only when she had begun going up to see Pink come through after Mr. Pullman had taken him in hand. Now she kept on with it.

ONE sunny afternoon at the end of the summer she was hailed by a fancy yellow Negro wearing gold-rimmed spectacles leaning out of a window of the Jim Crow section of a car, his head and shoulders showing. He told her that if she would come inside she could sell a lot of her stuff to him and his partners. Pink had cautioned her against getting on the trains. She wasn't so young and supple now. But she had had poor luck with the two morning trains, the yellow Negro was well-spoken, and she decided to take a chance for once. The little Jim Crow section was at the rear door, anyway, so she could get off if the train started.

Inside she saw four Negroes in two seats facing each other. A white man paid for what they asked for. When they reached for the food she saw that each Negro's hands were locked together. When one of them moved his feet she heard a rattle on the floor. She saw that all four were linked to each other with a leg chain.

The fancy yellow Negro held up his manacled hands and grinned at her. "Now, you see, Auntie, why I couldn't reach down outside an' take anything. But we had to eat, Auntie; it's a long ride to the pen."

Pink's mother isn't going up to the station now, and when she hears a train coming she covers her ears with her hands and closes her eyes until it is by.

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

Two dogs were wolfing her chicken and sandwiches, but she stood until the train had gone

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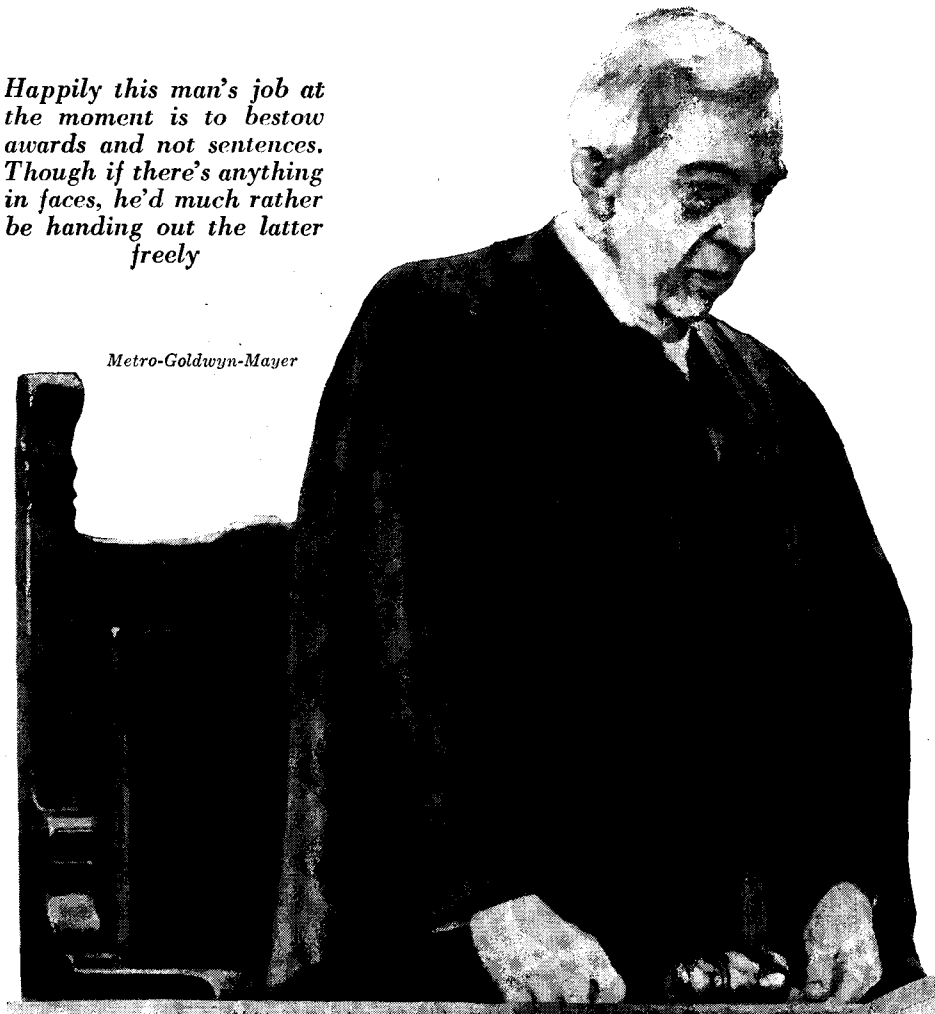
Tell it to the

Happily this man's job at the moment is to bestow awards and not sentences. Though if there's anything in faces, he'd much rather be handing out the latter freely

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



The winner (left) and the runner-up in a recent watermelon-eating contest. There seems to be more left of the winner's slice but you forget that she's six ahead of her nearest rival. What won't they think up next!

Wide World

Wide World

When Pasadena staged a personality contest, the voice with the smile won again, just to prove that there's something in slogans. The judges decided Ethel Sullivan, telephone operator, had a 100-per-cent personality, whatever that is

Wide World

No, no—the scene is Philadelphia; the costume is just part of the act. The fifty-fourth annual festival of Canstatter-Volksfest-Verein includes a water carriers' race

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Judge

The dignified justices of the Supreme Court don't face situations more ticklish than confront judges who preside at various trick contests

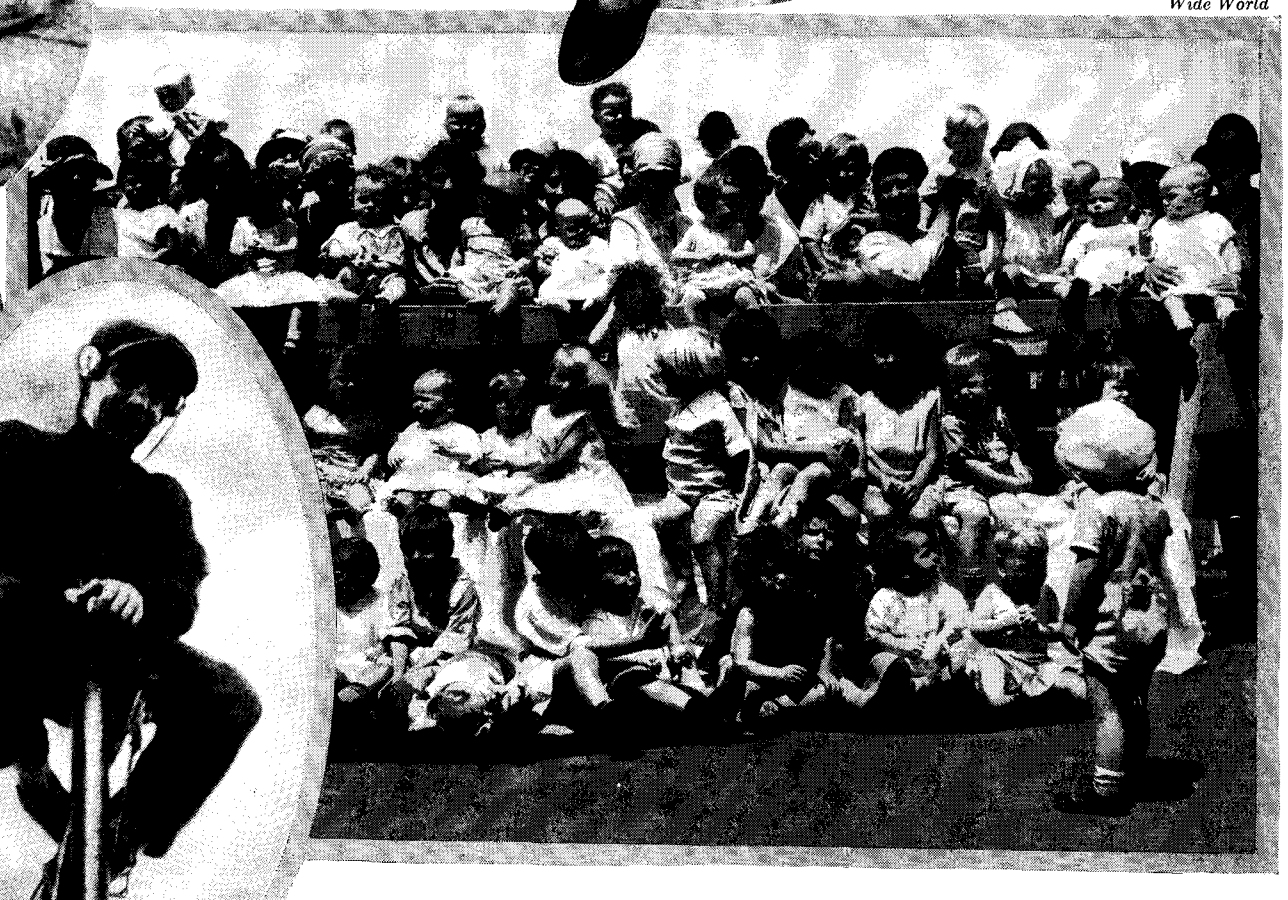
Right: Never mind timing her—give her the prize. But if you must know, Sylvia Bolder was entitled to it, anyway. In a contest she washed 20 dishes and 10 cups in 3 minutes and 21 seconds. And not a one was busted, either

U. & U.

Below: Whrroooo! Everybody duck. Especially Robert. Here's Mrs. R. E. Whalon of Chicago, who was picked as champion husband-caller of Cook County, Ill., at the Palatine Fair. Her call of "ROBERT! ! !" was heard all over the fair grounds

P. & A.

Wide World



Acme

Left: Alvin ("Shipwreck") Kelly, champion flagpole sitter of the world. And the first little boy to mutter "who cares?" goes home with a note

They all got into the finals anyway. A baby show: just another one of those things that make judges such bad insurance risks

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The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but, going with the A. E. F. to France, meets Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer. He forgets Gloria and marries the cold, calculating musician. He is a scientist to whom money means nothing but opportunity, his ambition being to harness the lightning for the benefit of mankind.

Ben Whitton of Los Angeles is his buddy and mentor: he claims he can always tell by telepathy when Julian needs him. Ben has engaged Gloria as his secretary after her father's impoverishment and death.

Julian tells Ben that he has inherited over $600,000, which has been left to him by his Uncle Jarlath, and a partnership is quietly arranged between the two. Mercedes is left in the dark as to the legacy. But she finds a little secret bank account of her husband's and raises a domestic squall.

Julian, exasperated at last, tells her to go jump in the lake, and she promptly jumps into hysterics.

He seeks out Gloria. They find Mercedes and a strange rich sport named Brander dining at a hotel café.

Mercedes ignores Gloria and her husband but never takes her eyes off him.

Gloria is suspicious, but not Julian. Later he and Mercedes effect a reconciliation, though the fact that Gloria is to act as Julian's secretary is a bitter pill to the wife.

JULIAN GRANNIS had two pet refuges for doing clear, uninterrupted thinking—his bed and his bath. Following his drawn battle with his wife he lay snuggled down in bed and thought of so many things, mostly connected with Mercedes and the job he was putting up on her, that it was close to dawn before he fell asleep and found surcease from the tiny devils of suspicion and apprehension that pricked him. Mercedes permitted him to sleep until eleven o'clock. She was fully dressed and had already breakfasted; it appeared she was going to church; she desired to know if he wanted to accompany her.

He replied: "Don't make me laugh, Mercy," and then laughed. Like practically all scientific men, he was a first-class pagan, tolerant toward the religious beliefs of others but fiercely intolerant of proselyting.

Mercedes, he knew, struggled to maintain an appearance of orthodoxy and he loved to tease her about it. So he said:

"In the beginning God created Adam and Eve. They were the first man and woman. They had two sons, Cain and Abel, and Cain bumped Abel off and fled into the land of Nod, where he took unto himself a wife. What I'd like to know is: who gave the bride away? Her old man? And if so who was her old man? Who made him and whom did he report to? Likewise his wife? There's a hiatus somewhere. And why did Cain beat it into Nod? There wasn't a soul to pursue him except Adam, and Adam must have been fat and middle-aged at the time. Cain could just as well have remained at the scene of the corpus delicti and dodged his father. Why, the fool might have known that even if Adam caught him Eve would make the old man lay off the rough stuff. She would have said: 'Adam, don't strike our boy. He's all we have left. Still, he must be made to realize he has been naughty. Spare the rod but make him play snap-the-whip with the serpent.'"

When he teased her thus she knew he was in great good humor, for whenever she prepared to attend service he always selected some puzzling statement in Holy Writ. "There's another Biblical statement that hasn't been scientifically proved," he went on.

"When the kids spoofed the prophet Elisha the Lord caused two she-bears to dash out of an adjacent wood and gobble up forty-two of the brats. Now, could anybody blame children for making sport of Elisha? Consider his whiskers and the Mother Hubbard garments he wore. He must have been a most amusing sight. But what I want to know is this: The incident occurred in Palestine, didn't it? Well, there are no bears in Palestine; if there once were, they were little sun bears and physically incapable of devouring forty-two children. Why, it would require a grizzly at least half an hour to masticate one child, and I cannot believe that while each bear was busy masticating, the remaining forty children stood around and watched the operation. They wouldn't, you know. They were Jews. Jews are too smart for that. Those other forty kids would have beaten it to the wood from which the two she-bears had emerged, and climbed trees out of danger and—"

She threw a pillow at him and went to the bathroom and drew his bath. Really, he was a dear! She wanted to be kind to him; all night she had been troubled by the thought that, while he would never admit it, she had hurt him.

EVIDENTLY she had not—at least not seriously—for he was once again his old, good-natured, slyly mocking self.

"For an unorthodox man you're the most deeply religious man I ever knew," she charged when she came out. "You're kind, you're charitable, gentle, refined, noble, forgiving, understanding and understandable. Be sure to have your breakfast by the time I return. We must discuss our future plans."

He kicked the bedclothes off with fury. A moment later she heard him sink into the bath. Then silence descended. He was thinking of lightning arresters or something of that nature. Mercedes hung a DO NOT DISTURB card on the outside knob of the door and went off to church.

All was well with the world!

Five minutes after her departure Ben Whitton, dressed for golf, walked into the bathroom.

"How did you get in?"

"Met Mercedes downstairs and asked her for the key. I have left the DO NOT DISTURB card on the knob. Shake a leg and get out of that bath. I'm going to breakfast with you in your sitting-room, and I'll order now. Two double portions of orange juice, deviled lamb kidneys and little pig sausages, cottage fried potatoes, coffee and popovers."

"With strawberry jam?"

"I grow old and forget," Whitton apologized. "Why do you continue to lie there and soak? Want me to wash your back?"

"I was going to do some thinking, Useless." Julie sighed and reached for the soap. "I love Sunday mornings, Ben. They make me feel so peaceful and holy. Well, order the breakfast, Butch. I'll be with you in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

He was massaging himself with a towel when the room telephone bell rang, and he hastened to answer it.

"Julie, darling. Mercy speaking. I sent Ben Whitton up to see you."

"Good girl. He's going to breakfast with me."

"I'm so glad. Of course he'll never go, so I'll not return until late in the afternoon. I should be an odd number, and I want you two to have a nice long visit together."

"Lean over and I'll pin a rose on you, Mercy. Thanks."

HE SHAVED, donned pajamas, dressing gown and slippers and joined Ben in the living-room. His face beamed with pleasure; he shook hands with his friend with the utmost solemnity.

The latter stared at him much as a mastiff stares through a fence at a poodle. Presently he said:

"Then the report is, like the report of Mark Twain's death, grossly exaggerated. You are much too much at peace with the world this morning for one caught last night in a grave piece of deception."

"Gloria telephoned you, of course. I told her about it."

Whitton nodded gravely.

"God's still in His heaven and all's well with the world, Butch. What Mercy discovered was only a little secret bank account—about nineteen hundred dollars."

"How much did you settle for?"

"One thousand iron men, and cheap at double the money." A worn and scratched piano stood in the corner. Julie leaped to it now, struck a chord and began to sing the Holy City in a tremendous basso.

Ben Whitton shoved him rudely off the piano stool. "I can't abide a man who plays the black keys with his right."

They sang verses laudatory of Mademoiselle from Armentières. Then Ben played Mendelssohn's Spring Song, and Julie unloosed his disreputable old dressing gown and executed a Greek dance, leaping at the chandelier and finally turning a somersault that left him sitting bolt upright on the sofa. They stared at each other and grinned.

"Julie," said Ben Whitton, "you're a volatile spirit, and you've been corked too long. I hurried up here, expecting to find you as blue as a gun barrel."

"Isn't it awful for a man to be so two-faced, Ben? Why, I'm a whited sepulcher." He rose and declaimed:

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set her stars of glory there.
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

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And he tossed a handful of dollar bills into the air. "No more Los Angeles bank rolls for me?" he cried.

Ben Whitton pulled out a silver flask. "Old private stock," he confided. "Bred in Kentucky."

"Eggnog?" Julie suggested eagerly, and sprang to the telephone to order the materials. "Eggnog," he repeated, "and we'll hoist one to Uncle Jarlath. His executor sent me an enlarged crayon reproduction of that eminent financier. Uncle Jarl was a serious man with a spade beard and a long, sad face like a gnu, perennially broken-hearted because, while people deposited money in his bank, they were often inconsiderate enough to take it out. He died without having discovered the great, underlying philosophy of finance; to wit, that money is round and made to roll."

The waiter came in with breakfast. They mixed the eggnog and then ate. And as they ate they talked—of old days, old friends, old half-forgotten incidents. Suddenly Julie demanded:

"Ben, ever hear of a man well known in the world of finance and answering to the name of Jacob Brander?"

"What does he look like?"

"Stout, red-faced, slightly bald, about forty and above medium height."

"The description fits the sole scion and heir of the Brander Timber Company. He lives in Pasadena with the other millionaires. Amateur golf champion, racing stable, 135-foot schooner yacht—"

"That's the man."

"HIS father started life in Michigan as a lumberjack and got to be woods boss because he could thrash all the other lumberjacks. The old man saved his money and, after forty years of incredible toil, penuriousness, cruelty and crookedness, died some ten years ago, leaving Jake and ten millions."

"What sort of man is this Jacob Brander?"

"I only know by hearsay. Met him once. He was interested in an irrigation problem I was employed on. In fact, I imagine he was the principal proponent of it, because he seemed to have most to say. He hired me to make a preliminary survey, and when I reported back that the proposition was risky he thought I was too conservative. There wasn't enough water, Julie. Scarcely sufficient in years of normal rain and snowfall, but of course, as you know, one has to figure on the abnormal years. So I advised against it, but he went through because he had a lot of land to sell and he thought he could dispose of it at a huge profit with the water we had. Then along came four dry years in a row—and he took an awful walloping. Seems he'd given warranty deeds to the purchasers of his farms, and they sued him when the water failed and got judgment and their money back.

"That deal put a crimp in Brander's bank roll, but he had plenty left. He thinks he's a business man, but he isn't. I understand that from the time he was old enough to smoke cigarettes he gave his old man a run for the latter's money, but old Jacob stood for it because he was hell-bent on raising a gentleman, and probably he realized that all young gentlemen are apt to be a bit wild. He died, I daresay, believing he had done a top-hole job. His son was fired out of three Eastern universities before his father got interested in Pacific Coast timber and came to live in California.

"Before he was thirty Jake had married two gold diggers who nicked him for a huge settlement. I understand, however, that his present wife has a fortune of her own. I daresay she'll need it before Jake's fifty."

"They're friends of Mercy's," said Julie thoughtfully.

Instantly Ben changed the topic of conversation. "Of course it's really none of my business, Julie, what you do with your Uncle Jarlath's fortune, but I'm going to take the license of an old friend and ask. Are you going to shoot the whole works on your experiments?"

"No, Ben. I'm going to set aside a trust fund of $150,000 for Mercy, to be invested in good, sound securities. I draw the income. The remaining $500,000 I'll use. Know anything about trust agreements, Ben?"

"My attorney does. He can draw one up, and you can name some good solid bank as trustee."

"Not as sole trustee, Ben. I want you to act as trustee with them. They might saw off some of their cats and dogs on Mercedes. I need a watchdog."

"My name is Ben F. Whitton—F. meaning Fido.

"Your idea is to protect Mercedes. Well, the trust will be in your name, with a proviso that in the event of your death it is to remain intact and the income thereafter is to be paid to her."

"Fine. Will you have the matter attended to for me, Ben?"

"Delighted."

"The income will maintain us nicely," Julie went on. "It will mean an annual income larger than I have ever enjoyed. And Mercy will think it's my portion of the profits derived from our mythical partnership. Ben, I'm smart like a fox."

"Hum-m-m! You can't smell trouble like a fox, however." Whitton gazed at his friend with that searching, impersonal gaze that one associates with a rifleman estimating a range. "I wonder how you would meet trouble. Like a [he almost said lion] gentleman, I daresay."

"Are you referring to trouble or to defeat, Ben?"

"DEFEAT," Whitton corrected quickly. "In all that I have seen you attempt you were inspired by a belief in victory analogous to that of a martyr. Defeat," he added with a heavy obviousness that sometimes caused more brilliant men to deem him dull, "is not easy to assimilate."

"I feel certain I'm on the trail of something, Ben. If I win, I shall be very happy in the joy of accomplishment; if I lose, I shall have had the pleasure of having attempted to enthrone an impossibility as a fact."

"You are an incorrigible optimist, Julie."

"I wonder," said Julie, "if women ever have such friendships as men."

"Certainly not." Whitton's reply was almost a retort. "They have ideals, but they are not idealists; they give forth sweet lip music and think it sacrifice; they prate of love and forget to practice it; they are in love with love so their love is lopsided, which means that it is selfish. Their friendships are filled with mental reservations; they count their friends' faults where men forget them or refuse to believe that the faults outnumber the virtues." He thought a moment. "I have met but one woman to whom I would intrust my life."

"You mean your liberty, your freedom of action, Ben."

"Damn it, no. My privacy, my freedom of thought. Without that life is gone."

"You think you will never marry, Butch?"

"I know it."

"You don't know anything of the sort, you great boob. Upon what logical hypothesis do you hang such a very definite statement?"

(*Cont'd on page 34*)

Mercedes looked from one to the other amazedly. "Julie, dar-r-ling," she cried, "what has happened to you?"

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Sock Appeal

Up from the anvil to riches; or, How Thomas Heeney, honest blacksmith, butted his way to affluence through pluck—and a little luck

By GRANTLAND RICE

IT SEEMS to be about time for these modern wisecrackers to quit laughing at the late Mr. Alger's "Pluck and Luck" heroes, who ascended from bootblacks and newsboys into the millionaire class.

Mr. Alger was merely looking ahead of his time. The latest "Pluck and Luck" hero to prove the Algerian theory is Tom Heeney, an ex-blacksmith from New Zealand.

About fifteen months ago Tom Heeney, the honest blacksmith, landed in New York to look on for a few days with $400 in his bulky, unpressed trousers.

All his life the New Zealand Irishman had had more than his share of Pluck, but the Luck entry was not so strong.

At the age of twenty-seven he had made almost no headway as a boxer or a fighter, for both Phil Scott, the Briton, and George Cook, the Australian, had won from him on points. No one had been able to flop his broad shoulders into the dust of the ring and no one had excelled him in courage and stamina and willingness to fight.

These Australasian blacksmiths seem to get a late start. For example, there was Bob Fitzsimmons, born in Cornwall, June 4, 1862. After evolving from an Australian blacksmith into a fighter it was not until 1891, aged twenty-nine, that he came into fame over here by knocking out Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil. And it was at the age of thirty-five that the spindle-legged, bald-headed wonder stopped Jim Corbett and became heavyweight champion of the world.

Tom Heeney is no Bob Fitzsimmons. He is heavier, stronger and more rugged than Fitz, and every whit as game. But he can neither box nor hit like the Freckled Marvel, now listed as one of the greatest fighters of all time—pound for pound, the top peak of them all.

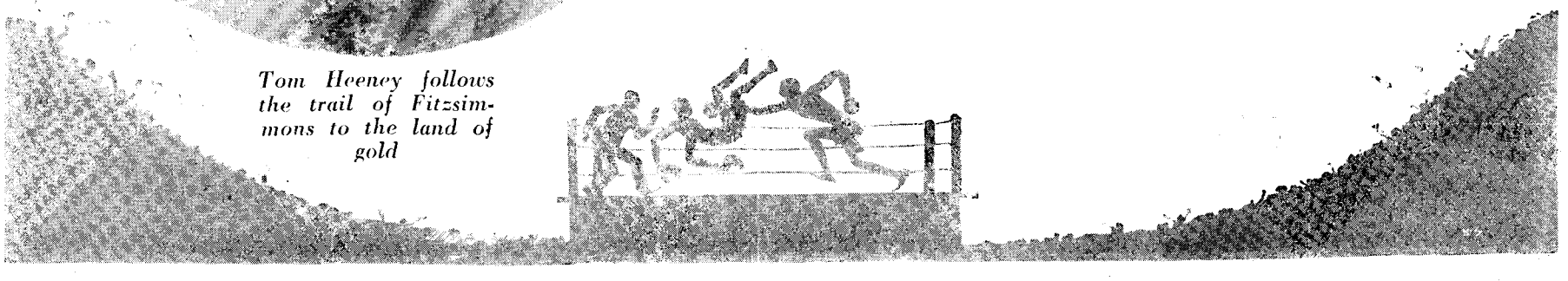
Easy Street from Now On

AUSTRALIA sent over Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons and Young Griffo, three fighters still remembered. Joe Goddard, Jim Hall and Frank Slavin are others.

In the wake of all these famous pilgrims, nearly forty years later, Tom Heeney followed the trail of Pluck and Luck to the land of gold, wondering how long his $400 would last before he would have to move on. Just fifteen months later he is training to meet Gene Tunney for the same title that Fitzsimmons won thirty-one years ago. And, win, lose or draw, he will never have to worry about the cost of steaks or ale.

Wide World

Tom Heeney follows the trail of Fitzsimmons to the land of gold



I saw Heeney in his first American fight against Paulino Uzcudun, billed as the Lion of the Pyrenees. But the sturdy Heeney, with a square jaw, a seamy-looking face, a stout heart and a pair of busy hands, stalked into the Spanish lion and began whaling away. He also took about everything that came from either of the lion's paws without blinking or rocking on his heels.

A failure that night would have meant the end of Heeney's career. But he proved to be a good, average boxer with a world of courage and the stamina of a buffalo. They gave the decision to Paulino, but the worst that Heeney should have had was a draw. He had the shade, although it was a fairly even fight. Here at last were two foreign fighters who could take as much as anyone in the ring, and that was a vast relief.

That Paulino skirmish started Heeney on his way. There were no frills about his work, nothing fancy. He proved to be a good boxer, but not a great one.

Through fight after fight he stepped into the ring with nothing much except courage, stamina and a sort of stolid aggressiveness that kept him wading forward. With a heavier punch he would have been a sensation. No one could hurt him or drive him back.

As the various eliminations came and passed he fought 25 rounds with Paulino Uzcudun, 15 rounds against Jack Delaney, 10 rounds against Johnny Risko, and 12 rounds against Jack Sharkey—a total of 62 rounds against the leading contenders and none of them gave him a headache or a black eye.

It might be said, in turn, that Heeney did no great amount of damage to his opponents. But the fact remained that after fifteen months of warfare no one had beaten him.

In the actual rating of the elimination Heeney deserved no higher ranking than Risko, who lost a shade decision to the invader, but who in turn beat Delaney, Paulino and Sharkey more decisively than Heeney could.

But Heeney rated on even terms with the Cleveland Rubber Man and in addition he brought an international whirl to the heavyweight championship ballyhoo for the first time since Firpo came along to meet Dempsey.

Tex Rickard had been on the hunt for one of these international frenzies for a long time. He recalled the gate that rolled in when Carpentier faced Dempsey and all the gold and excitement that boiled up around the Dempsey-Firpo carnage.

Dempsey was a 4-to-1 favorite against both Carpentier and Firpo. Neither foreign entry seemed to have an outside chance of beating the Mauler, yet Rickard recalls the fact that those two soirées drew in more than $2,800,000.

Carpentier and Firpo were not as good as Heeney is, but they had that elusive something known as "Color," "It" or "Sock Appeal." They couldn't fight a lot, but they could rear up and punch. It took Dempsey less than six rounds to beat them both, but each in turn nailed the Mauler with something more than a kiss.

No, Tom Heeney, the New Zealand Irishman, was no Carpentier or Firpo for vivid and flaming flashes of color, but here at least stood a British heavyweight that no one could lick. That wasn't everything, but it was something.

When it came to boxing or to punching skill the shades of Peter Jackson, Young Griffo and Bob Fitzsimmons passed by to offer no bow, but the old-timers must have been willing to admit that the far-away land from Down Under had never sent across a gamer or a tougher scrapper.

Anything Can Happen

WHAT chance can Heeney have against the man who has beaten Dempsey twice? On the best form that each has shown, where both were at their best, he will have a chance as faint as the first gray streak of spring dawn.

But there are other details to consider. One is that in the last fifteen months Tunney has had one 10-round fight, a fight in which he slipped several notches from his best. In these fifteen months Heeney has had six battles lasting 63 rounds (including a 1-round K. O. handed to Jimmy Maloney of Boston), which seems to mean a trifle more than six times as much action under fire as the champion has known. That ought to bring them closer together in the betting than a mere physical comparison would.

Tunney is the better boxer and the harder puncher with either hand. He is no man-killer with a smashing swipe or a swiping smash, but he is a jarring thumper and a fairly accurate one. He is faster than Heeney, with a longer reach. And Heeney, coming to him with an orthodox style, is just the type he fancies most.

Anything can happen, of course. But the prospect of a knock-out or any series of dramatic moments is nothing to cause any tingling along the fight fanatic's spine.

Champion and challenger have yet to show the punching force needed to end this party somewhat abruptly. Tunney has yet to show a wallop hard enough to bowl Heeney from his feet. He has shown enough skill and speed to muss up the Briton's features, but it remains to be seen how this will appeal in Rickard's first heavyweight championship fight with Dempsey missing since Willard and Moran battled back in the old Garden more than twelve years ago.

It is the first time in twelve years that Rickard must take his gamble on a big purse with the Manassa entry missing from the show. And he must take this gamble in a fight which may be hard and fairly close, but which may not end with a decisive count of ten.

The two fighters, however, have nothing to bother about. Tunney will get his $525,000, whatever happens. And "Pluck and Luck" Heeney will get his $100,000 or more and a chance at least to be one of the new millionaires.

Even if Tunney whips him badly, the New Zealander will, with his other honest earnings, have over $200,000 salted down for his rainy days. And whatever the odds against him no one over here has beaten him yet.

A stout heart and a strong jaw still go a long, long way in the ancient art.

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The Rare, Rare Lily

"This year your lilies will bloom," said Roly after dedicating the Buddha with a Chinese prayer

By
DANA BURNET

Illustrated by
R. JOHN HOLMGREN

A lovely lady almost chooses a garden and a dream rather than Life and Love

PERHAPS it was not such a rare species of lily after all. I am only an amateur gardener and cannot say. However, its name was *lilium regale*, which is Latin for something rather impressive in the way of a lily, I should think. And then too Mrs. Andre was so seriously intent upon growing it—a fact which gave it importance in the eyes of those of us who knew Fern Andre.

She had tried for three successive summers to raise this particular flower, and each time something had happened to the bulbs. She had planted them in different parts of her garden; she had changed the character of the soil; she had experimented with fertilizers. The fourth summer she buried her bulbs in the light sandy loam of an especially prepared bed in her hillside rockery, and burned Chinese incense—the bulbs were of Chinese derivation—over them.

Roland Durst was there and saw her do it. In fact, it was he who lighted the joss sticks, or whatever you call them. And afterward he brought Mrs. Andre a small Buddha from his antique shop, and they placed it on a flat stone in the garden, and Roly muttered something that he said was a Chinese prayer. But whether it was or not Mrs. Andre didn't know.

"This year your lilies will bloom," Durst assured her. "You must have something appropriate to put them in. I'll begin to look around for a Ming vase."

"Do," said Mrs. Andre.

She was a lovely person, this lady called Fern. Some people thought she was a little too tall, but others did not think so. She was slender and pale and wore almost nothing but white. She had August sea-blue eyes, and at first, I remember, there was some discussion about her lips. Many ladies in Lord's Harbor sought her acquaintance, that first summer five years ago, to discover what brand of lipstick she used. But a gentleman who kissed her at the masquerade ball reported that her lips didn't come off, which greatly astonished the gentleman, and caused him to comment upon the phenomenon. He also reported—or perhaps it was another gentleman—that Mrs. Andre definitely did not care to be kissed.

When the rest of the ladies heard this they were relieved, and invited Mrs. Andre to play bridge with them, and grew cautiously fond of her. "Poor dear!" one heard on the beach and in the casino, "she's had a tragic experience. . . . Her marriage, you know. You didn't know? Oh, yes, she married at twenty; the man was a rotter, her baby died, and—well, you can still see it in her eyes. Divorced the second year. What a tragedy! No wonder she's through with men. Though of course—she's so beautiful—I suppose there'll be another man some day. There always is."

BUT people who knew Fern Andre best said: not necessarily. And all the spinsters—of whom there were a number in Lord's Harbor—looked pleased and justified.

It was Roland Durst, however, who phrased Mrs. Andre's attitude toward life. Why anyone's attitude must be phrased, I'm sure I don't know, unless it's that life has become so dominated by literature that people feel lost without these explanatory phrases. (In which case, being a writer, I will shut up; because, after all, I make my living out of Applied Phraseology.)

"Fern Andre," said Roly Durst, "is a woman with a spiritual objective. It's a mistake to think of her as merely drifting. She wants beauty—she wants the perfection of beauty both in herself and in her surroundings. Her point of view is that of the artist. But her medium is life instead of art. She exists—she will go on existing—like an artist, for the sake of the beauty that she feels is the only relief from the ugliness and stupidity of life."

Roly was something of an artist himself—practically the only one in Lord's Harbor, which is a fashionable place and well protected from the arts by its high tax rates. The only reason that Roly happened to be located in the Harbor was that his family once had owned property there. It was the Durst property—on Walnut Hill, overlooking the beach and the harbor—that Mrs. Andre had bought for her summer home, and it was Roly who had sold it to her. He also had helped her to remodel the house and had provided for its interior many exquisite pieces from his antique shop. It was even said that he had advised Mrs. Andre about her investments.

He was a sympathetic and charming young man, was Roly, and a pretty smart fellow besides . . . not his fault that old Papa Durst had dropped the family egg basket in Wall Street ten years ago, thereby forcing Roly to scratch for a living. . . . He'd done well with that shop of his, hadn't he? Also he'd made a turn or two on the market himself, just to prove he wasn't too darned artistic, what? Even when he talked about it he did it in a baritone voice. Nothing la-dee-da about Roly.

So Mrs. Andre lived in a white house on a hill overlooking the sea and played bridge with the ladies and leaned lightly on the wisdom of Roland Durst and walked at evening in her garden, looking at flowers. Sometimes she put on a low-necked gown and a string of matched pearls and went to the casino to dance. She danced beautifully, but when she was out of your arms afterward you felt somehow that you had been dancing with a ghost.

THEN a barbarian came to Lord's Harbor and looked at Fern Andre and didn't see that she was a ghost. He came in a black schooner yacht called the Storm King, and his name was precisely what it should have been, for he was a huge man with a fine glowing crop of red-gold hair, who looked like all the popular conceptions of a viking. His name was Eric Gale.

There was something of a legend already woven about this man Gale. At thirty-five he was one of the sensations—the latest one—of the financial world. His career in Wall Street had been—what's the word?—meteoric. He had been born, modestly enough, in the Bronx, but having decided one day to become a millionaire, he rode downtown—on the subway, no doubt—and became a millionaire.

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It was a twilight of a July day that Eric Gale first encountered Mrs. Andre. He had been asked ashore to dine with some friends—the Keith Prestons—and, having lost his way among the involved paths and curving drives of the Harbor, came lunging up Fern Andre's hill like the headlong creature he was; and saw her standing, pale and virginal and sad, with a heavy white shawl over her shoulders, among her rock gardens. The little Buddha sat perched on its flat stone at her feet, and against the slope behind her a solid bed of lobelia, incredibly blue, lay like a fallen patch of noonday sky.

"Hello, sister!" called the barbarian.

FERN looked down and observed him standing in the path below her. He had no hat on, and the light from a reluctant sun found all the red in his hair. His great chest bulged under its expanse of white shirt front, and his stout legs were planted firmly apart as though to brace him against possible upheavals in the earth under his feet. . . . He looked, thought Fern, like a robust small boy grown to gigantic proportions.

"Is that how you've been taught to speak to a lady?" she said serenely. But her serenity had in it the sting of a genuine rebuff. The barbarian blushed to the roots of his permanently blushing hair.

"Well, I'll be— Say, I thought you were a little girl . . . I guess it's that white dress and that shawl. . . ." It was evident that the correction of his mistake cost him some effort, for he now added in wonder: "Well, my God!"

There was a brief pause. Then Fern said, smiling faintly down at him, "Have you got one?"

"Have I got—"

"You said 'my God.' I wondered whether you actually had one, but of course it doesn't matter. And if you don't mind, your right foot is dangerously near to one of my lady's-slippers."

He quickly moved his foot.

"Say! I'm sorry. I didn't see—I don't see anything."

"Lady's-slippers bloom in May. But it's there all the same."

He made no further apology. His glance had fallen on the Buddha at her feet.

"Speaking of gods," he said, "I notice you've got one of your own."

"My Buddha is for a special purpose. I have some Chinese lilies growing here. He's to make sure they do well."

"What do you know about that!" said the barbarian.

There was another silence. In the grove of trees on the hill an invisible bird began suddenly to utter, in silver notes, some nameless sorrow.

"Were you looking for anyone?" asked Fern helpfully, for he seemed to have fallen into a kind of trance.

"The Prestons. I'm going there for dinner."

"So am I," she said and was amused at the effect of her little sensation. He was so surprised, so obviously pleased and enlivened by it. He came out of his trance immediately.

"What! You are? Say, I am in luck!"

She smiled to herself at that, wondering if it were to be taken as a compliment. "Perhaps you'll be kind enough to let me go along with you?" he said.

Fern said simply, "If you like," and drew her white shawl closer about her bare shoulders.

"We'll walk down. . . . The Prestons live just at the foot of the hill, the first turn to the right. I'm Mrs. Andre, by the way."

"I'm Eric Gale."

"I'd already decided you were," she said, nodding.

"Oh! Then you've heard of me."

"Yes. Mary Preston described you to me at length this afternoon. She said you were a descendant of the ancient vikings. Are you," asked Mrs. Andre, in her cold, sweet, distant voice, "a descendant of the ancient vikings, Mr. Gale?"

"My father kept a quick-lunch room in the Bronx," replied the viking briefly. It was apparent that he considered this a sufficient answer to her question.

"Really?" she said; and then, coming down a step in the path toward him, "Shall we go?"

But for a moment he didn't move. He stood, robust and red and tremendously firm, staring up at her the while.

"Say. . . . You don't really believe in that little fat-bellied god of yours?"

"In my Buddha? Yes, I rather think I do. At least so far as the lilies are concerned. . . . And what," she asked as they walked together down the hill, "do you believe in, Mr. Gale?"

"I believe in my luck."

"Is that a modest way of saying you believe in yourself?"

"WELL—maybe it is. But anyhow, I'd never put my faith in anything that was dead."

"Dead?" The word seemed to startle Mrs. Andre. "But perhaps my Buddha is only dreaming."

"It comes to the same thing in the end," he stated vigorously.

"Oh, no," she said. "Oh, no! One can live in a dream. Better still, one can escape from life—"

She felt his hand lightly on her arm, and stopped short, astonished at the sense of power in his touch. "Well?" she said, looking up at him. There was a certain defiance in her eyes. "Well?"

"Escape from life!" he blurted out, and suddenly he threw back his head and laughed. "Now, what do you know about that!"

Later, Mrs. Andre told Roland Durst, who sat next her at dinner, that Eric Gale was a man who laughed at things he didn't understand. "Also," she added, "he frightened a bird that was singing."

And Roly said, looking at the huge figure enthroned on Mary Preston's right, that Eric Gale undoubtedly was a barbarian.

What Eric said about Roly was, "Who's that good-looking fellow talking to Mrs. Andre?" And when his hostess told him, the viking said: "Son of old Denman Durst, eh? I remember old Denman. He went to smash in the market that netted me my first million. A romantic figure, but a gambling fool. Is the boy like him?"

"Well, Roly is certainly romantic enough!" said Mrs. Preston, laughing. "Half the women in Lord's Harbor have been dreamy about him, at one time or another. As for his gambling proclivities, I've heard he dabbles in stocks now and then. But who doesn't? The fact is, Roly hasn't money enough to do much gambling with, and probably never will have, unless Fern Andre finally succumbs to his charms."

"Say! She won't do that, will she?"

Mrs. Preston laughed again, and shrugged her brown shoulders.

"There's no telling. Roly's a persuasive young man. I know, because he once had a spell of making love to me. . . . I stood him off, but it was chiefly because Keith, junior, was having an attack of measles at the time. . . ."

"This Mrs. Andre," said Eric, leaning back in his chair. "Tell me all about her."

"I will," said Mrs. Preston. "But—good heavens, Eric!—you're not thinking of falling in love with her yourself?"

"I am in love with her," said the viking. His great fist closed slowly on the white cloth beside his plate. "I'm going to marry her," he added in a tone so convincing that Mrs. Preston forgot to be surprised.

"I hope you do," she said. "It would serve Roly Durst right!"

ERIC GALE had intended to sail on to Bar Harbor the next morning. But two weeks later the Storm King was still at anchor in Lord's Harbor. Then came a hot and feverish night when the full moon performed its ancient trick of rising out of the sea (a piece of magic that never fails to please), and Eric invited the Keith Prestons and a number of their friends — including Mrs. Andre—to go for a sail. Mrs. Andre thought it would be a beautiful thing to do. . . .

The black schooner moved out of the harbor under power, spread her canvas to a capricious breeze and fled in beauty through the storm of moonlight. "The sea," said Roland Durst to Mrs. Andre, "is like hammered gold . . . you can see the marks of the workman's mallet. . . ."

Eric Gale said to Mary Preston, lounging beside him in the after cockpit as he stood lightly holding the schooner's wheel: "Look here! Do me a favor, will you? Take that Durst fellow down to the cabin and give him a drink. Or get him to mix one. I may have to go back to New York tomorrow, and I want to talk to Mrs. Andre."

"How nice it must be," murmured Mrs. Preston, rousing herself, "to know exactly what you want. But why may you have to go back to New York tomorrow?"

"Business," replied the viking with a lift of his huge shoulders.

"What a bore! I wonder if it wouldn't be simpler if I just pushed Roly overboard. . . ."

"You must have thought a good deal of him once," said Gale unexpectedly, "to want to drown him."

"Eric!" cried Mrs. Preston. "How subtle of you! What a clever person you are, to be sure!"

"I can put two and two together," said Eric. "By the way," he added, casting an eye aloft at the finely drawn flat sails, "tell Keith to stay out of this present summer market."

"This—?"

"Wall Street."

"Oh . . . oh, yes! Really?"

"If he's in it, tell him to get out—quick!"

The woman beside him gave a low exclamation: "Eric! I know what your advice is worth."

"No matter how good things may look to him."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Preston softly.

"One good turn deserves another," answered the viking, grinning dimly down at her.

Mrs. Preston (*Continued on page 41*)

"I've done something to escape your power over me: I've just told Roly I'll marry him"

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The Prairie Prince

By W. B. COURTNEY

DOWN the long trail with Buffalo Bill—A duel to the death—The passing of Wild Bill Hickok—The salute from the saddle—"Ladies and Gentlemen, let me present my Great Wild West Show"—Happy days—At Queen Victoria's command—Triumphs at home and abroad—Bill Cody's greatest day—Then into illness and the dark depths—The last game of cards—Farewell to Pahaska.

JUST as his horse pitched him to the earth Bill Cody fired. The shot missed Yellow Hand but killed his pony.

It is instinct with a horseman to let go of anything in his hands when he is falling. Thus it was that these duelists, white scout and red chief, who were to personalize in a single combat the climax of the agelong war between savagery and progress in America, scrambled unhurt to their feet at almost the same moment, barehanded, their rifles flung beyond reach.

But there was no pause in the combat. Shrieking, Yellow Hand unbelted his tomahawk and rushed upon the scout. Bill, snatching out his knife, met the chief halfway.

A strange, awed silence had settled over the blue-coated and war-feathered hosts. Here was a clash of race champions that caught away the breath: two stalwart forms locked in a death struggle, limned by the swinging war hatchet and the flashing bowie blade.

Of a sudden Yellow Hand staggered back, clutching his breast. Bill's knife was red in the morning sun. As the chief was sinking to the ground the fighting-mad scout seized him by the war lock and slashed it off.

"First scalp for Custer!" he shouted hoarsely, waving the grisly trophy toward the troopers, crimson drops from it flecking his face and hair.

Their old comrade's triumphant yell was a tocsin to the Fighting Fifth. A legion of Cheyennes could not have faced the thunderous charge it inspired. Across the field of the duel the bluecoats swept, shooting and sabering the Indians into headlong flight. Nightfall found a thoroughly beaten and subdued band of Cheyennes back on the Red Cloud Reservation, all thoughts of the war path gone from their heads.

Brown Bros.

Col. Cody: "still the handsomest figure that ever graced a saddle"

Johnny Baker, Bill's ever-faithful pal, foster son and manager

In a single blow Bill Cody had broken the back of the last great Indian uprising which had begun so ominously with the Custer massacre. There was still desultory fighting, but Sitting Bull fled, and the menace waned with the summer.

There was an ulterior significance in the killing of Yellow Hand. It marked the climax of the frontier service of Bill Cody, who more than any other man had done the most practical, the most dangerous, workaday job of conquering the prairies. It was fitting that the duel which marked the end of the last real Indian war should have been won by the last of the really great scouts of American history.

One phase of Bill Cody's life—that which he loved most: the days of danger and daring—was ended. There were two deaths in that great duel on the War Bonnet Creek: Chief Yellow Hand died in the body; Bill Cody, frontiersman, died in the spirit.

Henceforth he was no longer plain Bill Cody—he was Buffalo Bill, national property, embodiment of national sentiment. He was the Hon. W. F. Cody. He was Colonel Cody. He was the showman and hero of two worlds. He was faced with great battles of a sort that took more than mere physical courage. He was faced with great troubles; he was faced with greater triumphs.

Trilogy of Woe

BUT in his own rugged heart Bill Cody always believed that beating Billy Comstock in the buffalo-killing contest was more fun than meeting Queen Victoria; that killing Yellow Hand was more useful to the country he loved than being "mentioned" for President. For Bill Cody was always a boy—with a boy's view of the proper relation of things. He had grown into a giant of a man, but his dreams had remained those of the slim, tough kid who used to lie o' nights under Lew Simpson's bull wagons on the starlit plains.

Everything was just fun to Bill except two cherished ambitions—the one to make the romantic and spectacular pageant of the West real to Americans and to the world at large through a Wild West Show, in which there would be no taint of circus fake; the second to make fertile and gently livable, through irrigation, the Western land he loved.

Into the second dream—of far greater truth in vision than one could expect from an unlettered boy—Bill poured the millions he made from the first dream. False friends and his own simple, confiding heart brought about the ruin that he struggled to redeem in what was the bitterest and bravest fight of his life.

But immediately after the Yellow Hand duel, when he was thirty years old and at the peak of his strength, Bill was yet far from this greatest fight. There was one more tragedy to round out the fate that had sent him teetering headlong back to the plains, that had inspired his most memorable exploit there, and that finally divorced him forever from the old life.

Kit Carson Cody and George A. Custer had been the first two victims of a fateful cycle. Wild Bill Hickok completed it.

The National Folk Hero

LESS than three weeks after the affair of War Bonnet Creek, and while Bill Cody still carried proudly in his pocket the scalp of Yellow Hand, the news reached him that Wild Bill had been murdered in Deadwood, a gold rush camp up in the Black Hills. As Wild Bill, in his calm way, sat in a card game, a drunken coward named Jack McCall had sneaked up behind him and drilled him through the head.

Bill Cody's heart was numb. Dear old Wild Bill—his protector in the old bull-wagon days, his pal in endless escapades and perils that passed wrenchingly in review now in Bill's memory! Good old Wild Bill, with his wisdom and courage and cool shooting advice, "Let 'er go on the upgo!"

This was the breaking of Bill Cody's last enduring personal tie with his early life. With the Indian wars petering out, there was naught more in the line of duty for him on the prairies, so he turned back to the stage.

It was not the plays Bill Cody appeared in that bulged the sides of Eastern theatres. It was the man himself—the national folk hero. The Government of the United States had rewarded Bill in his fighting prime with its highest distinction for valor over and above the demands of duty—the Congressional Medal of Honor. The people of the United States now rewarded him with their highest mark of affection—storming to see and to cheer him.

The stage career was but an interlude. The Wild West Show, one of his two great ambitions, was at hand to begin the second major phase of his life

With the profits of his theatrical enterprises Bill had bought a ranch in partnership with Major Frank North, of Pawnee Scout fame, in the Platte River country and at North Platte had built an elaborate home for his family, dubbing it Scouts' Rest. It was—that! Many an old-timer was rested and fed and cared for behind its elastic latch string.

The genesis of the Wild West Show is obscure and involved because of the unfortunate way great ideas have of suggesting themselves simultaneously to active minds that are bent in the currents of progress or public taste. It is claimed that Barnum had thought of

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and should the headline be large or small?

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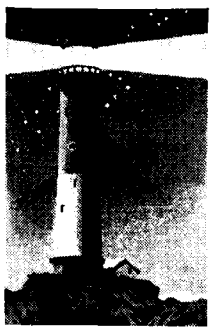

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it in the sixties. One thing is certain. Bill used Indians with his early "Dramatic Combination," and attempted to show, within the limitations of the stage, glimpses of frontier life. For an idea had been simmering in his head since 1877, when he began ranching with North and first saw objectively the tremendous panorama of which he had been and was still an active part. Make this historical chapter *visible* to all American citizens!

That same year, 1877, Nate Salsbury, an actor, returning from Australia—a young country like

© Barry

Bill knew Sitting Bull so well that he said he'd bring him in armed with nothing but a bag of candy

the United States, with a desperate frontier and hard-riding pioneers—was inspired to think of a show in which the general public could see and compare the horsemanship not only of Australian and American frontiersmen but of experts from all over the world.

Knowing of Bill Cody's staging Western shows, Salsbury sought him out. They pooled their dreams. The show would have to be outdoors—in its natural setting. No stage could imprison its active beauty.

Salsbury was a gifted showman—a genius for organization. But at this moment he was involved in other affairs and lacked ready money.

First Great Wild West Show

SO BILL, on his own, assembled and trained a show at North Platte—and spread its wonders at the Omaha Fair Grounds, May 17, 1883. This was the first Wild West Show in history.

But Bill Cody needed the ability of Nate Salsbury. Under Bill's open-hearted and open-pursed management the show was little better than a joyous riot—performers imbibing in the handiest saloons the inspiration for the arena; while Bill's flowing hair and giant shoulders towered above all—the chief playboy!

Even as he outdrank and outsang them, Bill outdid the hardiest among them on the tanbark.

There was a bull buffalo with that first show—a shaggy, bead-eyed king who had not bowed his spirit and was respectfully called Old Monarch. Bill's wild men—red and white—would ride any other captive buffalo, but not Old Monarch.

In vain Bill issued orders that Old Monarch must be ridden.

One day the governor of Indiana and the mayor of Indianapolis were in the audience.

"Rope Old Monarch," shouted Bill, who as a scout had always spurred in where others feared to go.

The maddened bull was roped, after a struggle. Bill ran forward and leaped upon its back: "Turn'er loose!"

And Bill rode Old Monarch. It was a thrilling, grueling fight—in which brute strength finally overcame skill and courage. Bill was tossed—into the hospital!

So the year went on—helter-skelter.

The next season Nate Salsbury's cool hand was on the helm. Then began the close friendship and partnership that lasted through squabble and success, trouble and luck, for nearly twenty years—until Salsbury's death in New Jersey, on Christmas Eve, 1902.

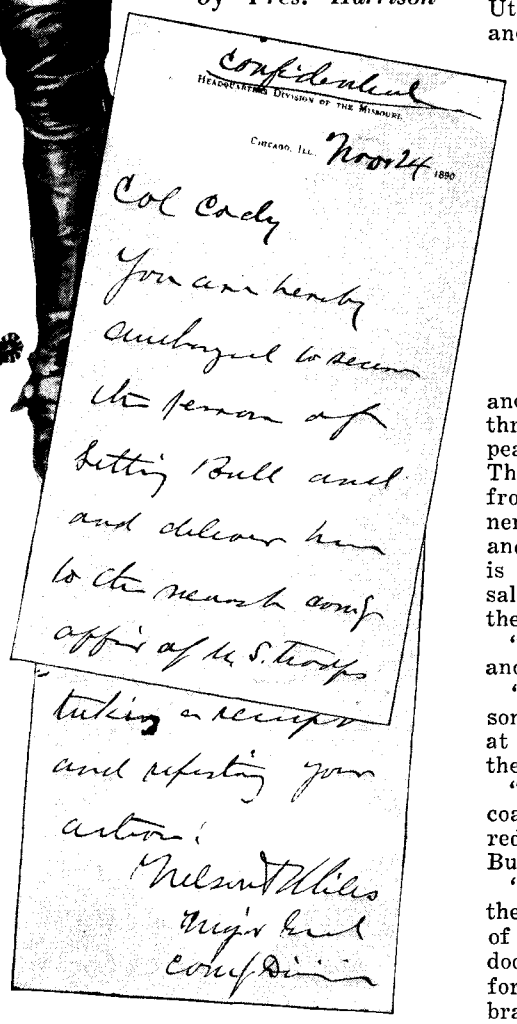
Bill Cody, with his winning personality, attracted another friend—John M. Burke, who first became his Dramatic Combination manager, later his show press agent, and remained always a blindly devoted follower. There are few as touching records of friendship in human annals as that of John Burke for Bill Cody.

Bill Cody was a magnet for the sort of friends who become faithful servants. On the plains, when Bill was spinning wide his fame as a scout and buffalo killer, many frontiersmen had worshiped him—copying his gait, his mannerisms, even his name in various corruptions.

But with Burke the affection and worship deepened into veritable idolatry. Burke once said solemnly, "I have met a god and a goddess in my life."

The goddess was that little actress of the first Buffalo Bill Company, Mademoiselle Morlacchi.

General Miles' authorization, quashed by Pres. Harrison


Confidential
Headquarters Division of the Missouri
Chicago, Ill. Nov 24 1880
Col Cody
You are hereby authorized to secure the person of Sitting Bull and deliver him to the nearest commanding officer of U.S. troops taking a receipt and reporting your action.
Nelson A Miles
Maj Gen
Comdg Div

She married Texas Jack. Thereupon Burke transferred all his love and devotion to the god—Bill Cody.

Who that ever saw it can forget Buffalo Bill's show? Or the heart-stopping joys of wandering past the Indian tepees, where Sitting Bull or Red Cloud or Short Bull sat and grunted "How!" to everybody? Or the thrill of hanging to the slats of a buffalo pen and speculating that here, at least, was one wild animal too proud to submit to peanut bribery?

And who does not remember the hurried scramble into the darkened rectangular stands, where a boy's nose quivered with the soul-stinging odor of tanbark and gunpowder, while his eyes fixed in ecstasy on the mammoth representation of Wild Western scenery that inclosed one end of the arena? Or the bugle's sharp call to attention; when on to the track and past the flickering halo of each gas lamp there trotted a noble figure on horseback, long locks flowing in the evening breeze, buckskins and ornaments and bright accouterments surmounted by a broad white sombrero—a picture of romantic manhood?

Whoop! Bang! Wow!

IT WAS not Bill Cody—not even Buffalo Bill—but the figment of every American boy's dream suddenly filled with substance and life that swept thus around the arena at the opening of each performance, coming to a gallant stop in front of the grand stand and giving that famous "salute from the saddle."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you my Great Wild West Show and Congress of Rough Riders of the World!"

A moment's dramatic pause, while your hair and mine tingled, then a fanfare of bugles, the tinny jangle of a band, the curtains brushed aside—and the real, living Wild West of fact paraded out before your wide eyes. Buffalo Bill falling into the lead on Charlie or Isham, his famous show horses; Pawnee Bill; Old Oxheart Oklahoma Dave; Utah Frank, and all the rest—cowboy and cavalryman, scout and Indian—Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, and Pawnees—yelling and whooping and shooting in the first mad general dash around the arena.

Thus the spectacle started off with a bang and a whoop and a whirlwind rush—and it never let down until the end. A contemporary description in the New York Spirit of the Times recalls the whole noisy, reckless spectacle:

"... Everything goes with a bang. Everybody bangs away at everybody else. Captain Bogardus and his boys bang away at glass balls thrown in the air. Buffalo Bill repeats the same feat on horseback.... There is a race between three horses from Buffalo Bill's ranch, and the winner is applauded because he is piebald and can be seen in the dark. There is a donkey race, and the winner is saluted with the old tune, 'Home Again,' the only joke of the evening.

"The Pawnees ... perform the scalp and war dances.

"Buffalo Bill chases four or five bison around the arena and bangs away at them to illustrate buffalo hunting on the prairies....

"Mounted Indians attack a stagecoach, the interior of which blazes with red fire. Mounted frontiersmen, led by Buffalo Bill, disperse the Indians....

"A settler's cabin is in the middle of the field. A woman works in and out of it. A boy chops wood before the door. The settler rides home with meat for supper; hobbles his horse and embraces his family. Look! A wild Indian is creeping through the grass to steal the horse. Bang! goes the settler's rifle—and the Indian falls. Whoop! Bang! All the Indians who were killed during the attack upon the Deadwood coach now come to life and attack the cabin.

"Again the cowboys, led by Buffalo Bill, ride to the rescue, banging as they approach. The cabin is in flames. The field is strewn with doubly killed Indians. The frontiersmen parade triumphantly in front of the grand stand, and the Wild West show is over."

Bill was happy in those early days of his show, (*Continued on page 44*)

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Keeping Hair Free From Dandruff

This matter of keeping hair free from dandruff is neither the complicated nor expensive one that most women consider it. Usually the trick can be done by regular shampooing and the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

At the first sign of dandruff, you simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength, and with the fingers, massage the scalp vigorously forward and backward, then up and down.

LISTERINE

In a surprisingly short time you will be delighted with results. We have hundreds of unsolicited letters testifying to the success of Listerine in checking dandruff. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

YOU WILL LIKE IT

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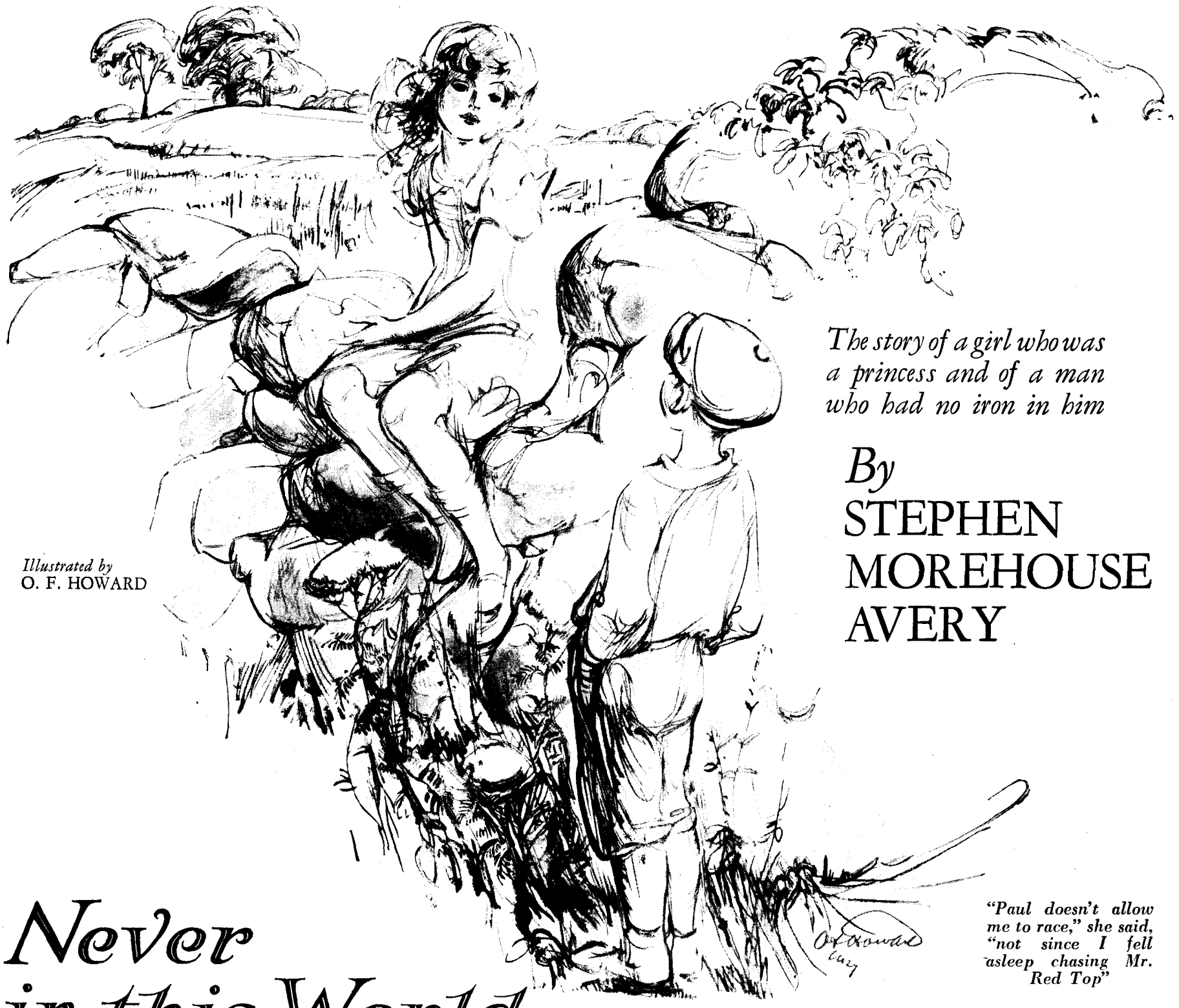

The story of a girl who was a princess and of a man who had no iron in him

By
STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY

Illustrated by
O. F. HOWARD

Never in this World

"Paul doesn't allow me to race," she said, "not since I fell asleep chasing Mr. Red Top"

WOVEN into the high green background of Connecticut meadows, a bright strand of road mounted between low gray walls of piled field stones. Sections of the wall were blanketed with climbing roses, and an offshore breeze, braced with salt, bore also a moist fragrance of the earth itself, for it was that time of year and it was morning. Farther on up the rise a very tiny girl, perched atop the wall, made a bluer spot against the blue sky, and a black spot, zigzagging aimlessly in the road as he climbed toward her, was a very small, venturing boy.

The tiny girl watched his approach with her head cocked alertly, her flying hair swarming with sunbeams, a tuneless, speculative child's hum on her lips, until finally he stopped in the road opposite and stared at her with an unabashed, brown-eyed fixity which meant that she was something to be examined, judged and rated against other strange discoveries.

As for him, he was not strange. He was just a sturdy little lad in improvised pants, scuffed shoes and a cap which was yanked so askew over his eyes that he had to tilt back his head to see her. Presently an impulse of male initiative emerged from his uncertainty. With a thrust of his chunky arms deep into his pants pockets, he said, "Want to race?"

That was by way of testing her reality. Little girls, according to his standard, never had front teeth, always wore rubber bands around their bobtails of straight hair, and spent their whole lives teasing, tattling, bawling and asking for your candy—if you had any. But this one was more like the picture on the cover of Tommy Wilcox's bedtime story book, and her first remark made him wonder if she weren't lost out of there. "Paul doesn't allow me to race," she said, "not since I fell asleep chasing Mr. Red Top. That's the clover fairy."

THE small boy thought it all over and then with subtle relevancy said, "I'm seven."

But she only smiled happily and turned her blue-eyed, shell-clear bit of a face to the breeze so that her glinting hair blew. "Soon I'll be grown up too. I'm as good as five. What's your name?"

He scowled but told her: "It's Benny."

"Benny what?"

"Benny Trout. What's yours?"

"Mine's Susan." She laughed gayly in a high little glee.

"Susan what?"

"Susan Dodd." She evidently thought names were fun. "Paul Vane Dodd is *my* dad," she went on. "We live in that white house down there where my finger points. No, this finger. I have a puppy named Twinkle, but he is not so well today. I call *my* dad Paul."

"I got a ma," said Benny. He went over and sat in the grass at her feet, adding with a faint swagger, "I just call her ma."

"What do mas do, Benny?" Susan hopped down in the grass beside him like a flitting bird.

"Well," began Benny, feeling more comfortable in the position of an authority, "mas scrub you in the tub and tie knots in strings and give you a nickel. They always say you're filthy, but if you get a pain they rub it."

"Is that all?" Susan was apparently both surprised and relieved. "My Paul does all that. I'd much rather have Paul. You keep your ma, Benny, and I'll keep Paul." Her attention went suddenly to a bluejay which alighted on the wall a few yards away, and she called to it and beckoned it with both hands. But the bluejay didn't come.

Benny scrambled indignantly to his feet. "Bluejays can't talk. I go to school," he said flatly.

"I WENT to Sunday school once," put in Susan quickly, making a new bid for his interest. "They told an ugly story about a man who was going to kill his little boy and burn him up, but he did it to a ram instead. Paul told two whole new a'ventures of Princess Susanna—that's really me—and the Purple-Hooded Prince that night so I could forget about it."

Hand in hand they crossed the field toward her white house. "We do too have a picture of the Purple-Hooded Prince," said Susan. "And this is the field where I chased Mr. Red Top, who was riding a big yellow butterfly. Away over to that wall I chased him, and then I fell asleep and Paul found me and carried me home and said: 'Susan, you must not race.' Do you really need to race, Benny?"

Behind a desolate salt-marsh border which separates it from the sound, the village of North Mercer huddles its

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VINCENT RICHARDS
Popular Tennis Star,
writes:
"Immediately before and after my important tennis matches I obtain the greatest possible comfort and satisfaction from Lucky Strikes.
A tennis player must guard his throat carefully, and that is why I smoke only Luckies — they are mild and mellow, and cannot possibly irritate your throat, and my wind is always in splendid shape."
Vincent Richards
The cream of the crop— the finest flavor—the greatest enjoyment.
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"IT'S TOASTED"
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"It's toasted"

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quaint white cottages in the shades of old elms. The New York, New Haven & Hartford rockets through North Mercer without stopping, and a stream of motors on the Boston Post passes through without halt and, for the Wilcoxes, Ripleys, Bromleys, Towsons, Trouts, who have spent two and a half centuries there, time also has passed down the quiet main street without any real effect.

Motors, movies, radios, magazines have made no difference. North Mercer has an attitude toward all those modern things—just as it has an attitude toward occasional "outsiders," such as that little Mr. Dodd and his child, who with a look of pale city bewilderment come there to catch a few years' breath and be wondered and talked about and suspected until they finally disappear and are forgotten by the Wilcoxes and Bromleys and Trouts. For who in this world, the world of North Mercer, were the Dodds?

TRUE enough, Paul Vane Dodd, as his name appeared on a few unknown, large-print four-color books of child tales and as author of infrequent and inept things in minor magazines, was no one of importance in any world. He and his little girl—in spite of rumors, one assumed the man's wife was not living—had occupied the old Ripley house in the high meadows for the past three years and, until old Dr. Towson, who went there regularly every week, let slip something which colored their quiet, isolated life with a journalistic suspense, they were left to themselves.

Afterward, little Mr. Dodd's slight figure, his blond, young-looking but serious face, was watched eagerly for indications. His habit of standing on the station platform when the New York trains went through, his smiling, undismayed receipt of flat, brown manuscript envelopes at the post office, his once-a-week drives with his small daughter in an ancient automobile which Bromley's garage had for hire—all were observed and weighed as evidence. Dodd and his daughter were said to be very gay on those drives around the countryside, and everybody admitted the child was beautiful, so beautiful that they didn't see how little Dodd could be her father, although he was, and they surmised that the little girl's mother must have been at least a great beauty—and their surmise was correct.

So the weeks of summer drifted by, like the serene passage of white clouds across the blue. Near the post-office door Esther Trout and Martha Towson, the doctor's sister, dropped their market talk and leaned closer together when little Mr. Dodd, nodding pleasantly, stepped by them on the way inside for his mail. "Queer about those Dodds, no trade or business, just mailing and getting back envelopes. Who knows but what his wife ran off with somebody? That's the way with New York folks. You'd think he'd be worried if what they say—"

"It's true," said Martha Towson. "My brother, Dr. Fred, says that much. Maybe Dodd just doesn't care. Doesn't even go to church, does he?"

Mrs. Trout's eager interest flared in her thin, colorless face. "No, he doesn't. And the little girl doesn't go to Sunday school either. The thing that worries me is my little Benny gettin' his young head full of the fairy nonsense they talk. It's been goin' on all summer, and yesterday he came home and told me that whereas he appeared to be little Benny Trout he was in reality none other than Prince Benjamin of the Magic Mud. He said the magic mud was to be found in the hollow below Dodd's house, that little Susan Dodd believes she actually is a fairy and pretends she can talk to bluejays and frogs and squirrels. The idea! Well, I won't have my Benny talkin' to a squirrel, and that's all there is to that."

"Well, the Reverend Ripley went to see Dodd about it once," said Martha Towson. "Did no good. Seems to me a real minister could have done something."

A younger woman, dark and with some sort of steady heat behind her half-shut eyes, stood near them, near enough to overhear. Her hands kept gripping and relaxing as though the emptiness of being a widow and childless at thirty-five hurt her with a physical pain. She watched the post-office door until Dodd came out with another flat brown envelope, and then she fell into step beside him. "I've baked the cake, Mr. Dodd," she said: "the orange cake you asked for."

He glanced at her vaguely. "That's very nice." And then, as if recalling his mind from distant thoughts: "Did I ask you to bake a cake, Mrs. Wilcox? Well, I probably did."

WHEN he began fumbling in his pockets, she said: "Oh, you mustn't pay me. The cake is for Susan. I'll bring it over. How is the cook I found for you working out?"

"Very well," he said. "I meant to thank you. Or did I thank you before?" His thoughts had fled again, and he did not even hear her suggestion that if Susan's little dresses needed any mending—

At the corner he glanced at his watch, bowed and left her, turning down the short side street which led to the station. The 10:12 for New York was due.

He leaned against a battered trunk on the long platform, waiting for the train while his gaze followed the bright threads of the rails southwestward out of sight, and his imagination, like an electric current, followed them to their end amid the hazy towers and the vital, clamorous thoroughfares of Manhattan. It was still, after his years of it, the distant vista of his dreaming youth against the rich mothering soil of Illinois, and the fact that its stone had proved too crushing a weight for his slender shoulders did not destroy its poetic allure.

Paul Dodd blamed himself, for he had bungled. And New York had rolled over him as it rolls over its thousands who go back West or who, bereft even of that courage, retreat beyond the sound of battle deep into Jersey or to the meadows of Connecticut, where their place of destiny is at least no more distant than a fancied horizon. And so the fairyland vistas of the towers and parades with which Paul Dodd filled Susan's wide eyes, the Marvelous City of the Purple-Hooded Prince, came to resemble strangely the evening loom of the Plaza across the end of Central Park, the glistening pinnacle of the Ritz towers in a morning sky, the multicolored, buoyant throng of an upper Avenue noon.

The train crashed down, grinding past the trembling platform, drawing a line of blurred faces in the long rectangle of windows. One face, emerging for the fraction of a second, made Dodd lean suddenly forward. But he subsided again. How often, when he used to wander Madison Avenue and the East Forties, he had glimpsed faces which for an instant he'd thought were—well, none of them were. He had bungled that too.

It had been Paul Dodd's life, it seemed, to be given jobs he could not quite do. A friendly editor had told him once: "You've got no iron in you, Dodd. You always waver. It ruins your work and—probably your life." Yes, his career had gone, all but the dregs of it, and Susan's mother had gone because there too his craftsmanship had failed. Somewhere along the line he had always bungled. And now there was only Susan, and he wouldn't have the chance to bungle things with her.

AT THE curb in front of the corner drug store Dr. Towson hailed him, the old man's brooding, deeply lined face peering out from under the top of his runabout. "Just on my way over to your house, Dodd. Want to come along?"

They drove down Mercer Street, through Shore Lane, across the New Haven Pike, and finally up the hill road where Dodd's small house stood white and clear against the meadow green. "This isn't your regular day to come, is it, Doctor?"

When they stopped at the gate a shrill, piped welcome came down the wind: a tiny pink Susan and yelping, circling Twinkle, who was apparently better, had spotted their arrival from the hilltop field and started for the house. They came slowly, Susan barely skipping, remembering that she must not race.

Dr. Towson followed Dodd into his study. There was a large, flat-top desk, shelves of books, one whole row taken up by heavy medical volumes dealing with disorders of the heart. The desk was piled with manuscripts, and another neatly typed stack of sheets contained the tales he told to Susan at bedtime. She insisted upon exact repetition, and it had been necessary to write the stories out. Also, there were pipes and cigarettes and a photograph which, except for the eyes, explained why Susan was pretty. But there was a misty blue distance in Susan's eyes which did not appear in the photograph. They came from somebody else.

When they were seated Dodd said: "All right now, Doctor. What is it?"

The doctor looked up out of his thought. He liked little Dodd. Years ago he himself had started out to be a New York doctor. Things had gone wrong. "Well, it's just that I think we ought to get a specialist up here at once. I know you had Barnes, but he only confirmed my opinion. Let's try to get someone who won't—because she's getting worse, Dodd. Much worse. From the tests I made last week I'm amazed that it has gone on at all."

Paul Dodd's gaze fell. "Well, that is only what we've known all along," he said. "Sometimes I think she's getting better, but—you must be right. I'm ready, I guess."

"It's because I think you're not ready, Dodd, that I'm warning you now.

(*Continued on page 51*)

Paul Dodd broke through and gathered her in his arms. For a moment he did not seem such a little man

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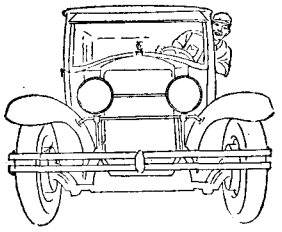

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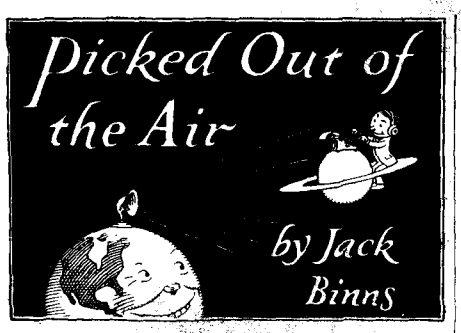

The Village Broadcast

WHEN the genial Luke Higgins first picked up his gavel as master of ceremonies in the improvised Titusville studio and broadcast over WOR's wave for the benefit of "them city folks" he inaugurated the first serious attempt at humor for loud speakers. His success in these Main Street Sketches is assured and as a character he is becoming firmly established in the hearts of an increasing audience every Tuesday evening.

The genial Luke, so perfectly portrayed by George F. Brown, is the creation of Leonard Cox, assistant program director of the Newark station. It is too bad the author saw fit to bring his character to the city and show him a modern studio. Luke's remark: "I never did hear sech music in all my born days" does not bode well for the Titusville orchestra, whose dissonances are a charming and humorous relief from the perfect transmissions of standard programs.

If you would have a little natural fun of the spontaneous type tune in to WOR some Tuesday evening at eight and go on an ethereal trip to Titusville.

Chamber Music

FOUR Eastern stations were recently tied up together in a very notable event when the New York Chamber Music Society finally overcame its aversion to radio and broadcast a program featured by five internationally known artists.

Chamber music has been broadcast spasmodically from time to time over the chains, and once regularly over the New York municipal station, but up to the present no definite steps have been taken to bring it before the vast audience that can be reached by the modern chain.

The decision of Miss Carolyn Beebe, founder of the society, to lift the ban against radio is in reality a recognition of the remarkable progress that radio engineers have made toward absolute fidelity in reproduction.

Just before the memorable broadcast Miss Beebe said: "Chamber music is the highest form of the musical art, but people seem to think because of that fact that they cannot enjoy anything apparently so abstruse. Such a feeling is without foundation and I believe chamber music is enjoyed by the most untutored listeners because the most simple means are used to attain its effects.

"I venture to say that no form of music has the capacity to make a stronger appeal than beautiful compositions for small instrumental groups that are now practically unknown to the vast majority of music lovers. Therefore, I believe this initial broadcast of the New York Chamber Music Society will awaken a desire to hear more and establish such broadcasting as a regular feature in the future."

Let's hope this belief becomes a reality.

Its Parents are Aging

TO THOSE who persist in saying that "Radio is still in its infancy" I solemnly dedicate the following historic fact: In 1892 Sir William Preece succeeded in talking across a river one quarter of a mile wide without intervening wires.

Sir William was the generous person who, half a dozen years later, epitomized Marconi's invention in the famous phrase: "We all knew the egg but Marconi showed us how to stand it on end."

The Thunder God

Continued from page 17

"In all my life I have met but one woman whose character, whose mental and physical health indicated very strongly to me that my life would be happier if I married her. She is a woman who would have studied my moods and not intruded upon them; she could never be so gross as to invade the mental privacy of anybody; she would be kind, affectionate, brave and capable of quiet sacrifice, unembittered. She would be sport enough to hold up her head and be human when her heart was heavy as lead. And I think, had I married her, she would have been quite willing to bear me not less than six children."

"You old-fashioned devil! Why didn't you ask her?"

"Because I wanted a wife, not a very dear friend, and because she did not want me for a husband. I had sense enough to see that."

"In love with somebody else?"

Ben Whitton nodded.

"I WOULDN'T have quit to him. Almost any decent man can capture the woman he sets out seriously to stalk. The mere idea of being pursued intrigues women—starts them thinking seriously about you. And women are very introspective."

"You know less about women than a pig does about the nebular hypothesis."

"Did this dream girl of yours marry your hated rival?"

"She did not—and he wasn't a hated rival. If she had married him, it would have been the ideal eugenic marriage, and she would have given him children to enrich the world."

"Why didn't she marry him?"

"Because the idiot married somebody else. Life is like that."

"Is he happy?"

"If he isn't, he doesn't know it—so I suppose one might say he is happy."

"You might have performed a dual service—helped her forget the other fellow and won a treasure for yourself."

"There is a time for filing such applications, old son."

"I would have liked to try my hand at fathering, Butch?"

"Well, why don't you?"

"Hostages to fortune, Butch. And, besides, there's Mercy's career to be considered?"

"Babies and violins do not mix, I suppose."

"Looks that way."

"I have never heard your wife play. Has she genuine talent?"

"I'll be hanged if I know. I like her playing, although it does seem to me that she lacks something. Perhaps it's dash. She was a wow as a Y entertainer in France."

"Has she done anything since?"

"She's studied mighty hard."

"Is there any hope of Mercy abandoning her career?"

"Well, I might smash her fiddle and refuse to buy her another."

Ben Whitton yawned and stretched. "How about eighteen holes of golf?"

They went—in Ben Whitton's car. It was a beautiful convertible coupé, brand new and decidedly expensive. Julie, who had never owned or driven such an automobile, was loud in his praise of it and mourned greatly because he could not afford the luxury of one like it. "It's horrible to be rich and pretend you're not," he complained. "But, then, science demands sacrifice of its devotees."

"You may drive this car whenever you feel inclined," his friend assured him generously. "After all, there are advantages in bachelorhood. I do not have to answer questions, thank the Lord!"

They rolled out through Golden Gate Park, proceeding leisurely along the main driveway, intending, when the beach should be reached, to turn down the Great Highway to Lakeside Country Club. They approached a curve not far from the beach.

"Death Curve," said Ben. "Drunks coming home from the beach resorts meet here in deadly embrace— By golly, here comes one now!"

He swerved far to the right as a long touring car came around the curve at fifty miles an hour. It was a sharp curve; to negotiate it successfully at that speed was an impossibility without overturning the car, and the driver appeared to realize this, for he jerked the wheel suddenly and in an effort to save the situation took the curve wide. At the same instant he appeared to realize also that a collision with Whitton's car was inevitable; he jammed down the foot brake hard; the brake lining squealed; there was a harsh scraping sound of the locked wheels skidding on the pavement and then the long nose of the touring car crashed into Whitton's left front wheel, careened off, tore away the latter's running board and jammed the fender down against the left rear wheel. There was a tinkle of broken headlights and windshield; the crash of the impact could have been heard for blocks.

Whitton, thrown violently forward against the steering wheel, had the breath driven out of him; for a moment he was weak and limp and fell over on his friend, who, on his part, was badly cut about the forehead by broken glass. The blood, running down into his eyes, blinded him.

For the space of thirty seconds nobody said anything. Then a masculine voice reached Julie: "Damn it, man, why can't you stay on your own side of the road?"

"I'll answer that question in a minute," Julie called back. "I think you've hurt my friend. Come and look at him. I can't see.... Got blood in my eyes."

The driver of the other car got out and leaned into Whitton's car. He shook the latter gently.

"Knock-out," Whitton murmured. "Wow! Solar plexus. Bent ribs. All right in a minute." He lay there gasping. Then: "Traffic officer—here—in a minute—Julie. Thrash this murderer—for me—old son, before—officer—comes. Can't do it—myself."

As quietly, as obediently as if his father had ordered it, Julie slipped out of his side of the wrecked car. He came around the end of it, mopping the blood from his eyes. Dimly he saw the form of a large man looming before him; he winked and saw him better; he winked again and leaped at the man.

"Teach you manners," he growled. "Teach you—stay—your side of the road—ruin my friend's fine car—"

"I don't want any trouble," the offender cried, and backed away.

"No trouble—I assure you," Julie retorted, and led with his right. The man ducked adroitly—and Julie uppercut him with his left and straightened him up. A straight left staggered the fellow, a vicious right cross caused him to rock on his feet and raise his arms to protect his face. Thereupon Julie, still blinking, beat a devil's tattoo on the latter's unprotected abdomen, and when the protecting arms fell Julie got four good ones home on the nose and jaw, and the victim sprawled in the roadway.

JULIE got a clean handkerchief and daubed his gory eyes some more. "Shall I kick his slats in, Ben?" he demanded dutifully.

"Three—for luck," Ben Whitton commanded, and Julie dutifully administered three good ones before going to the side of his friend's car. "Hurt much, Butch?" he queried. Ben Whitton raised his right hand in a flapping gesture. It might have meant anything, but to Julie it meant "Go away!"

"What do you mean—go away?" he demanded.

"I mean I'm all right, you nut—at least I will be in another minute. Put your handkerchief over your eyes and stand still. The blood from the cuts on your forehead will congeal in a couple of minutes if you don't mop them. There, that's it. Hurt your hands, didn't you? Noble work, old son, noble work. You can still box a bit. Thanks. I'd do as much for you."

All the time his hand was flapping in that insane gesture, but it was to a woman in the other car he was signaling. Suddenly she appeared to understand his meaning, for she slipped quietly out of the car and disappeared into the shrubbery beside the road.

A traffic officer appeared, made a perfunctory investigation, took the names of the three men and the numbers of their cars.

The offender mumbled, "Entirely my fault. I'll pay for the damage—new car if the damage is too great to repair. I'll guard both wrecks. Officer, be a good fellow and telephone for the wrecking crew—two of 'em." He held out a card, which the policeman took and handed to Ben Whitton.

In the Park Emergency Hospital Ben looked at his friend.

"Come on, Wildcat," he ordered. "We left that flask and contents down in your rooms. I want to rub my ribs with some of it. Did you enjoy the battle?"

"Immensely. I'd have done better work if I could have seen more clearly. I fear I bungled the job a bit."

"May that man never meet an expert," Whitton replied piously.

"Such a nice car too. Made me furious to see it splintered. That big dub! He wouldn't even defend himself."

"Oh, yes, he did, my son. He got a couple of good ones home on you."

"Never felt them"—wonderingly.

"You'll feel them tomorrow."

"Well," said Julie with a philosophic grin, "tomorrow is always another day. It certainly did rile me to hear that big bozo demand why we didn't stay on our own side of the road—after he'd crossed it to hit us. Still, I wish I hadn't kicked him when he was down."

"I had my reasons, Julie. So I acted quickly."

"So? Wasn't there a woman with him?"

"There was. His wife. To the devil with him."

JULIE threw back his shoulders defiantly. "Oh, well, then, to the devil with him," he agreed.

They called a taxi and went back to the hotel, where they applied Ben Whitton's liniment externally and internally and spent a very pleasant half hour until Mercedes came.

She halted just inside the threshold and looked from one to the other, amazedly. "Julie, DAR-R-ling," she cried, "what *has* happened to you?"

"I called Butch a nonagenarian and questioned his professional ability, and he walked on my forehead."

"Julie!" Reproachfully she darted toward him, but he held up both hands to fend her off—hands badly swollen and stained with iodine where the skin had been knocked off. "Do please tell me what happened, Julie, darling?"

He scratched his head and looked silly. "It's—a little vague—I can't seem to remember, Mercy. Things seem sort of mussed up. Sometimes I think I'm right on the verge of remembering everything, and then it all fades and becomes blurred and uncertain."

"But, Julie, sweetheart, you *must* tell me."

"I imagine, Mrs. Grannis," Ben Whitton cut in dryly, "that the big idea is that he doesn't want to tell you."

And he gave her what, in the parlance of this modern day, might best be described as a dirty look.

"Oh, very well; I'll not insist. But it seems so mysterious, Julie. And you've been fighting on the Sabbath."

"And how!"

"And who!" Ben Whitton murmured without interest.

"Darling!" Julie said pleadingly.

"Now what do you want?"

"Suppose you get out your old fiddle and play Ben and me something soft and soothing, something that will drive dull care away."

(*Continued on page 37*)

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 34

"Really, Julie, I wish you wouldn't ask me—at least not for a little while. The sight of your battered face gave me such a shock I'm nervous."

"So you are," Whitton observed. "Really, you're trembling a little. Julie, old pup, run downstairs to the drug store and tell the druggist to give you some sort of sedative—some of those flat lozenge affairs one dissolves in a glass of water. Splendid thing for nerves."

MERCEDES GRANNIS and her husband's friend faced each other. The man smiled at her grimly.

"Well?" he said—and the grimness was accentuated in his voice—"I hope you liked the sermon, Mrs. Grannis."

Her face was very white; her glance, unable to meet his, sought the carpet. "You'll not tell Julie?" she whispered.

"Of course not. You know that. Didn't I signal to you to run away after the accident? Didn't I make Julie cover his eyes with his handkerchief, on pretense of keeping the blood from flowing into them and clotting, while the blood from his cuts congealed? And didn't I order him out to thrash that animal you're gallivanting around with?"

"You need not have done that, Ben. There was nothing disgraceful about my being with him."

"Nevertheless, you'd have fainted had Julie discovered it. And he would have discovered it if I hadn't made him get busy—instantly. I realized that he must not recognize you; I knew he'd do anything I asked him to do, so I kept him busy while you made your get-away. I told him the woman with Brander was Brander's wife—and I gave Brander a fictitious name! As a usual thing, I do not lie for anybody. Julie's the exception. Don't think I did it for you. Now, you listen to me, Mercy Grannis. As a wife I think you're a washout. And you can't play the violin. Get on to yourself before it's too late. You're married to the finest man you'll ever meet, and you do not appreciate him. Chuck that fiddle of yours and breed Julie a couple of sons and forget the pig, Jake Brander. I know him, and he isn't worth a charge of buckshot. Now, you play the game with Julie hereafter, or I'll tell Mrs. Brander on you."

"You brute," she ground furiously.

"Yes, I know you dislike me. You always did. You knew I could see through your insincerity the moment we met. You'd herd Julie away from me if you could. You can't. Don't ever try it again either. The next time he wants me up for dinner, you see to it that I come. And the next time I invite you two to dinner, you find an excuse to remain away if you feel that way about it but insist that Julie come without you. From now on you speak a few kind words for old Ben Whitton, if you please. They'll cost you nothing. I love that husband of yours—the poor nit-witted, confiding, affectionate, wool-gathering, lovable jackdaw. That man and I have been through hell together, and no wife, with her vague, indefinite feminine animosities and petty, unfathomable plans, is going to rob me of one of the most precious possessions in my dull life. You hear me?"

"I hear you. I understand."

"Thank you. In five minutes after Julie returns you're going to have a sick headache. Don't worry about him. A husband is the last man on earth to discover such things. But—break with the Brander person. It's an order. Understood?"

She bowed her head and walked past him into the bedroom, and Ben Whitton sat down and bit off a cigar and smiled a swordfish smile. "Sedative! Bah! What she needs is a cat-o'-nine-tails," he growled.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Emperor of America

Continued from page 11

the facts clear," Roscoe went on. "You are supposed to be aboard this ship tonight on Zone business?"

"I am. My passage to Cherbourg is booked."

"You are supposed to leave before the ship sails?"

"I am. My baggage is to go on."

"What is your official business on the ship?"

"Now we're coming to it!" said MacRae grimly. "There's some very important move being made tonight." He looked around the party significantly. "I don't know if it's you, Mr. Champion, or Mr. Page Sutton, or—"

The big politician smiled. "Or me!" he added dryly. "But I gather, Mr. MacRae, that when a divisional chief is employed personally there's an extra big push coming?"

"Precisely," MacRae confirmed.

"What are your further orders?" Roscoe rapped.

"To stand by in my stateroom."

"What?" Stopford exclaimed.

"You forget," said Madame Czerna. "All officers of the Zones are in constant touch with Head Center."

"X radio," Roscoe was the speaker. "We got several instruments in the big round-up. No electrician in the United States has been able to explain their construction. I take it you carry one?"

"A new issue," was the reply. "The present X radio is an advance on the old one. Morse is done away with. It operates like a telephone." From his breast pocket he drew out what looked like a cigar case.

"Madame and gentlemen," a voice cried. "In the circumstances, I can only apologize, but—" All eyes were turned to the doorway. The captain had come in. He was wearing his bridge kit and had obviously been called down. He was accompanied by a strangely beautiful woman. A sable cloak sheathed her like a chrysalis. Beneath it her slim black-clad legs, gray by reason of the skin gleaming through the silk, and black shoes with their diamond buckles made a harmony of delicate curves. Her neck and what was visible of her shoulders seemed supernaturally white against the sable. The slim hand with which she held the cloak carried on its index finger a large diamond ring of peculiar design. Her hair was unbobbed, coiled, and worn low on her neck. It was blue-black. She had straight, narrow eyebrows and extraordinarily luminous, darkly fringed eyes. Everybody stood up. Roscoe bowed, and his bow was coldly returned. The newcomer was staring at Madame Czerna.

"THE Duchess de Guise," Sir Harry explained, "who is sailing with us, has discovered a most serious loss. My room telephone is connected with shore. I hate to disturb you. But the wardroom, along the alleyway, is vacant."

As the party proceeded along the alleyway Stopford murmured in Roscoe's ear, "The old man would let anything go to the devil at any time for a pretty woman. Except his ship."

"The Duchess de Guise," said Roscoe, as they filed into the wardroom behind Peter Champion and Page Sutton. "She used to be a De la Haye before the old duke married her." He ceased. Stopford had pulled up, as Madame Czerna's hand rested urgently on his shoulder.

"That woman!" she whispered, and her eyes were wide and startled again. "She remembered me!"

(*Continued on page 38*)

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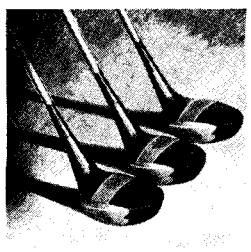

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The Emperor of America

Continued from page 37

"What!" Roscoe exclaimed.

"I met her in Paris years ago, she knows my true history."

Stopford pressed her arm reassuringly, "Don't worry," he said. "There's lots of us to look after you!"

"Go in," Roscoe said in a low voice. "I'll join you in two minutes."

"What—" Stopford began.

"Do as I say," Roscoe insisted. "We have only a few minutes left." He turned and disappeared along the alleyway.

Captain Sir Harry Bristol had regained the bridge when Roscoe quietly opened the door of his cabin. The Duchess de Guise had replaced the phone receiver on its hook. From a small bag which she carried she had taken a tiny, exquisite instrument and set it on the table before her. Roscoe cautiously craned forward to obtain a better view. A heavy footstep sounded in the alleyway.

IN a dark cavern deep in the bowels of Manhattan a section of a curious map was illuminated. It showed the streets leading to and immediately surrounding the docks used by the big Western Ocean passenger lines. The vague light shining through the colored sections of the map dimly revealed a black-robed figure behind a long table. There was a sound of distant falling water. Above the map section a spot of red light suddenly showed itself. The map disappeared.

"H. Q.," said a nasal voice. "Divisional Chief D reports from Ambassador Hotel that Great Head Center orders immediate call X and direct connection. Urgent. Report ends."

"Disconnect," the masked man replied.

The red light disappeared. A faint sound of sparking came from the long table. A tiny speck of green light sprang to life under the yellow manipulating hand touching a keyboard.

"Head Center, New York," said the musical voice.

A woman replied.

"Great Head Center," she said. "Alteration of plan on Ruritania. Porthole captain's cabin not practicable. Reprimand Divisional Chief C. Center operations on boat deck, port side aft of captain's cabin. Act immediately. You are now responsible in person. Reenforce units covering. Officers engaged are endangered. Move."

The speck of green light disappeared. Instantly the red light leaped up on the shadowy pillar.

"H. Q.," said the nasal voice. "Instruct Divisional Chief C to reënforce units covering dock area. All sectors from West Thirteenth and West Fourteenth Streets to Fifth Avenue must be open. This is a general emergency order. Instruct Zone Officer 3 C to place group masters detailed for special duty at selected points on port side of boat deck and to supervise in person. In the event of failure, Zone Officer 3 C will, if necessary, follow firing routine and take to the river. Advise group master covering. Divisional Chief C will then report to me personally. Move." The red light went out.

DRAKE ROSCOE returned along the alleyway, cursing his luck. Having successfully dodged the captain's steward he now headed again toward the cabin. It was sheer instinct, or inspiration, which had whispered to him that the telephone call of the Duchess de Guise was more important than any revelation MacRae had to make. So far he had not gathered a word. But now, as he approached the door, he could hear her clear voice . . . "Officers engaged!" [Two or three words which were unintelligible] . . . "Move! . . ." Silence followed. Whereupon Roscoe rapped sharply and opened the door.

The duchess stood up from the table, holding her cloak about her. She had apparently just closed her hand bag. But Roscoe concluded that this meant that she had been using a powder puff.

"A thousand apologies!" he exclaimed. "Please don't let me interrupt you. But I think I left a notebook on the captain's table."

The woman's dark eyes watched him inscrutably as he crossed and pretended to search. "No apology is necessary, Commander," she murmured. "I have learned what I wanted to know. And I fear I must hurry ashore."

"What!" Roscoe exclaimed.

"*My rope of pearls—they are historic,* you know—was left behind at my hotel . . . and they have disappeared!"

"But—what shall you do?"

"I shall go ashore," she replied. "I don't dare face my husband without the Guise pearls."

"Really you have my sympathy. I dare not offer to assist in any way. My own affairs demand all my attention. But if I may call later, I feel sure I could be of use."

"Thank you. I should welcome it. I am at the Ambassador."

She held out her slender hand. He stooped, and lightly kissed the tapered fingers, then: "Forgive my apparent rudeness," he said, "but I must go!"

He turned and raced back to the wardroom and burst in.

"Ssh!"

Stopford grasped his arm. Madame Czerna raised a finger to her lips. "X Radio!" Burke whispered. "Quiet!"

Robert MacRae was seated at a table. Before him rested the tiny instrument contained in the cigar case. He depressed a button on top of the case.

"H. Q.," said a nasal voice—apparently in the wardroom.

Raising a warning hand, "Division B," MacRae replied.

"Your report—quickly!"

"Now in my cabin. Party assembled remains the same but now in wardroom. Have not been put in touch with any other officer aboard. Standing by. Urgent. Time 12:53."

"Proceed at once to the boat deck," directed the nasal voice. "Cross to the rail—port side—between two boats. A zone officer will then meet you. Head Center's orders. Move. Disconnect."

MACRAE released the button, closed the case and thrust it in his pocket.

"I must carry out my order," he said. "Otherwise I should be of no further use to you. If you follow me, Mr. Burke or Mr. Regan, keep out of sight. If my zone duties take me ashore, await my call later tonight. I shall call *you*, Mr. Champion. Stand by at home."

He hurried from the room. Roscoe exchanged a lightning glance with Stopford, and went after him. "Cover me, Regan!" he snapped. Ned Regan grunted and followed Roscoe out.

Down in the second-class accommodation, a very excited young fifth officer was escorting the lovely Duchess de Guise through piles of baggage and knots of wrangling humanity to where a solitary gangplank still connected the Ruritania with the shore. This phenomenon was due to the captain's orders. Nobody knew why those orders had been given. The fifth, glancing at his dazzling companion, drew conclusions flattering to Sir Harry but undreamed of in his philosophy.

Someone was coming up the gangway. "Stand away there!" roared the fifth officer. "Go back!"

"I'm Captain Markham from Police Headquarters."

"I don't care if you're President Coolidge from Washington. Get off that plank!"

Markham hesitated. But the promising young officer won. He saluted the duchess.

"Allow me to precede Your Grace," he said; "you may stumble."

With the dock safely gained the fifth officer turned to Markham: "If you're from Police Headquarters, you can do a useful job. This lady is the Duchess de Guise. She has lost historic pearls from her hotel. Tip off the customs peo-

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ple and see she's taken care of. She's returning to her hotel."

Police Captain Markham glared for a moment. Then he saluted the fair passenger. "At your service," he said.

The duchess extended her hand to the fifth officer. "Thank you," she said—and smiled. As he turned on the gangplank to look back a frightful scream came from high up in the ship. It rose shrilly . . . and ceased suddenly.

A SPOT of red light, like the eye of some hidden animal, glowed in the serpentine darkness below Manhattan.

"H. Q.," announced a nasal voice.

"Report of Group Master 1, Sector 3 C 1, covering Ruritania from River. Zone Officer 3 C swam ashore. Group Master 4, Sector 2 D 1, also swam to the boat. Group Master 2, Sector 3 C 2, is unreported so far. Ruritania pulling out. Timed 1 A. M. Report ends."

"Report of Zone Officer 3 C."

"To hand. Divisional Chief B was removed from the rolls at 12:54. Zone officer operated in person on boat deck, covered by Group Master 2, Sector 3 C 2, now missing. Report ends."

"Report of Divisional Chief C."

"To hand. The Duchess de Guise came ashore six minutes before ship sailed. She has proceeded to Ambassador Hotel. Group master covering. No. 1 came ashore less than a minute before sailing. He has proceeded to his home. No cover. He was accompanied by Ned W. Regan and Deputy Commissioner Burke. Page Sutton and Peter Champion sail with ship as notified. Dr. Stopford and Madame Czerna have also sailed. Commander Drake Roscoe remained on board. Divisional Chief C on his way to H. Q. Timed 1:05. Report ends."

Instantly came an order:

"Cover No. 1 and party. Advise Divisional Chief D. File quarter-hourly reports of movements of Ned W. Regan and Commissioner Burke. Zone Officer 3 C is responsible for Group Master 2, Sector 3 C 2, unreported. Advise zone officer. Instruct group master in charge Seaplane G await Ruritania's dropping pilot and report. Divisional Chief C to be admitted by entrance 2. Move." The light went out.

"WHAT makes you think there's a man overboard?" the purser asked irritably.

"Well," said the second purser, eying a whisky bottle, "four people have said so. A couple of deck hands report that *two* men went overboard a minute before we pulled out."

"Making three!" growled the purser. "Any more trouble?"

"Yes. The Duchess de Guise went ashore at the last moment. Her maid's left in charge of her gear."

"Damn it!" said the purser. "But it doesn't matter anyway. We're crowded. We can do with more accommodation."

"What about seeing the old man?"

"Wait till we're at sea," said the purser.

The junior purser went out.

Up in the wardroom:

"That poor devil had a premonition of what was coming to him," said Roscoe. "Later we can tabulate what we've learned . . . because we'll learn no more from him."

"You mean he was murdered?" said Peter Champion hoarsely.

Madame Czerna spoke listlessly. She was very pale. "I *knew* he would be murdered," she said.

"Cheery-o!" Stopford murmured. "Thank Heaven the sea's smooth. I was never much good on a loose ladder, and it's beastly for ladies."

"Position is," said Page Sutton bitterly, "that Champion and myself have already lost millions to this Zone gang. Now they're covering us again. When we get ashore what do we do?"

"Remains to be seen," Roscoe answered dryly. "You're by no means alone. This thing certainly hits individuals—but do you know what it's really aimed at?"

"No." Peter Champion was the speaker.

"At the nation! For tonight I'll count my job done when you *are* ashore. Bristol has agreed to use his lights. It's black as pitch outside."

"The ship shouldn't have sailed," Page Sutton broke in, "considering—"

"Considerin' what?" Stopford interrupted. "Maybe there was murder. Righty-o. It was in territorial waters. It's a police job. This is a Royal Mail steamer. I know. I used to be surgeon before Liverpool fired me. Take my advice and focus on forthcomin' business with loose ladder."

THERE was no moon, and a long, oily swell stirred the sea when the Ruritania dropped her pilot. Only a few passengers witnessed the event. Stopford went down the ladder first, followed by a slender boy whose trousers didn't seem to fit too well. Gauzy frocks and high-heeled shoes are no sort of kit for this kind of work, and Madame Czerna had availed herself of Stopford's wardrobe. Then came the pilot and a couple of hands with baggage. Next Page Sutton managed to transfer without accident. Peter Champion was standing at the head of the ladder, hesitating, when the ship's searchlight suddenly came to life and swept the dark, heaving breast of the ocean.

"Pilot just leaving, sir," said the officer supervising, and well aware that time was valuable.

"Follow me, Mr. Champion," came a peremptory voice. "Watch your step."

Roscoe appeared out of the shadows and went over on to the ladder.

"Can I be of any assistance?" the ship's officer asked. Peter Champion grinned wryly. "Thanks all the same," said he, "I guess I can make it!"

On the bridge, "Pilot away, sir," somebody reported.

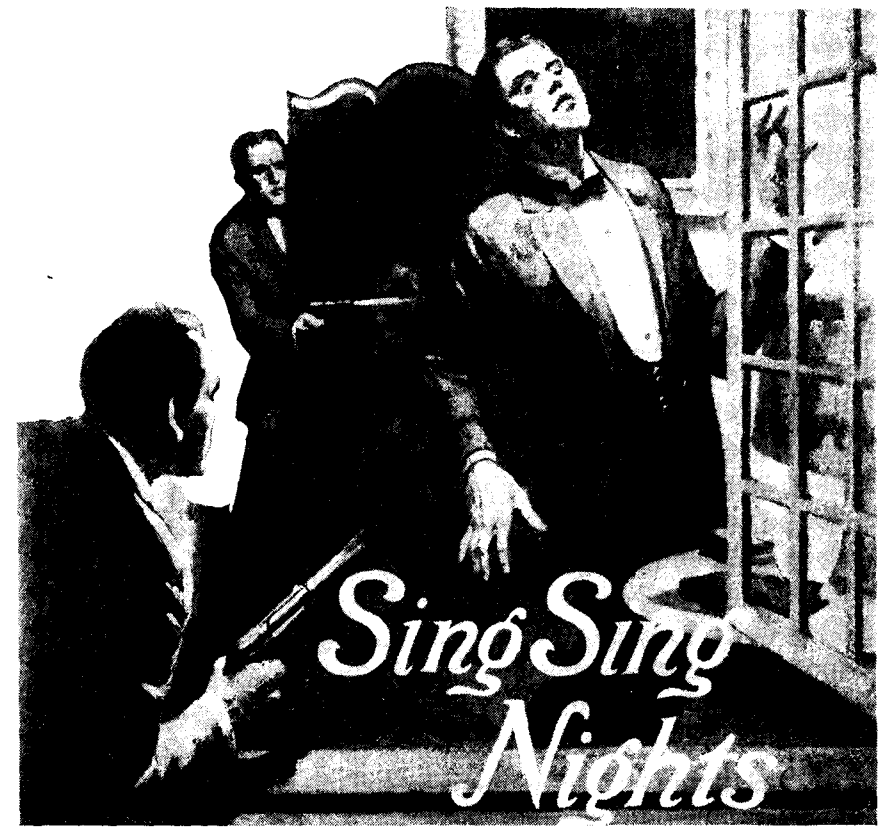
But Sir Harry Bristol and two of his officers were focusing their glasses on a seaplane which, as the light picked her up, had skimmed swiftly away westward, and now, pursued by that white beam, was taking the air. Bristol turned to his staff captain. "Log that," he directed—and gave the signal which meant, "All out for Cherbourg."

Another Emperor of America story will appear in an early issue

George Weston

"I'm going to be married," Nan announced to her family. But she wasn't at all. She'd hardly ever spoken to a man. But with the announcement made, something had to be done—and Nan did the usual thing but not in the conventional way

THE FAMILY GOAT

In next week's COLLIER'S

Suddenly the Governor of New York entered the death chamber—where the three condemned awaited doom. On the table he flung a signed pardon for *one man.* There was no name on the pardon! Should they draw straws for this one life? Should they play poker? How would you have acted?

Never could you guess the astounding plan that immediately occurred to all three. Death's approach affects men mysteriously.

You'll feel the ghastly, panting terror of "*Sing Sing Nights*," by Harry Stephen Keeler, as you read his book-length detective story in *Complete Detective Novel Magazine* for *June*—now at all news-stands.

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Amazing Methods of Modern Super-Crooks

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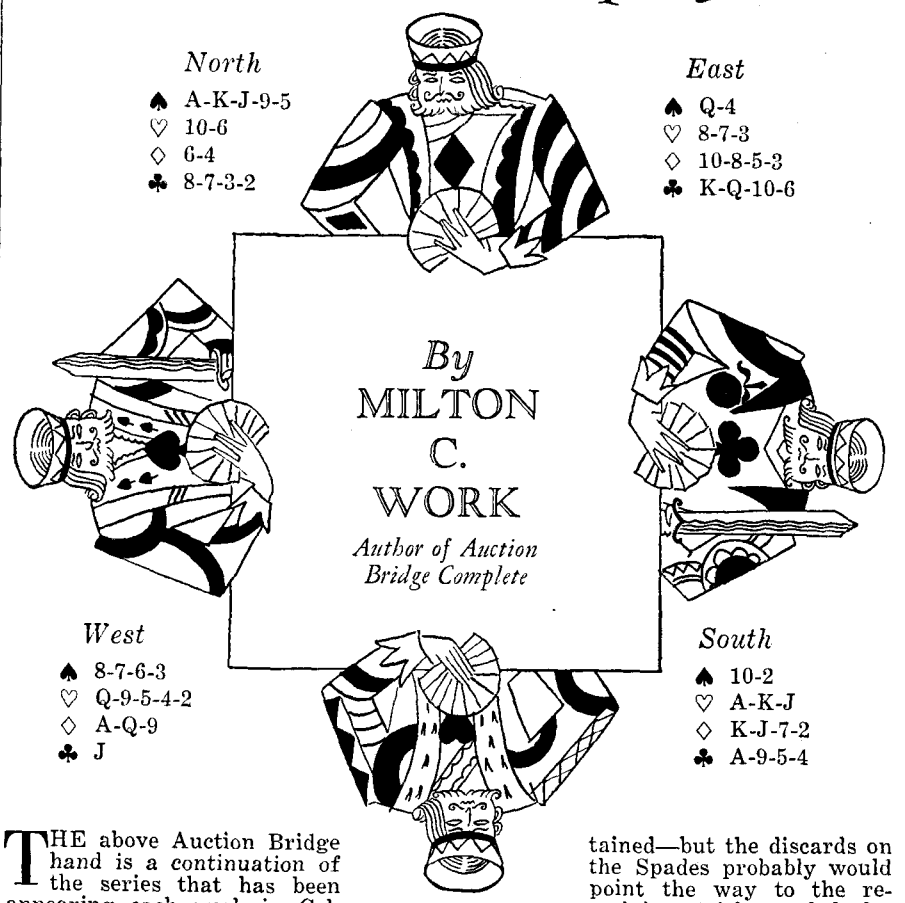

THE above Auction Bridge hand is a continuation of the series that has been appearing each week in Collier's. This Bridge hand embodies features of both offense and defense.

The Auction

THE bidding of this hand runs along the most approved conventional lines. South (Dealer) bid a No Trump with three suits thoroughly stopped and much better than average strength; upon the basis of the count (Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1), his hand counted 16, whereas 11 usually, and 12 always, is sufficient for a No Trump. Furthermore, it is a No Trump or pass for South because any suit bid would grossly deceive the partner as to the strength of the suit.

West passed, reasoning that if East had any Heart help the game probably would be saved. If East had no Heart help, bidding Hearts would either produce a disastrous loss or else North and South would rebid the No Trump and make it easily.

With a strong five-card Major, North bid two Spades, as it is always advisable to tell a No Trump bidding partner about it and let him elect whether to play at the Major or at the No Trump. In this case North's bid exactly suited South, and he therefore made a two No Trump bid with much more safety than his original one.

The Play

WEST'S opening lead of his longest suit ensured three Heart tricks for Declarer, who then could see, in addition, three more sure tricks—one Club and two Spades—a total of six. Of course there were other possibilities in Spades, Diamonds and Clubs. It seemed probable—although it would not have worked in this case—that by leading Clubs and conceding two tricks in the suit to the adversaries, an additional Club trick could be made. But that would not produce game. It was also possible that a Diamond trick could be made by leading Diamonds from Dummy; but that would be dangerous and might result disastrously if West should hold the high Diamonds. That left the Spade suit, which offered an excellent opportunity for gathering in the needed tricks.

If West held the Queen of Spades, five Spade tricks and game seemed to be a certainty. If East held the Queen of Spades, a trick in that suit would be lost and only four Spade tricks obtained—but the discards on the Spades probably would point the way to the remaining trick needed for game. Consequently the Declarer was quite correct in leading the Ten of Spades to trick 2 and finessing when West played the Trey. East reasoned thus:

South, having rebid No Trump over North's Spades, probably had exactly one more Spade; if he had held three originally, he probably would have let North's two Spades stand instead of rebidding his No Trump. Obviously South has another Spade or Dummy would not have played small on Closed Hand's Ten. It is reasonably safe to assume that if the first finesse work and the Ten of Spades win, South will continue with another Spade and finesse a second time. Of course if South can count a sure game by taking three Spade tricks, he may fear a trap and decline the second finesse, and in that case East's refusal to take the first Spade trick would cost a trick, but the chances are all the other way. There seems to be little chance from the Heart suit, so East figured that his best chance was to duck the first Spade, hoping in that way he would be able to shut out Dummy's long Spades and hold the Declarer to one trick in that suit. When the hand was played, that was exactly what happened. South, needing five Spade tricks in order to assure game, appreciated that East's ruse was a possibility but considered it an improbability and finessed the Spade on the second round. East of course won this trick and returned his partner's Heart. This play held South in the final reckoning to a total of five tricks—three Hearts, one Spade and one Club. He went down three, although his bidding and play were perfectly justified.

✥

Here is next week's hand; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. K-J-7-6	S. 10-9-8
H. 8-2	H. A-K-Q-J-10-9
D. 10-8	D. A-K-J-5
C. J-9-8-7-4	C. None

South	*West*
S. 5-4-3	S. A-Q-2
H. 8-7	H. 6-5-4
D. 7-6-2	D. Q-9-4-3
C. A-K-Q-5-3	C. 10-6-2

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The Rare, Rare Lily

Continued from page 20

nodded, and without another word stood up and called:

"Roly! You're wanted! It's a question of rum cocktails. . . ."

A few moments later Eric turned the schooner over to his sailing master and went forward to where Fern Andre sat with her back against the galley hatch. He sat down beside her, facing the great white moon.

"Mrs. Andre!"

"Yes?"

"I shall probably leave Lord's Harbor in the morning. Before I go I want to ask you to marry me. I guess this is as good a time as any."

She turned her head to look at him.

"Mr. Gale, you don't strike me as a man who'd be particularly affected by moonlight."

"Not particularly—no."

"I thought not. Then I'm to assume that you're serious?"

"You know I'm serious."

"Let's see . . . you've known me just two weeks—"

"That's got nothing to do with it. I knew I was going to love you the first time I ever looked at you—that evening I walked up your hill and saw you standing there with that heathen image at your feet.

"It isn't only," he went on, with an intensity that caused her involuntarily to brace herself, "that you're the most beautiful woman I've ever known . . . it's because I feel that I've found something in you—something precious—that I've always been looking for. It was my luck that led me up your hill, Mrs. Andre! My luck! I told you I believed in that."

She spoke quickly but tranquilly in reply:

"And I told you I believed in what you call my heathen image . . . but the god in my garden is only a symbol. . . . What I really believe in is peace, Mr. Gale. Peace of mind, peace of soul . . . and the beauty that's to be had only from that peacefulness. You believe in the assertion of life," continued the sweet, cold voice of Mrs. Andre. "I believe in the negation of it. . . ."

"You don't think you could be sure of me?"

She answered instantly: "No! I could only be sure of having to give myself to you, completely and constantly."

"By George, Mrs. Andre!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand. "You've been thinking about this! You've known—you couldn't help but know!—that I love you. And you've been a little bit moved by it. Eh? You've been turning it over in your mind."

"No, no!"

"You have. . . . By God, I believe you love me at this minute, though you may not admit it—you may not even know it yourself."

HE FELT a little tremor in her hand before she snatched it away from him.

"You're wrong. You're utterly mistaken. What an egoist you are!"

"You love me," repeated the barbarian.

She laughed aloud. She looked at the clown-faced moon and laughed. "What do you know about love?" she said. "I've had a child. It died in my arms. Can't you understand that the very thought of love is a horror to me?"

"Still, you don't hate me," he said. "You'd like to, but you don't. You can't."

"No," said Fern slowly, "I don't hate you. . . . I'm not afraid to tell you the truth: You have a certain power over me. I admit that . . . you feel it. You must have felt it many times before."

"Yes. I've felt it before. But seldom with women. Never like this."

"Whatever it is," she said, "I'm conscious of it. I know too that it threatens me—it threatens the dream I live in. And so I've done something tonight to escape it."

"To escape—?"

"I've just told Roly I'd marry him."

The huge figure sitting beside her seemed to stiffen, to grow rigid.

"You've done—what!"

"I've promised Roland Durst I'd marry him in a month."

"Fern!"

"You think I'm inconsistent. Well! Let me tell you that our marriage is to be—what's the phrase?—in name only. . . . It's to be simply a conventional fiction. . . . We're to live under the same roof, and that's all."

"Your roof, I suppose."

"I suppose so . . . what difference does it make?"

"And this fellow—Durst! Does he agree? Is he satisfied with that sort of arrangement?"

"Perfectly satisfied," said Fern.

"Then he's not much of a man. Or else he's after your money."

"Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "You would think that! You—you're insulting."

"Wait!" said Eric, putting his hand on her arm. "Don't get up just yet. I want you to listen to me a minute longer—"

HE BROKE off, aware of a sound in the west—a distant rumble of thunder. Mrs. Andre heard it too, and said rather vaguely, "It's going to rain."

"Yes. Maybe we'd better be putting back. . . . But first I want to get this all straight. You're marrying Durst in order to escape me—is that it?"

"I'm marrying Roly because he understands me. He understands what I want from life, and he thinks it important enough to help me attain it."

There was a sudden crash of thunder directly overhead. The wind flung a handful of chill raindrops against Fern Andre's face. She sprang to her feet, but Eric was up before her, his strong hands grasping her shoulders.

"Let me go! Don't touch me," she said in a low voice that curiously penetrated the sound in the sky and in the sea. "I hate you now . . . you've succeeded in making me hate you at last. And I'm grateful. Do you understand that? I'm grateful!"

He stood holding her for a moment, his vast bulk swaying to the movement of the vessel under his feet, to the rhythm of the waters under the schooner's keel. Mrs. Andre felt this rhythm possessing her also; it was seductive, vastly imperious—and vastly absurd.

"Let me go!" she cried again, and, freeing herself from his hands, stumbled aft along the slanting deck.

Eric the barbarian lifted his head, shook his red mane at the blotted moon and uttered words that fortunately were lost in the wind. Then he followed Mrs. Andre aft, took the wheel from the sailing master, and, putting the schooner about, headed back.

Half an hour later the party was safely ashore, but scarcely had they scrambled out of the two dinghies to the dock when the storm broke in earnest. Huddled under the pier-head shelter, Mrs. Andre, standing with Roland Durst's arm linked in hers, saw Eric Gale take from the hand of a messenger boy (who had appeared from nowhere) a yellow envelope. She watched him as he read the telegram. She saw him turn and speak to Mary Preston; then suddenly he was gone, swallowed up miraculously in the pouring blackness beyond the two dock lights.

They stood quietly for some time under the shelter, listening to the drumming of the rain and peering into the darkness of the harbor. . . . During flashes of lightning they could see the Storm King leap into life, into being; a beautiful shape momentarily revealed against the night. Then the apparition would vanish again. But once Mrs. Andre thought she saw the huge figure of Eric the viking standing erect and impassive at the schooner's wheel.

The history of American finance will

(*Continued on page 42*)

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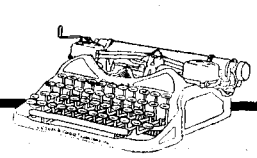

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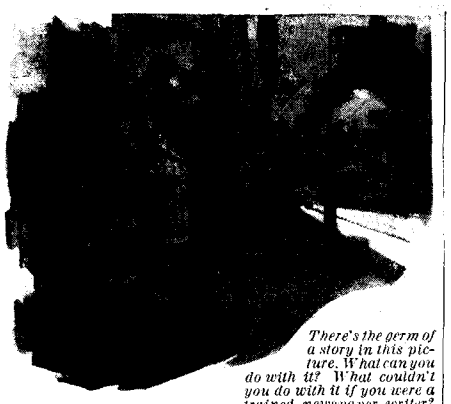

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The Rare, Rare Lily

Continued from page 41

contain, no doubt, a full chapter on the famous so-called "Summer Market" which, that August, turned Wall Street into a parboiled bedlam and the New York Stock Exchange into a howling inferno. But I am writing the story of a robin—an itinerant robin—and a rare, rare lily. The more lurid chronicles of finance have no place in my gentle idyll—except as they serve, in a sense, to illuminate it.

TOWARD the last of that frenzied month of August Mrs. Keith Preston wrote to Eric Gale in New York as follows:

"When you're through riding the whirlwind and playing Samson among the skyscrapers and rescuing bank presidents from premature suicide, come back to Lord's Harbor. I'm sure the sea air will refresh you. Also I have rather an interesting bit of news for your ears. But you must return to Maine to hear it.

"Incidentally, Fern Andre's wedding is set for the first of September. I called on her last night, and thought she looked a trifle *fatigué*. But she told me she was happy. She has succeeded in growing one of her precious lilies—but one only. The rest died a-borning. However, she is pleased about the one, and we are all pleased for her. She had put her heart into raising that flower, you know.

"Why does one put one's heart into a flower? Why does one put one's heart into anything? I wonder whether you are one of those wise persons who keep their hearts for purely physiological purposes? But even Samson didn't, did he? And there are still ten days, and a slice of red moon, before the first of September.

"Yours most mysteriously,
"Mary Preston."

That night Gale, driving home late from the home of a banker whom he had just saved from premature suicide, looked up and saw the shaving of the moon in the sky. . . . Thirty-six hours later the schooner Storm King dropped anchor in Lord's Harbor, and an hour or so after that Eric the viking was in full possession of the interesting bit of news that Mrs. Preston had to tell him.

"Are you sure about this, Mary?" was all he said, when she had finished her brief recital.

"Quite. You know, Keith has connections with a certain brokerage house in Portland. . . . But we needn't go into that. You may take my word for it."

"I do. Yet you say she's determined to marry Durst just the same?"

"Fern Andre has her pride," answered his friend Mrs. Preston.

"Her pride? Say! That sort of pride isn't healthy!"

Mary laughed. "How like you, Eric, to use just that word! Healthy? No, perhaps it isn't. But why not go at once and tell her so?"

"I will," said Eric, and went.

He went quickly, alone, and on foot. Striding up her hill, the late afternoon sun caught him fairly in the face, emblazoning his red hair and partially dazzling him. He plunged up the path blindly; the sense of light was strong upon him and within him.

"Ah, please! Do be careful where you're walking!"

He stopped at the sound of her voice, and looked up and saw Mrs. Andre standing tall and slender and virginal among her tumbled rock gardens, with a stain of sunset on her white dress.

He called vigorously: "I'm coming up. I want to talk to you."

"Then do at least keep to the path."

He stared at her, nodded, and climbed carefully the flagstone steps up the slope to where she stood. This was a level spot, smoothed with gravel and provided with a stone seat so built as to command a view of the flowering hillside. Or if one raised one's eyes one might look at the harbor and the sea.

But Mrs. Andre was looking at a single lily growing in the especially prepared garden where the little fat-bellied Buddha sat dreaming over the enigmatic soil. There was no other living thing in this garden but that one gorgeous, glowing lily.

"Mrs. Andre!" said Eric Gale.

She said, without turning her head: "I knew you'd come back . . . I saw the schooner sail into the harbor this evening. It was a beautiful spectacle . . . but why should you come here . . . come up my hill and speak to me? . . . I don't know."

Her voice was distant, cold, utterly devoid of coquetry.

"I'll tell you," he said, when she was facing him, "why I came up here. It was to keep you from marrying the reckless idiot who's just managed to lose half your fortune for you!"

There was a long silence. Fern's face went slowly white; her pallor was like a translucent mask upon her face. For one startling instant he almost believed that she was a ghost. But her eyes were alive; they burned with a steady flame.

"I don't know," she said, "I can't imagine how you found out about my personal affairs. Nor do I care to imagine—anything! . . . Apparently you have a gift for intruding upon other people's privacy."

"Say! That hurts! But go on; I can stand it."

"I was only going to tell you that, as a matter of fact, Roland Durst didn't lose half my fortune for me. He lost nearly all of it, which makes a much better story, don't you think?"

"A better story! You mean you turned your money over to him, and he threw it away in this crazy summer market!"

"He bought certain stocks—in my name—that turned out badly."

"Threw it away, I tell you! Might as well have chucked it into the ocean. I guess I know! I told you the man was a fool!"

He saw her nostrils dilate, her mouth harden. Her thin white hands were tightly clenched at her sides.

"Roly is a gentleman—if you know what that means! He intends to support me, to work for me— Oh, but why should I humilate myself by telling you this? I'm going to marry him a week from today!"

"You are, eh? Sure! I understand that. You're proud. Proud as hell. You're willing to marry him and live in misery the rest of your life just to prove that money had nothing to do with it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Of course you'd consider it misery—to live without money. Money is your god!"

"If it is," returned Eric, scowling because the sun was in his eyes, "it's a better one than your dead Buddha. But go on."

HE HAD a feeling she was holding herself firm by a great effort of will.

"Roly and I," she said, "will probably always be poor now. . . . But we have other resources. We have other treasures—haven't we, Roly?"

These last words were cried suddenly over Eric's shoulder. Gale turned around, and saw coming up the path the graceful figure of Roland Durst, immaculate in white flannels.

"I was saying," repeated Fern, still with the breathless note in her voice, "that we—you and I, Roly—have resources that this man knows nothing about!"

"My dear Fern," said Durst, standing still on the steps a little below them, "of course we have. But why the question? Why bother to discuss the point with our friend the barbarian?"

"Roly!" breathed Mrs. Andre, but the young man went on imperturbably: "Isn't that what we decided he was—a barbarian?" He looked calmly at Eric. "I hope you understand, Gale, that this isn't rudeness. It's simply definition."

Eric the Viking grinned down at him.

"You've said it, Durst. I'm a barbarian." Then to Fern: "So that's why I don't know what your other resources are, eh? You talk about having treasures I know nothing about. What are these treasures? Name me one of them!"

"There's my regal lily," she said, nodding toward the garden a few feet away. "You'd hardly believe that one lily could make a treasure. But it does. It makes mine."

"I came to tell you I'd found the vase to put it in," said Roland Durst, gravely addressing Fern.

"Have you, Roly? That's good. My one lily! Do you see it, Mr. Gale? Do you see how beautiful it is?" continued Mrs. Andre, in a curiously musing voice. It was as though she were speaking out of a dream. "I grew it, with the help of Buddha, in spite of everything. Nature was against me. Rain and wind and worms and the salt air. But there it is. Don't you see what a triumph it is? Don't you see—"

SHE stopped with a gasp. A sudden horror appeared in her eyes. Eric Gale, who had been staring at her, now looked toward the garden, and Roland Durst looked also.

A bird had alighted on the curved stem of Mrs. Andre's rare, rare lily. The bird was a robin, and the robin was fat. The fat robin was a common bird—a veritable winged barbarian—that apparently cared nothing for the exquisite rarity of Mrs. Andre's lily.

"Chirp!" said the robin, and began to sway happily to and fro on the long pliant stem of the flower. The Buddha sat indifferently dreaming below.

Mrs. Andre stood like a statue. The two men stood equally still. No one breathed. It was too utterly incredible.

"Chirp!" said the robin.

The lily snapped off short. The proud blossom hung dangling by a single fiber. The Buddha sat dreaming. The robin flew away.

"Now what," said Eric Gale simply, "do you know about that!"

Then Mrs. Andre began to laugh. She walked over to the stone bench and sat down and laughed till she cried. The sun went down behind the distant hills.

Roland Durst sprang to Mrs. Andre's side. He knelt at her feet and took her hands and kissed them. It was a graceful thing to do. But it wasn't particularly effective.

For as he knelt there Eric the barbarian strode over and stooped and lifted Fern Andre in his arms and started down the hill with her.

"Stop!" shouted Roland Durst dramatically.

But Eric Gale didn't stop. His huge form descended steadily. He went on down the path with the last of the sunlight on his head and the slender white woman in his arms. . . .

When he reached the foot of the hill he put her down, and, standing with his arms around her waist, said: "I love you. Will you go with me now?"

And Mrs. Andre said: "Oh, don't spoil it by asking me to go *willingly!*"

"By God!" he cried, kissing her. "We'll have many a good laugh together, remembering that robin!" And then he said: "Come!" and took her arm in his, and she went with him down to the harbor, on the still waters of which the Storm King lay darkly and beautifully waiting. But she did not kiss him till the schooner was well past the headlands and reaching for the open sea.

And if you ask me how I know that this is exactly what happened I shall reply, with dignity, that a certain bird told me. Nor was it a little bird. It was, to be specific, a robin—a robin and a whopping big one.

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The High Hurdle

By
THE GENTLEMAN
AT THE KEYHOLE

WHEN the Republican National Convention meets in a few weeks there will probably be only two candidates of any importance before it: Secretary Herbert Hoover and ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. One of these two will be nominated.

The Republicans will choose Mr. Hoover unless they become convinced that his nomination will lose them most of the corn belt and thus the election. And if they become convinced that Mr. Hoover's nomination will imperil party success in November they will have to turn to Mr. Lowden. The Kansas City gathering has become a two-man affair.

The convention might be deadlocked if it were a three-man affair or if there were two leading candidates and a lot of favorite sons, but there are not three leading candidates, and there are not a lot of favorite sons. Either Mr. Hoover will win easily, or, if the party becomes afraid to nominate him, there is Mr. Lowden presenting the opposition to him so firmly and so fixedly that he cannot be brushed aside to make way for Mr. Dawes or any other third possibility.

Of course it may be said that at the moment of this writing there is not a sign that the Republicans will pay any attention to the Western threats to go Democratic. So it looks very much like an easy and quick nomination for Mr. Hoover.

But the seeds of panic are being sown. Western Republican leaders are writing to the party spokesmen of the big business East that Mr. Hoover, if nominated, will lose such states as North Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin.

The argument for Mr. Lowden is that Mr. Hoover, if nominated, cannot be elected. It would be a powerful argument if the party generally believed it. The party does not believe it now. Maybe it won't believe it when the convention meets. Maybe it will. At any rate the argument is receiving more attention now as nominating time draws nearer and as the contest narrows to one between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Lowden, thus bringing corn-belt disaffection sharply into the picture.

Lowden Rock is Granite

PERHAPS before the convention meets President Coolidge may sign the McNary-Haugen bill and thus the farm relief issue may disappear. But nobody really believes that he will.

At any rate, the Republican party is forced to face a rather hard alternative: either to nominate an Administration candidate, Mr. Hoover, and face whatever unpopularity the Administration has in the farm states, or to nominate an anti-Administration candidate and face the loss of some of the strength the Administration has in the East. It has practically only two candidates available, one strong in the East, except perhaps in Wall Street, but weak in the West, and the other strong in the West but weak in the East, which wants cheap food.

The situation illustrates how difficult it is for the Republican party to bridge the gulf which is widening between East and West. Mr. Dawes as a candidate might bridge it, but I am convinced that Mr. Dawes is now hardly more available than Julius Cæsar. Mr. Lowden cannot be got out of Mr. Dawes' way.

Mr. Lowden is the most immovable figure in the political landscape. He stands for something fundamental, and he stands for it like a rock.

You can't tell where political ambition begins and solid convictions end in the case of Mr. Lowden. One thinks of him as an amiable rich man who sought distinction which is not to be obtained through the possession of millions alone and who is a good fellow and enjoys the associations of politics. His popularity with the machine politicians and his record while he was in Congress makes one think there is not any iron in his make-up.

But some of it seems to have entered him when he became governor of Illinois, or it was there all the time and was revealed only then and since then. Something like a religious conversion took place in him. Is there such a thing as a political conversion? At any rate, he is the most uncompromising figure on the political stage. Let us consider the various attempts to buy him off.

The Republicans nominated him for Vice President in 1924. But he declined to become entangled with the Coolidge Administration. He was determined to remain the Western champion.

One or two Cabinet places and the ambassadorship to Great Britain have been offered him in the last eight years. He preferred his independence to any of them. So when the last ballot is cast at Kansas City you will find Lowden still supported by the corn belt whether that ballot nominates him or, as is more probable, Mr. Hoover.

Is Opportunity Knocking Off?

THIS corn-belt issue is only part of a larger issue. Is there, after eight years of Republican rule, a sense of lessening opportunity in this country? Do the farmers feel it sufficiently to break their old political habits? Does labor feel it as a result of improved processes of production? Does the small independent business man feel it as a result of improved processes of distribution?

The country voted in 1924 for enlarging opportunity. The Republicans can easily convince many people that four more years of their rule means still enlarging opportunity. But are there enough people who think that for them opportunity is lessening to turn the scale? If so, religion, oil, prohibition and all the other things we talk about won't make much difference in the result.

The Fit That's World-Famous

is yours in a "B.V. D." union suit.

The patented closed crotch, encircling waist-web, elastic shoulder-construction, shaped lines and finished tailoring offer a combination of fit and freedom found in no other Union Suit. An unequalled range of scientifically correct sizes assures one just right for *your* build.

For cooler comfort and longer wear
INSIST on this Red Woven Label.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

Men's Union Suit $1.50 Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c
Youths' Union Suit 85c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

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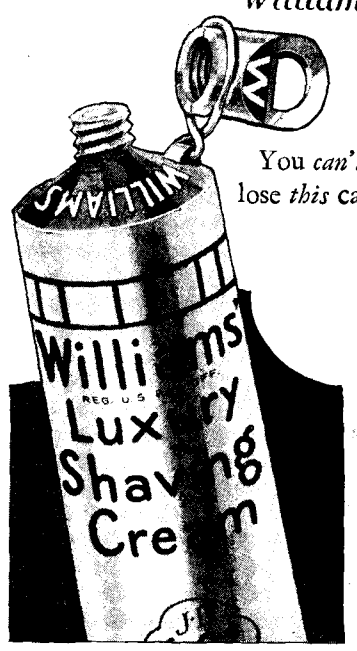
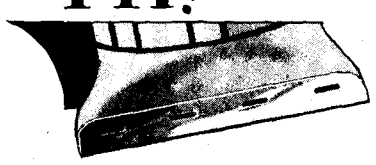
"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"



You *can't* lose *this* cap!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!



You've got to get up! You've got to shave! Not always easy. You're cross sometimes.

But you can't stay grumpy long as you feel the Williams lather rising quickly, smoothly, soothingly under your lather brush.

Lather that softens thoroughly—*thick, close knit.* Cleanses gently—*super mild.* Uncolored—*ultra pure.*

Eighty-eight years of knowing how are in every tube. It makes a pleasant job of shaving. *It leaves Faces Fit!*

Your friend the drug clerk knows a thing or two. Ask him. He'll tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change..... *but they all come back to Williams!"*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say
"Williams
Shaving Cream
please!"

Then—a dash of AQUA VELVA. Made for after-shaving. *Keeps* the face Fit all day.

The Prairie Prince

Continued from page 24

unconscious of the swiftly passing years—having as good a time as any of the young or old who came to see him.

Children were Bill's sentimental luxury. On the road he would sit in his tent by the hour yarning to the youngsters, who flocked in unhindered. He gave free shows annually to various orphanages. He could never forget the lonely little shaver he had been at eleven—shifting for himself, befriended by Wild Bill Hickok, Lew Simpson and other "bad" men.

With his own children Bill had been most unfortunate. All his daughters but one followed his son into early graves.

Then, one day on the streets of North Platte, where Bill Cody was the leading citizen, a nine-year-old boy ran after him worshipfully. Bill dismounted to enter a saloon. The boy untethered the horse and stood holding it. Bill came out, mounted, and rode to a bank. Here the performance was repeated. Other short visits—the same routine. Finally Bill noticed the boy, and was touched by the devotion in his eyes:

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Johnny Baker, Mr. Buffalo Bill."

"Well, Johnny, you're a bright little chap—watch for me whenever I come to town, and I'll have things that you can do for me."

There began another one of those strange devotions that dotted Bill Cody's life. Finally he took the boy to his ranch; taught him riding and shooting tricks; made him at sixteen a rifle wizard—and finally adopted him.

Bill couldn't adopt everyone who worshiped him—but his heart was open to every old pal. The ties went back even to his pony-express days. Pony Bob Haslam, one of the greatest of the Overland racers, worked for him.

Royalty Applauds

CAPPING his great American success, Bill Cody sailed for England with his Wild West Show on the steamship State of Nebraska in March, 1887. It was the year of the Queen's Jubilee; and, interested through the Prince and Princess of Wales (who were early visitors to the spectacle pitched in London's West End), pert little Victoria determined to see the show.

Bill, at her "command," arranged a private performance for Queen Victoria and her suite, and a proud lump rose in his frontiersman's throat when, as the American flag was borne around the arena, the Queen arose and bowed to it—the first time in history that a British sovereign had saluted the American flag.

Victoria liked Bill and his riotous show so well that she ordered another private performance—and she fetched as guests the kings of Denmark, Saxony, Greece and Belgium, besides a choice assortment of queens and princes and small-fry royalty.

Bill's boyish love of fun inspired him to invite the four kings and the Prince of Wales to ride in the Deadwood coach while he personally drove.

The swaying coach tore around with its royal freight; the painted and befeathered redskins, their riding as frenzied as their whooping, thundered after it—the frontiersmen galloped to a noisy and bloodthirsty rescue—and Victoria's corset swelled with apprehension until the shooting was over.

Then the Queen held court for Bill and his mates—red and white.

All of which made for great business, of course!

To Continental Europe went Bill with his show—to Paris, Spain, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Belgium, Denmark.

Bill's Indians danced on Mount Vesuvius, rode in Venetian gondolas, grinned at the Pope's Swiss Guards.

Bill's wild prairie bronchos raced the legs off England's best thoroughbreds at $2,500 a side.

Bill's reckless plainsmen gayly lassoed and saddled and rode into tameness wild horses from the stud of the Prince of Sermonetta, in Italy—something Europe's best horsemen had claimed could not be done.

Bill and his exponents of the vigor and wonders of the New World left a trail of open mouths and saucered eyes all across the Old World.

There was one adventure on the beloved plains left to him.

Returning, in 1890, from a European tour, Bill was greeted by the pilot in New York Harbor: "Colonel, there's a big Indian war started. I guess you'll be needed out there."

Sitting Bull Killed

BILL soon got the story. Sitting Bull was brewing bad medicine again, far out in the Black Hills. In Nevada a Piute Messiah had arisen, and his message that the red race was about to be resurrected and reclaim its ancient heritages sped from signal fire to signal fire. The ghost dance shuffled its weird, wild appeal to savage natures nightly on the plains. War—red, terrible war—was in the air. And Sitting Bull, greatest chieftain since Tecumseh of the Shawnees, held the key. Unless he could be apprehended, the West would be stained again with flame and blood.

The government dared not precipitate matters by sending troops after Sitting Bull. The armed and fanatical ghost dancers only awaited such a move.

Bill Cody stepped into the breach. "I'll go and get Sitting Bull," he told harassed General Nelson A. Miles, "and I'll go armed with nothing more than a bag of candy."

And even while Bill was on the way Sitting Bull bitterly smashed to bits the peace pipe he had been smoking for a decade.

McLaughlin, the Indian agent at Standing Rock, sent frantic appeals to Washington that Bill Cody be stopped from committing suicide, and an order from the President halted Bill at the very gates of Sitting Bull's camp.

Two weeks later Sitting Bull was shot down in an attempt of Indian police to capture him. Fourteen others died with him. Another two weeks, and the United States Government crowned its decades of inglorious dealings with the poor, ignorant red men by a brutal massacre at Wounded Knee, S. D., where the army's guns swept down 200 defenseless Indian men, women and children in cold blood.

The "massacre" at the Little Big Horn, after all, had been a battle. Custer and his men were armed, able-bodied, and fighting. Here, at Wounded Knee, was inexcusable butchery—the darkest, cruelest blotch on generations of dark deeds against the Indians.

Bill Cody's heart was sickened by the affair. He was sure that he could have taken Sitting Bull single-handed, without trouble, and thus have averted this sad sequel. President Benjamin Harrison later told Bill that he always regretted having countermanded Bill's orders that bloody month.

Back to the show went Bill. The great triumph at the World's Fair and Columbian Exposition in Chicago was still ahead of him, and so were limited years of making and losing vast fortunes.

But the years of the show's glory were fatefully numbered. It was no longer Bill's first consideration. The money he took from it he poured into his great ambition—the cultivation of the vast basin lying between the Big Horn Mountains and Yellowstone Park.

He bought a stage line to serve the region from the railroad and set up an inn at Sheridan, Wyo. One fortune after another he flung with boundless courage into an irrigation canal to fertilize the 400,000 acres of the basin and into the foundation of a new town, called Cody.

Through all the glittering pageant of alternate riches and pressure, failure and success, and lionization at home and abroad, personal and financial and domestic troubles (brought about by two-faced friends and money suckers) were taking an insidious toll. Suddenly Bill realized that he was growing old; that he had slipped down crowded years to white-haired middle age. The glorious brown locks, that had dared the bloody fingers of Yellow Hand in 1876, were blighted by premature frost through meaner, less manly foes—who stabbed in the back and not face to face on God's clean prairies.

Suddenly Bill announced his retirement in another season.

"Where will you go?" his friends asked.

"To the old soldiers' home, I reckon," he chuckled. "I used to be a soldier, and I guess they'll take care of me."

Bill Cody's Great Day

HOWEVER, his friends knew this for an old-time bit of Bill Cody raillery, and they took a hint from the maps on his desk that Bill's fond hope was to devote all his time to the Big Horn project. But debts multiplied, and Bill had to put off his plan for another year—and another—

August 31, 1898, marked the crowning day of Bill Cody's public career. That was the day the great trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha set aside to honor the man whose rifle and heart had

"And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the great war!"
"Yes, but, Dad—why did they need all the other soldiers?"

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helped more than any other man's to open the West for the telegraph, the railroad, peaceful settlement. Old-timers—grizzled men of the danger trails—flocked to the fair grounds. A vast multitude acclaimed the silver-haired but still handsome and baby-complexioned hero of the day as he rode up to the grand stand on a chestnut charger and took the post of honor.

An old, old man—Alexander Majors—spoke of the day his Overland freighting firm, Russell, Majors & Waddell, had hired the eleven-year-old boy to do a man's work at a man's wages.

Orators spoke of Bill Cody with Grant and Lincoln and Washington as one who, like them, had contributed greatly to the Republic's progress and had won an imperishable place in its brave history.

Bill listened with tear-dimmed eyes, and when he rode away from that tribute it was with a sudden and sorry conviction that he was now numbered among the old-timers.

A month later illness struck him down. He recovered, in time to find himself mired in trouble—worthless notes given to worthless friends; scandals repeated by malicious backbiters; the lies of designing women whom, in his open-hearted way, he had tried to help, but who now turned to harass.

Tangles without end—Bill Cody didn't understand the tenth of them. He only knew that they made him wretched; made him homesick for the clean fighting days of his manhood.

Slanderous tongues darted between Bill and Louisa. But Bill, with his essential courage, put an end to that misery when he was summoned to a divorce court. "Oh, hell, I love Louisa!" he cried from the witness stand and rushed to her side.

Sixty-one years old, the glorious hair now but a snowdrift on his shoulders, the glass balls of the shooting arena now eluding the trembling rifle and worried eye, Bill Cody entered upon the bravest fight of his life in 1907.

The show, with Salsbury's hand gone these seven years, had degenerated into a circus. Bill owed $200,000 to the estate of Bailey, the showman who was his partner after Salsbury. The Big Horn Basin soaked up money like water. His mines and every other venture had been swept from him by deceit and fraud. But he carried on—seeking to pay the last cent of every debt.

Pawnee Bill came into partnership with him. John Burke and Johnny Baker were still faithful as ever, and trying to get their shoulders under his cares. The Big Horn thirsted for more and more money. In 1912 Bill borrowed $20,000 from Tammen, the owner of the Sells-Floto circus. It was the worst move of his career, for now he was in bond to a man who was to prove a hard taskmaster.

The Show's Death Knell

THE show struck bleak luck. Bill could not meet Tammen's notes. He saw the sheriff and his men come on the lot to levy an attachment. Frantically Bill dispatched a trusted man to the pay wagon to try to save the few thousand there, so that he could pay off his employees. But Tammen's deputies got there first and seized every dollar.

Bill Cody's Great Wild West Show was dead.

Friends sent money to Bill when they heard of the blow. Bill promptly used it to pay his stranded comrades and employees of the show.

From that day on Bill Cody was a chattel in the hands of wiser, sharper men. In his innocence this perpetual boy had signed all sorts of notes and papers. These put him completely into Tammen's power. Two years he slaved to melt down the ice caps of debts that were slowly grinding the life blood from him. In a last flair of showmanship genius he conceived the idea of a historical Indian motion picture. It was made—and Bill's mines and the Big Horn basin sponged up his profits.

He went out with Tammen's circus—on a salary. He fought against Tammen's exhibition ethics—he charged that Tammen robbed him of contracted profits—and he suffered dread apprehension lest Tammen's niggardly methods result in death under a falling big top for hundreds of spectators.

Once, indeed, a dam broke near the circus. Tammen's whole staff fled, leaving a thousand women and children to their fate—which would have been dire but for Bill Cody and five of the circus men who were shamed into staying and helping the old scout to stem the panic and carry the babies to safety.

Finally Bill escaped from Tammen's clutches—but not until he had been goaded almost to the point of killing the man.

Bravely Bill set to work again on this and that scheme, even telling Johnny Baker and John Burke to "look on the bright side of things like this seventy-year-old kid." He applied, in his extremity, for the $10-a-month pension that goes to holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor. He secured a job with the famous 101 Ranch Show. Bit by bit he was getting the upper hand on his debts.

"I'll pay every dollar, but I've got to have just a little more time!" he said.

That "little more time" was to be denied him. The year 1916 wore on. Bill stuck to the grindstone routine of which his body had grown dead-weary years before. Johnny Baker was arena manager and looked after Bill watchfully. But the grand body of Bill Cody—the steel and rubber body that had pounded 322 miles in a single ride on the pony express—had crumbled.

For the first time in his life Bill knew a fear—fear of death in the arena, before the curious eyes of the public. In his pride he did not want to suffer that indignity. He wanted the quiet of home and Louisa's arms. But, so long as he could keep going, he could not run home and take cover. . . .

Bill Cody's Last Ride

EVERY day Johnny and Burke and the other tear-choked friends expected to see Bill go down. Johnny had to help him into the saddle, behind the friendly curtains.

Bill would sit slumped and despondent until Johnny snapped his cue, "Ready, Colonel!"

Then, as the curtains were drawn, Bill would draw himself erect, his shoulders back, his fine head high, the shadow of the old spirit blazing remotely in his eyes as he rode out to face his audience—still the handsomest figure of a horseman that ever graced a saddle. The ordeal over, the curtains shielding him once more from impersonal eyes, Bill would slump from the saddle with a groan—into faithful arms.

It was thus until Portsmouth, Va., was reached. There, on the eleventh of November, 1916, the prince of the prairies, the king of horsemen, slipped from his leathern throne for the last time.

Still planning for backing so that he could make a fresh start against remaining debts, Bill Cody reached his sister's home in Denver by gentle stages, early in January.

"I've still got my boots on!" he boasted to his wife, his sole surviving daughter, Irma, and his other relatives.

"Sawbones, look me over!" he said to the doctor.

"You've got thirty-six hours to live, Colonel!"

"Is it—that bad?"

"Yes."

"Well," grinned Bill in the old way, turning to his brother-in-law, "let's forget about it and have a game of cards!"

In pajamas and slippers, waxen-faced and silvery-haired, Bill Cody bade his friends good-by, and there was no tremor in the firm handclasp, no fear in the level gaze of the eyes that were about to scout their farthest horizon.

Midnight of January 10, 1917, Bill Cody died.

Six weeks later John Burke died of a broken heart.

Today, of the old, familiar faces, there is left only Johnny Baker. He is keeper of the memorial atop Lookout Mountain, Denver, where Louisa Cody sleeps beside her lover.

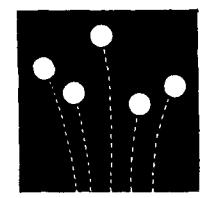
His memorial grave is called Pahaska Tepee. From it Bill Cody keeps eternal dominion over his beloved Far West.

THE END

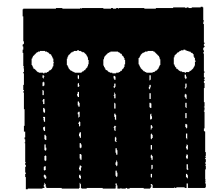
Any tennis professional will tell you . .

"You can't play uniformly good tennis with tennis balls that aren't uniform"

DO you know that ordinary tennis balls of the same size and weight often vary as much as 20 pounds in compression? They are not uniform—and you can't play uniformly good tennis with them. They will not have uniform rebound or the same playing action.



When ordinary tennis balls are given the drop test, some will have too much bound, others too little. Consequently one ball will feel light off the racket, another heavy. Each ball will fly differently when stroked in the same manner. You will have to change the force and timing of your stroke to suit each ball. And that is one of the greatest handicaps a tennis player can have.

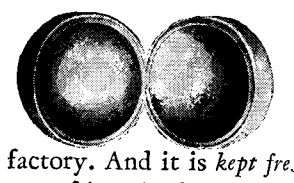


Wright & Ditson have created a tennis ball that has none of these faults. A ball that is *absolutely uniform* in playing action. When given the official drop test every Wright & Ditson ball bounds *exactly alike*—because every Wright & Ditson ball is made exactly alike in size, weight, and compression *automatically*. Consequently, every Wright & Ditson ball acts alike, feels alike off the racket. No other tennis ball has such amazing uniformity!

◆ ◆ ◆

FOR 37 YEARS the Wright & Ditson ball has been adopted for National championships—and for all Davis Cup matches played in this country since 1900. *Demand it!* 50 cents each—and always fresh, always *uniform!*

HERE'S ANOTHER *great feature:*



EVERY Wright & Ditson ball reaches you as fresh and as lively as when it left the factory. And it is *kept fresh* by an *air-retaining* inner-lining. Air can't seep out of it—the ball *holds* its liveliness for an entire season's play! And every Wright & Ditson ball *bounds the maximum limit* allowed a legal ball—58 inches!

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Please send me, free, a copy of your booklet, "Hints on Playing Tennis," by ten of the world's leading tennis authorities.

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WHERE TO BUY—Watch for the announcements of merchants who feature

MALLORY STRAWS

A Woman Looks at Smith

Continued from page 9

not at all. It is the people, all the people of the state, and anything that tends to make the members of the state strong and vigorous in turn helps to make the state so; and every one of these enactments has been for the general good and could in no way be described as privilege."

No party has a right to live, he will tell you hotly, that doesn't make the welfare of the people its first business.

But can one be a successful politician and realize on *that* theory? Governor Smith insists that he is a politician—that he does not care for any other title. It is a long time since we have had a better object lesson in what a politician might be than he has given. Possibly the most conspicuous way in which he differs from the ordinary run of the class is in knowing what he is talking about.

Tom Foley said of him once, "Al is too smart to be a morning glory. The secret of his success is that he never mingles in anything he doesn't know all about."

He must have seen early that his chief obstacle was his ignorance of conditions, of laws, of practices, and he set himself at learning about everything, at figuring why things happened or didn't happen.

He was born with an extraordinary memory. Apparently he never forgot anything he heard, and he soon got into a habit of checking up what he heard. He discovered the almost universal inaccuracy of his colleagues and soon became a terror to them.

Thirteen years ago at the State Constitutional Convention, headed by Elihu Root, it was conceded that nobody had contributed so much of solid information about the laws of the state as Alfred E. Smith.

His speeches, distributed through the four big volumes of records of that convention, are as good reading as can be found in any political records in the country.

One quite surprising thing about them is the historic sense. Whenever in that convention he took up a subject, he began by telling how the thing started, how it had progressed, how it got to be what it was today. He had a mind naturally so just and so large that he understood that you cannot explain or remedy anything by beginning where it is today: you have to have some sense of how it came there. Moreover, you cannot avoid the pitfalls of today unless you know something about the pitfalls in the past.

Then there was his English—clear, flexible, precise, showing you that he has thoroughly absorbed his subject—not a trace of "the language of the Court of Appeals."

Alfred E. Smith, author, is not so well known to the reading public of the United States as he deserves to be—Alfred E. Smith, governor, has overshadowed him.

However, the future will take care of that. There is more than one page in the series of fat volumes bearing the title "Public Papers of Governor Alfred E. Smith," that cannot escape history.

And he has continued to be unafraid to say what he thought—for a startling revelation of the man at the convention of 1915 was his frankness—his joyous habit of letting the "cat out of the bag." He still does it.

How Dry He Is

LAST December the State Convention of the New York State League of Women Voters met in Albany and invited the governor to speak to them. What did they want him to talk about? "We would like law enforcement, but of course he would not dare do that."

"I see you have a 'Whereas' here that 'the enforcement of law is vital to the preservation of any form of government.' Nobody who knows anything could possibly differ.

"There is another 'Whereas'—'the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are being openly attacked by organized opposition.' What is wrong about that? Is there any reason the opposition to the Volstead Act and to the Eighteenth Amendment shouldn't organize? Is there any question about the solidity, the force and the effectiveness of the forces on the other side of question?

"The next part of the "Whereas' is—'And nullification is being preached by those in authority.' That is news to me. If it has taken place, I would like to have the specifications. I never preached it. In fact, I took the directly opposite view of it.

"Now, let's face the facts. Let's see what you really want. You want to duplicate upon the statute books of the state what is already a law of the state.

"The question of enforcement of the law is a business proposition. That is something that you pay for, and you get the degree of enforcement for every statute that you are willing to pay for.

"It is a local question. You have all the law you need. You have a statute with as much force and effect as though it were written into the statute law of the state, but every conviction must begin with arrest, and the strangest thing to me in the world is that people will come from the counties that border either on Canada or on the Atlantic Ocean, where all this stuff must come through in order that anybody in Albany can get any of it, and they seem to give no attention at all to what the local authorities are doing about enforcement, although they have the law."

His Greatest Achievement

THE blunt and forcible talk sketched here is typical of his handling not only of the question of enforcement but of all other subjects under discussion. He has not been afraid to say what he thinks, but he does not say it without honest preliminary labor.

Governor Smith's greatest achievement has been the reorganization of the state. His really amazing success here should serve as a convincing demonstration of the political wisdom of his methods, quixotic as they may seem to many.

To be sure, as he himself is reported to have said, the Lord has been good to him. A dramatist could not have devised more effective backgrounds for his kind of politics than his opponents have provided. What could better have set off his thorough knowledge of state affairs than uninformed, hearsay attacks! No one could really touch Governor Smith but someone with an equal knowledge who could combat him on the ground of principle and policy.

The State Assembly has frequently furnished an effective background for a governor interested in obtaining results which everybody, even its own leaders, had acknowledged to be for the good of the state, by stopping short in its tracks, sullen and obstinate as so many balky mules—its own answer to his pleas to do this thing, so patently right and needed: "We won't."

And it looks almost as if Senator Heflin's bitter and fanatical arraignment of the governor and the Catholic Church had driven the religious issue largely from the coming campaign.

Knowledge and frankness have been the backbone unquestionably of Governor Smith's counterattacks, but he has oiled them with a good-humored raillery, most captivating and never malicious.

The truth is that Al Smith has a well of friendliness for everybody that is in any way decent, and while he may be mischievous—even devastating—in his fun, he is never mean.

He understands his mulish Republican assemblymen—they are playing politics. He likes them all—and, as a matter of fact, they all like him. And he is not too hard on the loquacious Republican youth that has been set up to oppose him. He can laugh them out of court, but it is a good-natured laugh.

Tom Masson Says

Now that we are getting beauty into homes and offices, maybe we can introduce it into beauty parlors.

We know when it's spring in our office because they put ice water in the cooler.

The problem of how to protect our wild life is pressing; but Chicago seems to have solved it.

The vacation season gives our college presidents a chance to lay out their fall endowment drives.

A New York theatrical producer has brought suit against himself. We have long thought that New York theatrical producers were their own worst enemies.

During the vacation season many of our popular clergymen will exchange radio stations.

It's getting to be a question of all that the traffic can spare.

Antioch, Ill., high-school girls have announced that the requirements for the ideal husband are good morals, brains, hustle, neatness, athletic ability, domesticity, consistency, masterfulness, cash, looks. In short, they are just looking for one of us average guys.

"It must be simply terrible," said the caged canary, "to be an eagle."

The first car always has the owner's initials.

Somebody ought to invent a gas to take the knock out of a chronic grouch.

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This is not saying that the man cannot be angry, even fiercely and contemptuously angry. One of the most interesting periods in Albany is the thirty days after the Assembly adjourns, when the bills passed are receiving the approval or veto of Governor Smith. He apparently never lets any bill to which he puts his name go without stating his reasons for what he does. At the hearings on the bills he frequently flares.

"Who said anything about votes?" he thundered one day when he was about to veto a bill, and a supporter warned him that he would lose votes if he did so.

President Smith: a Forecast

TO HAVE politics in the lower sense thrown in his teeth when he was struggling to decide what was right made him turn red in the face and made his naturally hoarse voice harsh and raucous.

There have been dramatic displays in the last five years of the tremendous anger of which he is capable. The most memorable, perhaps, came in connection with Mr. William Randolph Hearst's accusation in 1919 that the children of New York City were dying for lack of milk because of Smith's inaction. It stirred the man Smith to uncontrolled anger, less because of the accusation than from the fact that his mother, then very ill, was heartbroken over the story and murmured in her delirium, "My boy didn't kill the babies."

Governor Smith made his answer to Hearst before a great audience in Carnegie Hall. All official dignity, of which he has so much and which he wears so naturally, was thrown aside. Violent, gesticulating, perspiring, his language the language of the East Side, he gave an expression of genuine righteous indignation such as New York has not been treated to for many years.

And he never cooled off. One of the most extraordinary political episodes in the state's history was the lone fight which he made against the organization in its effort in 1922 to make him run for governor on a ticket which named Hearst as United States senator. Smith won out against forces that the state believed impregnable.

It should be said that, so far as known, the only encouragement he had in his terrific battle came from his old political teacher, Big Tom Foley, who, in the middle of the affray, is said to have put his head in the door and uttered the one word, "Stick!"

These outbursts are genuine expressions of the depth of feeling in the man when it comes to a question of what is right or wrong or decent.

"He must have had gracious surroundings as a boy," I heard a woman of high breeding and cultivation, who has worked near him in one of the great humanitarian undertakings of the state, say. "He could not be always so unembarrassed, natural, hospitable with people if he had not been accustomed in youth to affection, sympathy, courage, faith in goodness and contempt for meanness." She was right.

The tenement-house home of Governor Smith was built on these qualities. The mother he so loved and honored to the end of her life was a woman brave, gentle and faithful in spirit. The church too played a big part in his education. Father Kean of St. James' Parish, a wise, stern priest, made religion a very real thing to the boy.

It is that which makes him thunder sometimes against a tricky proposition put before him: "It's wrong. I won't do it. And I won't let you do it." And then, without a trace of self-righteousness, after his burst of righteous indignation, "That's settled. Now let's get down to business."

His political education was carried on in the back room of Big Tom Foley's neighborhood saloon. But Tom's parting instruction to Alfred E. Smith, when through his influence he went up to Albany in 1903, was, "If you make a promise, keep it, and if you tell anything, tell the truth."

One weighty fact about Governor Smith is that he has never ceased to grow. He has outstripped all but a few of his contemporaries in those things which make the higher type of politician. There has been a steady lopping off of partisanship, a steady deepening and broadening of his conception of what makes a strong and useful state. He works better than he ever did with men of different types and points of view. He never was so effective as a practical politician and at the same time so genuine a reformer.

Nobody in this country has made for many years so great a contribution to the science of government as he in the reorganization of the state, for which he has been fighting since the Constitutional Convention of 1915.

Take it all in all, the emergence of Governor Smith from the lower East Side of New York City to his present position of power and usefulness is the most significant exhibit of pure Americanism the United States has had for many years. If there is anything rooted in that gospel, it is faith in the power of the boy of parts to raise himself in public life, no matter how poor, how cut off from conventional opportunities. Certainly Alfred E. Smith is a most heartening proof that this is still true.

His rise attacks that religious intolerance which has been growing in the country: an unexpressed but widespread conviction that the United States was made for Protestants and therefore should be run by Protestants. The Constitution doesn't agree. A great chance we may have next fall to show how deep our religious tolerance is, not necessarily by voting for Governor Smith if he should be nominated, but by rigorously refusing to aid in an anti-Catholic campaign.

And if he should be nominated—and elected—what kind of a President would he make? Certain things can be said of him with confidence. He would be a President who would sense the problem of the city—so vital to our future and once so long unregarded by national leaders. Governor Smith knows the city, the hold of its sidewalks, the dangers in its dark places and how to reach them, the splendid possibilities in its masses.

This is not saying that he knows nothing of the acute problems of the farmer. His work for years in New York State shows that he has sensed that what the farmer really needs is more direct markets, fewer middlemen, cheaper transportation, and power cheap and abundant from the nation's water—water kept under the nation's control.

And unquestionably he would strive to cut down the tribute the farmer, through high protective tariffs, has always paid to the manufacturer. That is, he would hit at the underlying causes of the farmer's perpetual difficulties, not close his eyes to them.

We could count too on Governor Smith's open-mindedness on international questions. His way of looking at things shows that he would put us in, not keep us out of intelligent efforts to bring nations and peoples into closer union, and shows us too that it would be very difficult to fool him when it came to pacts and treaties and leagues.

Few Men Better Prepared

THE deep and warm sympathy he has shown in the struggles and tragedies of men and women in New York State would inevitably accompany him in the nation. It would be impossible for him to sit back and do nothing in a tragic situation such as the mismanagement of the coal industry has brought on the country.

You could not keep him from hacking immediately at its well-known roots, and he would do it with a sense that human beings were involved as well as dollars and cents.

Whatever the problem that came up in the land—and no one can surely presage that—his eyes would be open to it, his mind day and night trying to work its way through it.

Taken all in all, it is not often that the people of this country have had a chance at a man for President of whom they can be surer in advance that he would work whole-heartedly and warmheartedly for the nation's interests and do it with an honest prayer on his lips that God would keep his head clear and his grip strong.

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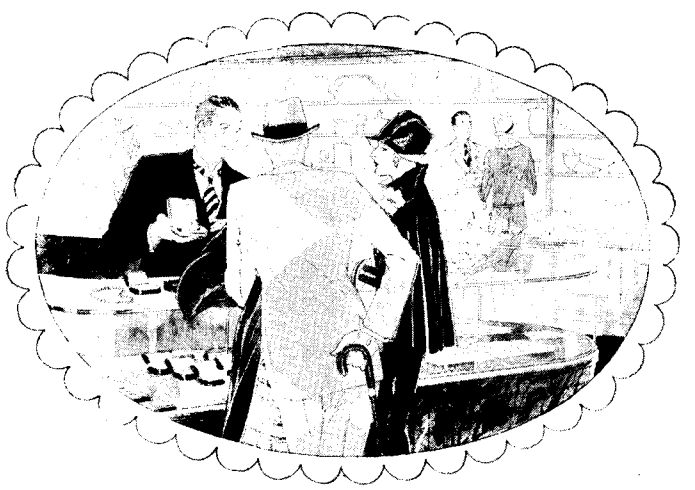

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The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 7

Hawkins in the Beacon Street bedroom.

The second was the attitude of Mary Harmon's family attorney, one Ajax Hubbard, who was found to have made several mysterious out-of-town trips in the week following the "abduction," which he refused to explain, beyond admitting they concerned the Mary Harmon case and its ultimate solution. Lawyer Hubbard, however, subsequently died of a heart attack a minute or two after he had gone into conference with Briskow about the case. Briskow was exonerated from any connection with the death.

The third item concerned certain occurrences which were now, two decades later, having a bearing on old Jacob Gleason's fright at the Fork in autumn moonlight with a phantom just ahead of him.

FIVE nights after the disappearance of the Harmon girl from the Beacon Street house, and with all New England boiling in excitement, a woman named Pressey was driving into Paris, Vt., one evening when she was unnerved to behold what appeared to be a moving light in the Harmon summer residence, on the second floor. She reported this on her arrival in town, and a local sheriff named Crumpett promptly went out to the property with two deputies. Demanding admittance, they were confronted by a queer, bespectacled character with a hump on his back who gave his name as Wrightson and explained that Lawyer Hubbard had sent him up there to keep watch on the premises in the event that Mary Harmon returned, and to make certain alterations—cutting a door between two upper chambers—which the heiress herself had ordered a few days prior to her vanishing.

A quick telephone call to the attorney in Boston confirmed Wrightson's identity and presence and he was accepted as temporary guard and caretaker up to and some time beyond Lawyer Hubbard's demise. Wrightson hammered and sawed day after day alone in the mansion, and further occupied himself with digging a well in the rear of the premises which he later covered over with a roof.

These preparations for future occupancy of the property further convinced newspaper men that there was premeditation in Mary Harmon's disappearance and much behind the affair which was being held back from the public. They were scarcely prepared for the dénouement which came one night in the autumn, however, when the Harmon case was beginning to be forgotten.

Count Briskow had finally discharged his detectives and decided to return to Europe, the search a failure. He took a boat out of Boston bound for Liverpool—a vessel that first touched at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The ship was one night out of Halifax, and off the Newfoundland fishing banks, when the Hungarian fortune hunter was stupefied to glance up one of the decks and behold a person whom he took for young Hawkins.

Springing quickly forward before the suspect was aware, Briskow seized the fellow and taxed him with his identity. The man went stone white, broke from the nobleman's grasp, sprinted up the deck, hesitated but the fraction of a second, then climbed the railing and leaped overboard.

Instantly a shout was raised, the vessel was halted and boats were lowered, but the passenger was not recovered. And the long-lost girl had not been in his company.

Shortly after this development a Boston newspaper man named Joshua Battles—whose home-town was Wickford, a few miles above Paris—returned to his native state on a visit that was more than half an investigation of the Harmon mansion at the Fork.

Forcing an entrance into the structure from which the malformed watchman long since had departed, Battles made a spectacular discovery. Hanging in one of the upper closets, he found a man's coat of a size and pattern that convinced him it could never have belonged to John Harmon, Count Briskow or the crippled Wrightson.

The inside breast pocket revealed a letter—a stamped and addressed envelope, sealed, with Attorney Ajax Hubbard's name written upon the front—as though someone had pocketed the missive with the intention of mailing it and then forgotten both coat and contents.

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

Don't try any longer. By the time this reaches you I shall be dead. The spells are coming now with increasing frequency, and I am even in great distress to pen you this last word. I am convinced that Dr. Hawkins has done all he can. You too have been most obliging. To both of you I am grateful. Better that I go this way than the scandal attendant on placing the blame where it belongs and injuring innocent persons. And now good-by, dear Mr. Hubbard. Think of me as merely joining my beloved father. MARY H.

Mary H.! The publicity attendant on the mystery had long ago disclosed that such was Mary Harmon's manner of signing most of her messages to employees and agents.

Battles lost no time in getting down to Boston with his find. The writing was quickly identified as Mary Harmon's. But where Mary Harmon had died—if she had—of what and under what circumstances, was fated to remain an enigma.

One thing was certain: someone who had been in contact with the missing woman had likewise been in that house at the Fork and left a coat there with her last earthly word in it. Yet the house revealed nothing. Room by room it was gone over. Attic and basement were searched. No traces of the girl, other than this letter, were ever revealed. The door which Wrightson had cut between the two back chambers was there. The well in the rear yard was a well and nothing more—though it never held much water.

The Harmon fortune remained under the jurisdiction of the Boston trust company as John Harmon, the father, had formerly provided—until the daughter's body should furnish proof of her demise or the court rule as to legitimate claimants.

AND twenty years had passed, with no one ever coming to live in the house at the Fork and no true explanation of Mary Harmon's fate ever coming to light.

Here, then, was Jacob Gleason, unable to coax his mare past a mysterious someone in feminine apparel who moved ahead in moonshine and refused to be addressed, heading steadfastly toward the structure which two decades bygone had figured as the pivot in one of the greatest unsolved mysteries which ever excited the readers of American newspapers. Could there be any connection between house and phantom? What else could Jacob think?

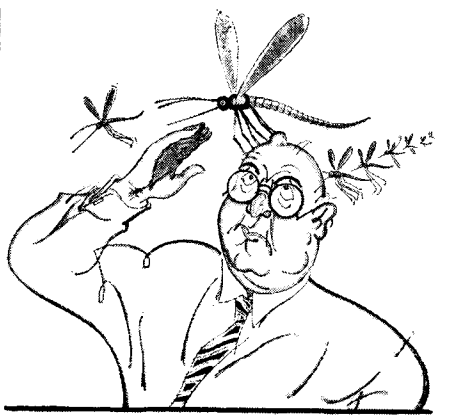
Out in the moonlight at the tunnel's end, however, the white mare lost her terror. The specter too seemed less anxious to flee. The passage had ended in a frowsy stretch of fence. The figure turned on reaching the gate. For the first time, apparently, it became aware of Jacob.

He heard a stifled cry.

The inventor of chicken brooders found himself torn between a mad urge to belabor his beast and get out of that district and an impulse to drive the rig closer for more intimate contact.

"Would you tell me," came a voice, "if this is the property where Mary Harmon died?"

Jacob's tongue had gone flaccid; he worked it with difficulty.



The Loaded Mosquito

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

HOW many shots can a mosquito discharge without reloading with its deadly ammunition? That is one of the questions engaging the attention of the League of Nations in its effort toward universal disarmament. In the laboratory a mosquito has been known to live one to three months, biting nearly half a hundred people in the meantime and still have left enough malaria germs in its salivary glands to be dangerous.

The mosquito in this case is able to keep up her campaign so long without running short of supplies because she has installed an internal arsenal. The malaria parasite has established a breeding place in her stomach which continually turns out the microbes in their infective stage.

Most mosquitoes, fortunately, do not carry loaded arms, so the wounds they inflict upon their victims leave no lasting injury.

In an African village, where more than 75 per cent of the children were infected with malaria, a search of the mosquitoes for concealed weapons found less than five per cent of them infectious.

I refer to the mosquito in the feminine form, for the male mosquito is a harmless, inoffensive creature who only lives a few days and never bites. "The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Where's Papa—if Any?

THE perpetrators of our highly developed and highly profitable literature of sex might find it worth their while to vary their somewhat monotonous program by considering the phenomena presented by organisms other than the so-called higher primates.

There's the mangosteen, for instance, a tropical fruit which is declared by epicures to be one of the three most delicious things that grow, and which will presently come into Northern markets via the groves of Florida.

It has been cultivated since prehistoric times, and has apparently become extinct except as a man-cared plant, for it is never found in the wild state.

It grows from seed, and seed are usually assumed to require the fertilizing action of pollen on the female portion of the flower. Yet no one has ever seen any sound pollen grains of mangosteen, nor any flowers that possessed normal male parts.

In this Amazonian realm the masculine element seems to have been eliminated in the interest of efficiency and economy.

Botanists will not say that there is no pollination of the mangosteen flower; but they have been hunting for evidences of it and so far they have not found any.

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"It's th' Harmon place," he answered. "Nobody knows *where* Mary Harmon died."

"But it's the Harmon place?"

"Yeah, it's th' place."

"Thank you," said the figure—and headed inside the gate.

"Hey! Wait a minute! Who be you, anyhow?"

The old man's query started the echoes for which the Fork was celebrated, the mountain acoustics being mildly uncanny.

"I'm—after the body of my—my child."

Then, ectoplasm or no, as though it wanted less of old Jacob out in bright moonlight than it had in the tunnel, the strange shrouded figure moved into the yard.

She was after the body of her child!

Gleason sat glued to the seat of his buggy. He distinctly recalled that John Harmon had been a widower. If Mary Harmon had died in that house, after being brought up from Boston in some unexplainable manner, and this hooded figure was after the earthly remains of her offspring, what was Jacob gazing on but the shade of the long-missing heiress' mother? But twenty years after the girl's accepted death! What had delayed her ghostly errand till now?

HALFWAY to the veranda Jacob saw the phantom pause—assuming it was a phantom. Knee-deep amid grass which had not been cropped for a score of seasons, it appeared to scan the façade of the residence. It seemed to hesitate, to have small desire to enter that structure. With the same queer, wavy, floating movement, however—after a backward glance to learn if the man in the buggy still watched from the road—it covered the distance that brought it to the steps.

It mounted the steps. It dissolved in black shadow.

The house, as aforesaid, was constructed of red brick: a huge brick box with a campanile tower mounting up two stories in the center of the front and extending above the roof a sufficient distance to allow for four windows, one north, east, south, west. This roof was of so-called Mansard type, with a grilled iron fencing running around the cornices and a similar fencing enclosing the cupola about its summit. Skirting the lower southeast corner was a sizable veranda. It was high and deep, this gingerbread veranda. A riotous growth of unpruned woodbine enshrouded its pillars—blowsy, goiter-like bulges of wild vegetation—with a hole at the steps the only entering aperture.

Whether the specter had a key to the place and went in the front door or passed around the corner for admittance on the east; or whether, forsooth, it bothered with no key but simply dissolved through panels and walls, was something old Jake was not prepared to answer. He only knew he awaited its appearance at entrance hole or windows and it came not.

He might have sat there ten minutes; he might have sat there two hours. But when he had finally clucked to the mare to move along and permit him a better view of the pile on the east, and had turned to watch developments, in one of the second-floor windows *he gradually discerned a light!*

Gradually discerned it, truly. For it did not shine with the sharpness of flame. It held a bluish, moldy, phosphorescent glow as from decaying viscous substances or reflection from a ceiling. It grew strong. It died down. It flared brighter. It vanished. . . .

Devoutly Jake prayed that someone would come.

Human or superhuman, good or evil, angel or demon, *something* had entered the abandoned Harmon mansion. And all the accumulated deposits in the savings banks of Vermont could not have induced old Jacob to investigate that house and its entrant—not after seeing that light. It came a third time while he gaped, always from upstairs.

The silence in the Fork was terrific. Despite a slight deafness, the old man could faintly discern crickets cheeping down under the posts of the dilapidated fence. Once or twice the mare champed at her bit and cast nervous glances toward the house. No other sounds.

But presently, as he waited, Jacob heard another sound. And, without the chance of error, it come from that towering ark so gaunt beneath the moon.

He heard a cry—muffled by the walls.

"Mary!" wailed a weird, lost voice. *"It's Mother! Where are you?"*

There was no mistaking that cry or the words. The mare heard them too. She turned her barrel-like head and stared, heavy ears raised and pointing toward the yard.

Down Jake's back, down his thighs, down his calves, oozed that awful prickling of nerves that comes from horror-curdled blood.

The ghost of the unnamed, unknown Mrs. Harmon must be stalking that neighborhood and house that night, seeking the daughter who had perished so mysteriously.

Jacob's nerve at length snapped. Remain there he could not. Not another moment.

The road directly before him carried straight through Foxboro Center to Hebron. The left-hand fork branched northward toward Wickford. Gleason chose the latter, and belabored the mare. Astounded by that sudden crazy clubbing, the mare gave a lunge that nearly broke the traces.

As she loped up the grade the Vermonter glanced back. He watched the Harmon house as long as he could see it. And the light came again—in the upper northwest bedroom.

(To be continued next week)

The Rise of Swifty White

Continued from page 12

house, except on such occasions as that famous one when they did in Hobnailed Casey on a Christmas morning and shoved his murdered body out across the doorstep so that the spill of his blood should stain only the new-fallen snow.

Up in the washroom the beaming Sunny Swinton and his wide-eyed protégé practiced a few steps together, and a little later all the patrons of the Chatham Club were pounding their approval of the new-born team, the stringy, grinning pickaninny and the small, compact, intent messenger boy, double-shuffling together in the fraternity of the waltz clog. The reward was an affable shower of coins—pennies, nickels, dimes, even quarters—which almost filled the blue messenger's cap to its shiny brim.

Behind the piano Master White stowed his treasure away in sundry pockets. One of the dimes he saved out and gravely presented to the gratified colored boy, who was an artist and a dreamer, with not too good a head for figures. This, White explained firmly, was Sunny's salary, and furthermore, he added, if he found he could use him in the same capacity again on another night he would be glad to reward him as handsomely. Sunny pocketed the dime, as pleased as Punch.

I think you must admit that it was then and there, in the gloaming behind the battered piano at the Chatham Club, that George White became a theatrical manager.

I wonder if, as producer of the costly Scandals, his mind ever goes back regretfully to those good old days. The running expense of last year's edition was more than $25,000 a week, and the production cost was close to $200,000. I wonder if he thought of the good old days on that afternoon last fall when he firmly persuaded an erstwhile classmate of mine from the Central High School in Philadelphia to play in his production of Manhattan Mary. My

(Continued on page 50)

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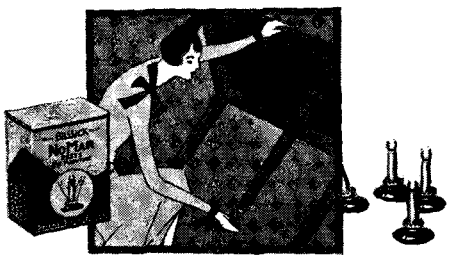

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The Rise of Swifty White

Continued from page 49

erstwhile classmate is a comical fellow named Ed Wynn, and so many managers were flirting with him at the time that White had to be exceptionally charming. He finally captivated the coy, reluctant Wynn by offering a flat salary of $5,000 a week and insuring its payment for at least thirty weeks by depositing $150,000 for the purpose with the Guaranty Trust Company. This left him nothing more to do except to announce to the newspapers that he was paying Mr. Wynn $7,500 a week and to call the first rehearsal.

For the best of reasons the newcomer to the Bowery continued to wear his messenger's uniform throughout that summer and fall, gaining thereby the professional nickname of Swifty White among the buskers of Chinatown.

The buskers of Queen Elizabeth's time were not greatly different from Violinsky, the fiddler, and old blind Sol, the sightless troubadour, and Swifty White, making the rounds of a Bowery circuit that included not only Piggy Donovan's and the Chatham Club but The Morgue, as one Chinatown dive was alluringly called, and the famous Steve Brodie's place a few doors away, and many another as far north even as Houston Street. Unfurtive night life lasted then till the crack of dawn, when these buskers would fill themselves up at a lunch wagon down Park Row way and, in some hole-in-the-wall or other near by, sleep the long day through.

I think it must have been a pleasant life. Certainly it gave young Swifty White such inveterate habits of vagrancy that he produced the first three Scandals without ever going to the fuss and feathers of opening an office of his own, accumulating a profit of more than $800,000 by transactions attended to casually on street corners and across luncheon tables, without so much as one piece of stationery engraved with his name.

Indeed, he never did open an office until the fact that he lost the whole $800,000 at the race tracks plagued him with the vague uneasy notion that he really ought to be settling down. Since then, by the way, he has not made a wager, except the one whereby he bet his music publishers a costly motor car that The Scandals of 1927 would have at least three song hits. (He won that time.)

No Latchstring Out

IN ALL that circuit—now long since obliterated by the latter-day respectability of Chinatown—there was one envied portal which the indignant Swifty White could seldom pass. That was the door of the Pelham Café, which stood at No. 12 Pell Street, famous the city over as Nigger Mike's: a magnet for sightseers from the grander avenues, who almost spilled their beer in the excitement of the thought that the scowling persons at the next table were certainly burglars and probably, if the truth were known, red-handed murderers.

Nigger Mike's was no happy hunting ground for the buskers because one of their number, a sallow, skinny youth with a nimble mind and a sweet voice, had made the premises his own, not only serving the drinks but singing the songs as well. He was called Izzy, the Singing Waiter. And he had no use on earth for these upstarts from the Bowery, who wanted to dance their steps and sing their songs upon his preserve. Indeed, he issued dark warnings against Swifty White, and, being larger and older by several years, would boot him out into the street if he so much as stuck his head in the door of Nigger Mike's.

When, as sometimes happened, the wily White would gain entry under the ægis of Nigger Mike himself and, thus protected, would tread his tap dance on the floor in front of the piano, he would almost miss the beat in his uneasy consciousness that, even as he danced, the Singing Waiter was glowering at him from the doorway, with an empty beer bottle held suggestively by the neck.

Well, they have both come up in the world since then. For Izzy, the Singing Waiter, has done real well under the name of Irving Berlin. Sometimes they meet again these days, and then there is much courtesy between them. But far below the surface I am sure they don't forget.

Swifty White came to Broadway by way of the burlesque wheel and the two-a-day. After vaudeville there was musical comedy and the Winter Garden and The Follies. From The Follies he was fired once with contumely and sarcasm by the very Mr. Ziegfeld who now has to shade his eyes from the glare of the huge electric sign proclaiming George White's Scandals across the way.

For a long time Master White's partner was a rangy Irishman from Harlem named Ben Ryan.

Ryan and White was a celebrated team that lived to dance for weeks on end at Hammerstein's Victoria, the once celebrated vaudeville house in Times Square in the days when the movies, which now rule that region, were only the comic chases of the Biograph and Morris Gest was only a ticket speculator loitering on the sidewalk outside.

Ben Ryan might have said, like Brutus, "But, as he was ambitious, I slew him," or, at least, broke up the partnership. For young White was not content to loiter at Dowling's Saloon in Times Square and swap the jargon of the day with other hoofers. Instead he saved up so that at least once a week he could lunch at the Cadillac with regular actors, that then being his notion of the very height of elegance. Ryan regarded this as the ambition of a Nance, and said as much. Thereafter, when White became such a big siss as actually to suggest buying dress suits for their act in vaudeville, there followed a battle that lasted all one night. Amid such divergence and dissension the partnership of Ryan and White finally dissolved. There remained only the question as to who should be awarded the custody of the trunk. White got it.

Has Come Into His Own

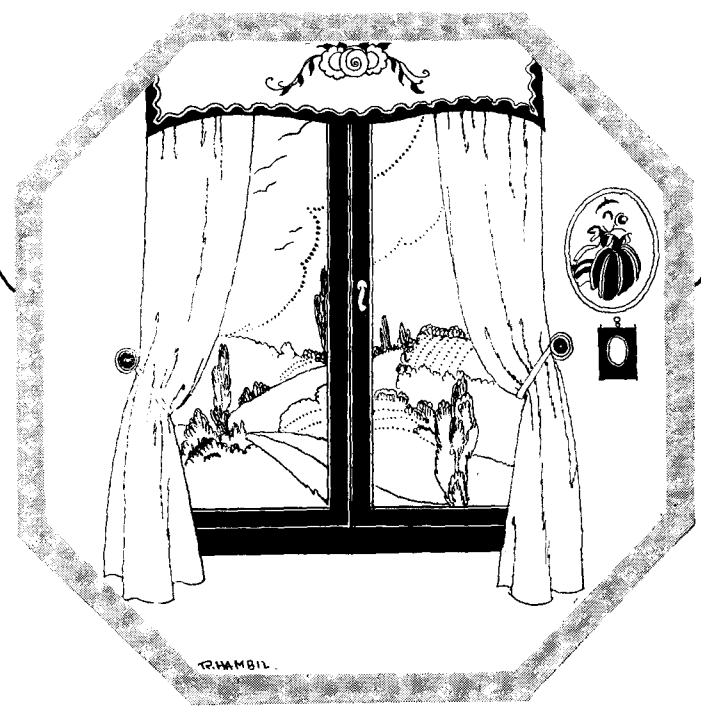
IT WAS therefore an alertly ambitious youngster who could not help noticing that, whereas he might hope to get $750 a week if he danced alone in vaudeville, he could, by engaging and training four girls (at $50 a week apiece) to dance with him, impress the Keith people into paying him $1,500 per week. After that discovery, although no schoolmaster had ever taught him the mysteries of arithmetical progression, The Scandals as a national institution was inevitable.

Now you may see him any night at his own theatre. For George White is not one of those managers who launch a harlequinade and then go off to Paris or Palm Beach. Each night each chorus girl kicks toward the stars in the full knowledge that the boss' eye is on her.

And when you yourself are buying your seats, you might take the trouble to look up at the man who is making change for you. As like as not, it will be George White himself—the same George White who, long ago, when he was a grubby little messenger, took a telegram to Piggy Donovan's.

LOOP BACK THE CURTAINS

JUST as there will always be persons who like sugar on their parsnips, so there will always be others who, having in their homes windows that disclose entrancing vistas, insist on burdening the glass with heavy, concealing draperies. Select, instead, hangings of some soft material such as gauze, dull silk, organdie or casement cloth and loop them back with slender cords or narrow strips of self-material. The curtains in the room below, which so engagingly reveal and frame the view, are deep rose silk hung from a narrow painted valance board.



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Never in This World

Continued from page 28

What are you going to do? Afterward, I mean?"

The little man's eyes burned with an intense blue light. "That depends," he said. "When I first found out about Susan, several years ago, I couldn't understand why she had been put into the world at all. Little children are not always happy. This is not what you would call a little child's world. And so I started out to make a little child's world for Susan."

Dr. Towson took off his spectacles and wiped them with his handkerchief. "Guess you can't do that, Dodd. Pretty hard job to make a world of any kind."

"Yes," said Dodd. "It is hard. You've got to have lots of iron in you to do a job like that. It would be an easy job to—to bungle."

"You don't want a specialist, then? We could get Harvey Preston for about five hundred. Just to be sure."

"Of course I want to be sure," said Dodd. "He wouldn't come for two hundred? I've got two hundred."

"I'll tell you," said the doctor, rising, "Preston is the right sort. You give me the two hundred and I'll see if I can get him." He walked slowly down the path, with Susan holding on to his finger, and climbed into his battered runabout that was to have been turned in on a new runabout soon. It wasn't necessary, though. As a matter of fact, he was rather attached to the little old car.

Susan returned to the porch. "I thought it was my doctor day," she said. "But he said he didn't have to hear me breathe because it wasn't."

Leaning against the door jamb, Dodd smiled. "No, I think this is the day we go driving to the Chocolate Tree. We'll have an extra driving day this week."

Susan jumped up and down with excitement. "Will the Chocolate Tree be sprouting caramels, Paul?"

"Why not?" said her father.

"And can Twinkle go too? Because my Doctor says my Twinkle is just as well as new."

Sitting at the wheel of Bromley's old machine, which—if you looked at it in the right way—was as able to make far journeys into beautiful and fabulous lands as any other magic chariot, Paul Dodd acted as chauffeur for a princess the whole afternoon. They found the precipice over which the Purple-Hooded Prince hurled the Naughty Dragon and the Peering Pool where the Princess Susanna first discovered her Beauty and the Shining Highway down which the Princess Susanna would one day pass into the Marvelous City of the Purple-Hooded Prince.

"Only you and the Prince could drive this great big car, couldn't they, Paul?" Susan looked up at him from under the brim of her little leghorn hat. "Maybe even the Prince couldn't. How do I know I will like the Prince as well as you, Paul? Does he go to Benny's school?"

IN THE end they found the Chocolate Tree and, strangely enough, it *was* sprouting caramels, although Paul Dodd had to climb up to the second big branch to get even as many as four of them. Susan said she doubted that even the Prince could have got up that tree without somebody to boost him—and she was probably right. So they started for home and would have arrived there soon enough but for a delay caused by Twinkle, who from his special seat in the rear spied a gray rabbit crossing the road. Susan, moved by her Twinkle's obvious frenzy and after exacting his absolute promise that he would not bite the rabbit, let him out for a chase. Even so, she felt some uneasiness. "Because it looked to me, Paul, very much like a rabbit whose dad had told her that she must not race."

Susan was very tired that night, so weary as she sat humming to herself in her blue, downstairs playroom that it seemed too much trouble to turn the thick pages of her littlest picture book or to shake her bubble pipe hard enough to make the bubbles come off. Finally she went to a bottom drawer and began searching among the small white garments.

Paul Dodd was in his study working upon another manuscript, of which, as usual, he had great hopes, when Susan brought her nightgown in. "Put it on me, Paul," she said. "Because my eyes are getting sticky. I most probably can't even wait for my story."

He glanced at her quickly and carried her upstairs to her white bed. The moonlight poured down over the windowsill. Susan revived a bit when she was tucked in. "I might as well go to sleep listening to a story as listening to nothing, though," she said. "Tell me about Princess Susanna. Benny said I wasn't her. He doesn't know so very much, does he, Paul? Tell me about when I shall go to the City of the Prince and be chosen for the Queen of Beauty. When shall I go, Paul? Will you and Twinkle go too?"

HE DREW again for her the glamorous picture of gilded towers and bright parades. "And when the Princess appears in the front seat of her chariot, which is every bit as big as our car, all the people will stand back in amazement because she is so lovely. They will say: 'Oh, the lucky Purple-Hooded Prince to find such a darling beauty! Who is she? Who is she?' And soon the news will fly like wildfire through the whole throng that it's the beautiful little Princess Susanna herself. But the Princess Susanna will not hear that because the great roar of the Marvelous City fills the deep streets. She will simply sit there smiling and waving to all the people while she proceeds slowly onward. And soon the tallest tower of all looms up ahead and she knows that the Prince must be waiting for her there—"

Susan was asleep. A faint smile still pulled lightly at the corners of her mouth, and shadows seemed to flit across the transparent smoothness of her tiny face. Several times during the night he went to look at her, but she had only sunk into a deeper sleep.

The following afternoon Paul Dodd paced his study. He sat down and tried to write a few lines, but he could not. He went out into the hall where Dr. Towson's hat and bag rested on the table and beside them another hat and a stick. He went out upon the porch and walked up and down rapidly, mumbling and debating something with himself. Towson's runabout stood parked at the gate, and in the end he walked out and sat in the driver's seat, waiting.

Soon, although it seemed hours, Dr. Towson and the other appeared in the doorway and came slowly toward him out on the flagged walk, talking rapidly in low voices. The man from the city tapped the walk with his stick. The ear phones of his stethoscope stuck out of his handkerchief pocket. Towson cleared his throat. "Dr. Preston can give us no hope, Dodd," he said. "In fact, quite the reverse. He thinks it is astonishing that she has lasted through the past six months with her heart in that shape."

Dr. Preston murmured something about "These scarlet-fever hearts. I'm afraid she has not many days, Mr. Dodd. A fainting spell or two first perhaps. There is really nothing you can do."

"Oh, yes," said Paul Dodd, "there is very much that I can do, although I have no doubt about Susan's condition. We just had to be sure, didn't we Towson?" He began an awkward thanks for Dr. Preston's coming out for so little, but Towson interrupted, and then the two of them drove off and left him.

Paulson's Park consisted of a few long board tables set in the edge of a small pine grove, a paint-scarred, tent-

(*Continued on page 52*)

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Never in This World

Continued from page 51

covered merry-go-round, a stretch of meadow, and a pathway leading sharply down to the strip of beach on the Sound. The Sunday-school picnic would not have been considered bona fide held elsewhere than in Paulson's Park, and the bright and blue day at the first warm edge of September which had fallen to their lot found the usual groups of summer-clad ladies hovering over the luncheon baskets, setting places with paper napkins and cardboard spoons. Most of the children, as an unnecessary stimulus to their appetites, were in for a swim. Afterward would come the picnic feast.

Paul Dodd and Susan and, of course, Twinkle were down on the beach with the others. He had put her into a tiny slip of a blue bathing suit with a white fish embroidered on it and, although she could not really go into the water, she had quite a time, as she said, wetting her toes. That meant letting the fanlike spread of the gentle waves come in over her scampering feet. In the end, however, she came running back to him breathless and frightened because a whole wave had gone over Benny Trout's head. Benny himself, spitting salt water and entirely undismayed, regarded her terror with stolid masculine disdain, while Twinkle, with a rime of sea foam on his nose, cocked his querulous little head and emitted a ludicrous growl.

Mrs. Wilcox, dark-eyed and yearning, apparently getting some relief from the activity of her hands, presided over the Dodds' table. She had prepared the basket and, as Susan put it, they really did have ginger-cake men with white sugar eyes and lemonade which was as pink as you please, and would Paul kindly not watch to see how many cups of it she drank? Although their small group was the object of many curious glances, the visiting from table to table going on generally among the others seemed to pass them by.

The picnic luncheon was nearly over. Mrs. Wilcox had produced as a climax another orange cake with "Susan" written on it in blue icing, and Susan herself and Paul Dodd and even Mrs. Wilcox clapped their hands while Twinkle barked uncertainly.

Then Twinkle disappeared. The flapping edge of Mrs. Trout's tablecloth caught his momentary fancy, and he watched its dangling, tantalizing movement above his head for some time. Then he made a jump.

THE crash, the screaming, the excited voices, and Twinkle's astonished yelping as Mrs. Trout belabored him with a long heavy kitchen spoon all happened so quickly. The whole picnic rushed to the scene of excitement, and in its van was a tiny, golden-headed fury in a white-and-blue dress who dived under the wreckage of the table to gather her darling up in her arms and rescue him from further punishment. "You stop!" she shouted at Mrs. Trout, her high treble sounding above the din. "You stop or my Paul will—will— I'll call my bumble bees, and they'll sting you and sting you—"

Mrs. Trout was equally and less excusably beside herself. "Take your nasty little dog," she said. "Why doesn't your father keep the both of you at home where you belong—with your crazy talk—if he really is your father? God only knows who you Dodds are—"

Martha Towson, wiping strawberry ice cream from her skirt, joined in: "Yes, if she's too particular for the Sunday school she ought to be too particular for the Sunday-school picnic."

Silence smothered the clamor as quickly as it had arisen. There was a sudden retreat of the whole circle from its center, as if they had just remembered. Susan lay where she had fallen, a collapsed little bundle of white. And then Paul Dodd broke through and gathered her up in his arms. For a moment he stood there with her, trembling, but he did not seem such a little man. He seemed colossal, towering, while he trembled.

That was an instant of swift insight for Paul Dodd. He felt Susan's faint and fast breathing upon his cheek, and he knew that she had not gone. She had fainted, and he knew that if she had not fainted, her world—the gossamer world of delight which he and she had created for her few years—would have burst like one of her soap bubbles against the rough surface of a more real and rugged world. He knew that he would have failed again; that he had almost bungled as of old. But she had fainted before the bubble burst, and the Princess Susanna breathed softly in his arms. The tools of his infinite and delicate fabrication were still in his hands, which, although they trembled, had not yet struck amiss.

HE WAS sitting beside Susan's white bed when she opened her wide little eyes and smiled as though everything were gay—if one but knew. She and Paul knew what a delightful business everything was. "Do you know what a dream I had, Paul? Well, I dreamed that we had started out for the Marvelous City. Don't you think it's about time we did start, Paul? The Purple Prince may get tired of waiting. He might just take any old little princess. I think it's time we started. I mean really, Paul."

Mrs. Wilcox and Dr. Towson waited downstairs. The doctor had told Paul Dodd that he must be ready, for she would not last until morning. But Dodd knew better. He and Susan had a rendezvous to keep before she could go. So he remained there only until the white, blinking lids came down over her eyes again. Then he went downstairs, stopped in his study for a small roll of ten-dollar bills which he had left in his desk drawer, and, mumbling something to the doctor about going to the village, left the house. Dr. Towson put his hand on Mrs. Wilcox's arm. "No," he said, "let him alone. Dodd knows what he's doing."

Susan lasted until morning, the bluest and earliest and gayest morning she had ever seen. Paul was driving, and she, in her very best white dress, her white socks, her patent-leather slippers and everything, rested comfortably against a pillow in the seat beside him; for naturally she would not look her best when they arrived if she were tired. In the tonneau was a big brown paper bundle which Paul had picked up in the village, and on the back seat, with his paw carefully bound and a savoir faire equal to the occasion, sat the apparently unrepentant culprit of yesterday. So Bromley's old car struck

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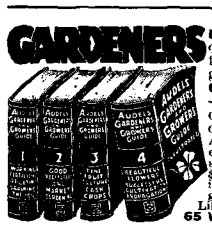

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the Boston Post Road, to give it an unsuitable name, and headed southwestward for the Marvelous City of the Purple-Hooded Prince.

"I suppose it's far away over hill and down dale, isn't it, Paul?" asked Susan. "Could anybody but you find it?" She was like some beautifully fragile figurette in ivory with two intensely blue little dots painted in for eyes. It was an effort for her to talk, but no one told her not to. She just talked whenever she wanted, although as a mark of deference to the dignity of the day she had expressly forbidden her Twinkle to do any of his barking.

New Haven did not notice, and neither did Bridgeport. It was none of Stamford's business, and Larchmont and Greenwich could think what they pleased. Susan was asleep most of the way, waking for brief moments to ask if they were almost there. Once she seemed to have fainted, but that lasted only a few minutes, and soon Susan roused herself, laughing with her usual glee. "What will Benny Trout say when he sees me wearing my crown, Paul? Well, he can have my bubble pipe."

FARTHER down, for purposes of his own, Paul Dodd turned aside from the main route upon a road which led diagonally into high ground south of White Plains. They climbed a long hill, and then he brought the car to a halt, waiting for Susan to discover for herself. Presently she leaned forward, excited, pointing with three fingers at once. "Look, Paul! See? 'Way over there. It's it!"

A hazy distance stretched away below them, and at its farthest, seeming to appear above a faintly purple border of horizon cloud, rose a stalactite profusion of towers, visible intermittently and then only at their sun-gilded peaks.

"It's just as you said, Paul," said Susan. But presently, smiling and sighing in her content, she was asleep again.

She must have been asleep for a long time. When she opened her eyes and sat up again, she could hardly believe it. She was in the very heart of the Marvelous City, with all the great houses made of big stones and all the shining windows and all the twenty hundred motors in two great parades, one going each way, and all the thirty million hundred people lining the wide street and, but for the great roar of the Marvelous City, she knew she would hear them say: "Oh, it's the beautiful little Princess Susanna herself."

Susan could see very plainly that all eyes were bent upon her triumphal chariot—as, indeed, many of them were—and her sense of obligation rose to the moment. She stood up in the seat and waved and smiled, especially when anybody waved to her. Occasionally she gave a sly glance at her Paul, as if to say: "We knew it would be like this, didn't we?"

Up ahead a whistle blew to herald her approach, and a great light blinked red. Their car stopped when a huge man in blue and buttons held up his hand and saluted them, and then still another parade passed in review right before their eyes. Susan was so thrilled. She stood up again and waved to everybody who waved to her.

Subsiding when they moved on again, she watched Paul to see how he was taking all this. "Don't you think we ought to be hurrying on to the Prince?" she asked. "Maybe he won't like everybody seeing me first. Oh!—is that his palace?" She pointed down the avenue at a massive structure of steel and stone rearing in terraced sections until its bright dome seemed drawn against the sky.

"His palace is taller even than that," said Paul Dodd.

"Oh!" said Susan again. "And will he be waiting in his purple robe?"

"He will probably come out on the balcony and throw down flowers when you come," said Paul.

Susan's impressions were blurred. Twice more she sat up and pointed out sky-reaching towers which surely must be "it." But each time Paul said, "Taller than that, Susan." Magic names were also on Paul Dodd's lips. They had come down Fifth Avenue and crossed to Park and now moved slowly northward between its square bulks of stone toward a stupendous white column, conceived in the mighty poetry of the genius of New York and mounting infinitely to some pin-point zenith of the imagination against the blue. Some called it the Ritz Towers and people lived there and paid rent, but Paul Dodd called it the Palace of the Purple-Hooded Prince. "There, Susan," he said. "There!"

While they rolled onward Susan lay back against her pillow, reaching out her hand toward the great white tower as if she wanted to pull it to her. Then it loomed suddenly over them, and the car stopped still at the very gate. "Where is he, Paul?" she whispered. "Is he putting on his purple hood?"

"I think he is," said Paul Dodd. "I think he will soon appear on that balcony. Do you see the balcony, Susan? Now I will go inside and announce that the beautiful little Princess Susanna is here at last."

He took the brown paper bundle from the tonneau and strode past an astonished doorman into the dim interior. He was gone only a minute, a portentous minute for Paul Dodd. But two of his ten-dollar bills and the luck of finding an Irish bell boy was all that he needed.

Susan did not even look at him when he took his seat at the wheel again, although her hand reached out and closed upon his fingers. Her rapt gaze was upon the lowest balcony, not very far above their heads. Paul Dodd's eyes were upon the balcony too, although he could not see. He could only wait for Susan's exclamation of delight, her quick, tight grip upon his fingers while his arm supported her. "Oh!" she said. "See him, Paul! He has on his purple robe, and his crown has golden points. Catch the flowers, Paul. He is throwing me his blossoms." Then he felt her little form relax and he knew that the Princess Susanna had been crowned forevermore in a kingdom which was never in this world.

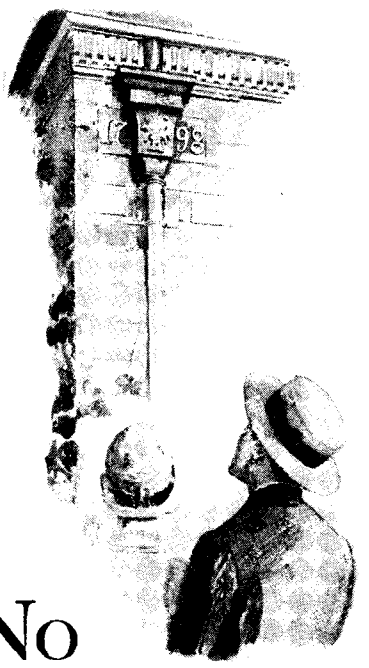
Bromley's old machine moved slowly forward to the next traffic stop with Paul Vane Dodd at the wheel. Once more his stature seemed to have increased until he was not a little man at all. He was a man whose soul was full of iron, and cased in the iron was a rare and precious treasure which could never be taken from him and the possession of which made him mighty and unconquerable. It was a treasure he had made himself, without bungling and with fine craftsmanship to the very end. He smiled at the stone of New York, which was only putty to be molded after all. He spoke the name of Susan, and his voice drowned out the roar of a metropolis.

NORTH MERCER saw no more of the Dodds, and, although the name of Paul Vane Dodd became known to most people, the people of North Mercer never even wondered if that could be the one they had known as "little Dodd."

But once they might have seen him, because he stopped at Bromley's garage to have some air put in the tires of his huge, shining new car, and if they might have been excused for not recognizing him, they should at least have known the lively but dignified interest which his four-footed companion was expending upon the garage cat. When his car was ready Paul Vane Dodd drove on to a grove of trees, one of which was said to be a chocolate tree that sprouted caramels, although he saw no indication of any such phenomenon now. So he went on looking for other things, a tiny brook-made pond which had once appeared to be an ideal Peering Pool should any princesses happen to be passing by that way.

Afterward he turned back across the winding meadow road and stopped his car on the hilltop. He climbed out and sat down on the gray stone wall. A bluejay joined him, not ten yards away, and a big yellow butterfly flopped by overhead. Climbing across the meadow from the direction of the mud puddle which used to be down in the hollow, a black spot was becoming distinguishable as the figure of a small though not so very small, venturing boy.

These people are admiring the original copper installation on an old Pennsylvania house built in 1798.



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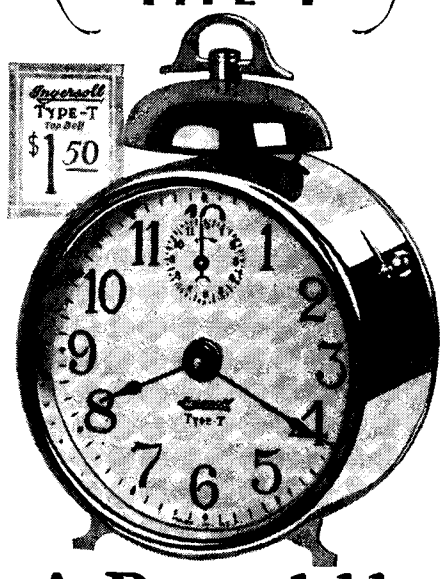

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Great Grief!

Continued from page 32

here now, again?" the occupant of the coffin asked.

"Stop talking. They thought you were dead and sent you to me to bury."

"Say, that's terrible," Mr. Hackle began in a crescendo whimper.

"Stop that bellowing," Vicky commanded.

"All right, then; I'm going to sleep."

He lay back, and Vicky was just about to seize his shoulder and shake him conscious again when Helen Vaughn appeared in the door.

"Dolly hadn't reached Dr. Collins' yet," she said, "but I left the word you said. I don't know what I'll talk to him about when he comes to my house."

"Talk to him about anything. Only keep him there."

"And, Vicky, I couldn't help hearing—hearing your husband crying. Don't be too hard on him, Vicky. Remember, the French don't feel about drinking as we do."

"I CAN deal with him," Vicky said, "but the whole situation is more complex than you realize. We'll have to get up some kind of story for the general public. Don't talk about this with anyone except Dolly until we three have had a conference."

"Oh, I won't, Vicky. Is he in some kind of trouble?"

"So it appears. We'll talk about it later. Good-by for now."

"Good night, Vicky."

Mr. Hackle lifted one of the lids which had fallen over his eyes again.

"G' night, Helen," he called.

"Oh, Vicky!" Helen cried, and they could hear her sobbing till the front door shut after her.

"Whazza matter with Helen?" Mr. Hackle inquired airily.

"Get out of that coffin," Vicky ordered him.

"I don't wanta. I'm too sleepy."

"If you don't, I'll have you buried."

"I don't like you very much," he informed Vicky petulantly.

He made his uncertain way to a big chair and sat in it.

"If I poured some ice water on your head, do you suppose it would sober you?" Vicky asked him.

Mr. Hackle did not reply. Instead he examined Vicky with some interest.

"Not bad-lookin'," he commented.

"Are you being impertinent?"

"Can't you take a compliment?"

"Not from you. Now are you sober enough to understand if I explain why you're here?"

"Sure," Mr. Hackle affirmed.

"Well, I was idiot enough to want a dead husband. Apparently you'd been picked up somewhere and were thought dead and were unclaimed, so you were sent on to me. As you're not dead you won't do and must go away. I'll give you car fare for whatever place you pick out and a hundred dollars or so for yourself. That's all I've got in the house. Is it satisfactory?"

"Wha' did you want a dead husban' for?" Mr. Hackle pondered, then suddenly dawn light came to his face. "I know," he proclaimed, "a li'l' baby. You wanted to give your li'l' baby an honest name. All right, Hackle is an honest name. It can have the name of Hackle."

"You're a filthy-minded fool," Vicky informed him. "Now don't open your mouth again, but try and decide where you want to go."

Vicky stormed upstairs to her dressing-room, where she kept her money. She was revolted by Mr. Hackle, but otherwise she was highly stimulated by the very difficulty of her situation. Once Hackle was disposed of, she must win out of it some way. Her mind was seething with plans as she pulled open the drawer of her chiffonier and took out her leather jewel box. She counted from it ten twenty-dollar bills.

Hearing a slight noise, she turned. Mr. Hackle was standing in the hall doorway.

"What are you doing here?" she blazed at him.

"Who's got a better right here than me? You wanted a husban'. I make a better husban' alive than dead."

"Well, you happen not to please me as much. Now move right back down those stairs."

"Not on your life," Mr. Hackle said. "I don't have to. You told all your friends I was your husban', didn't you? Thass what they call a common-law marriage. And what's good enough for the common law is good enough for me. I'm a common man."

He walked over to Vicky without staggering.

"Give your husban' a kiss!"

She slapped the smooth, silly face as hard as she could, which was hard; then, stepping to the little table where it stood, she picked up the telephone.

She was just lifting the receiver when, with surprising quickness, Mr. Hackle bent down, caught the cord, and tore it from the baseboard with a splintery crash.

At that instant Vicky, who had hitherto felt herself completely mistress of the situation, became afraid. She had never thought of physical violence as anything with which she would ever have to deal, but there had been violence in his quick, destructive gesture.

A light chair stood near Vicky's hand. She seized it, threw it at Mr. Hackle and made a dash for the bathroom, which led to her bedroom. Hackle stumbled on the chair, and Vicky was able to swing the bathroom door shut and click the key around before he reached it.

Without bothering to try the knob, he lunged against the panels. It wasn't a very heavy door, and it bent inward with the impact.

Vicky retreated to the bedroom, locking the other bathroom door.

The bedroom was isolated, the door from it into the hall having been walled up to make room for a clothes closet.

Vicky would have to scream from the window for someone to come, and she didn't want just someone. She wanted Dolly Tillinghast. If only she hadn't locked him up!

In case no one happened to hear her, she'd have to jump from the window when the second bathroom door gave. The drop would probably break her legs.

SHE pushed up the sash—and noticed the great trumpet vine which Aunt Jessie Bond had always threatened to have cut away because she'd heard of burglars using trumpet vines for ladders. Fortunately Aunt Jessie never had. Vicky preferred trying to climb down to screaming.

The first bathroom door gave with a crash, and Vicky heard Mr. Hackle try the knob of the second.

Holding to the windowsill, she let herself out, found a foothold in a clump of trumpet vines' branches, shifted her clasp to the trunk of the vine and thrust out one leg to feel for a second purchase.

What seemed a good one gave way. For a moment she hung by her arms while her stomach collapsed into what felt like the shape of a Parker House roll. Kicking wildly, her foot found a big crotch which bore testing, and she started down again.

Up above she could hear Mr. Hackle lunging at the second door. Vicky began to hurry her descent, and suddenly she had the awful sensation of being plucked from the vine to which she clung like a reluctant bunch of grapes. A hand was put over her mouth.

"For the Lord's sake, Vicky, why did you try such a thing?"

It was Dolly Tillinghast, and, as he was holding one arm under her knees and one under her arms, which brought her just about to his shoulder, she simply put her face against it and said, "I was so afraid—don't scold me, Dolly."

"Oh, my darling!" Dolly said, which was exactly the right thing for him to have said.

"How did you get out?" Vicky asked.

"Worked the garage door off its hinges, but it's taken me up until now."

"You know I knew I locked you in?"

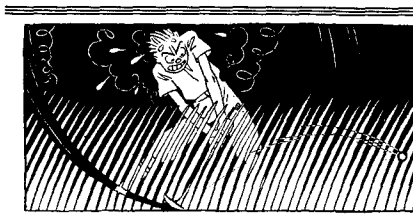
A fiercer crash than any which had yet sounded from the bathroom door broke the silence inside the house.

"What goes on?" Dolly demanded, putting Vicky on her feet but keeping an arm around her.

"It's that awful man, the one that was in the coffin. You were perfectly right. I'd never been married. I'd never seen him in my life. Gennery Bond shipped him to me. Dolly, can you ever like such a lying devil as I've been?"

Mr. Hackle's face peered through the window.

"What in Halifax do you think you're doing?" Dolly yelled up at him.



Jingles in the Rough

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"A', say!" came out of Mr. Hackle like the feeble puff of a balloon not punctured but opened. Vicky had never seen anyone so easily deflated.

"Get back in that house," Dolly commanded.

"Sure." Mr. Hackle disappeared.

"Do you suppose you can make him go away altogether?" Vicky asked.

"Can I?" Dolly grinned.

"Oh, Dolly, I'm so glad I've told you the truth now—"

"As a reward for having forgotten

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Edith Viereck's business when I was in the city?" Dolly asked.

"I suppose I did take too much for granted from that," Vicky admitted miserably. "But you aren't going to marry her right away, are you? She's all right, of course, but I wouldn't want you to marry her right away."

"I'll tell you a secret," Dolly said. "I have just a suspicion that she's a pest."

"Dolly, I adore you. You aren't just saying that to soothe my nerves?"

"No, and I can prove it. I still insist that she has small feet."

"Horrid little small feet," Vicky agreed, and answering to a prick of conscience she continued, "I suppose we oughtn't to stand here discussing our acquaintance. Don't you imagine that man is taking advantage of us to carry off all Gennery's silver?"

"That's not important." Dolly gave a very satisfactory demonstration of something which was important.

"I suppose we couldn't get in the car and just go away and let Chatfield figure out about my husband to suit itself," Vicky said after it was over.

"I doubt if that would be practical," Dolly told her. "We'll have to think of some way to hush up the whole mess."

"If we do, it's got to be one where I don't have to do any lying myself," Vicky said. "I'm never going to lie again."

"But, good Lord, Vicky, that's impossible!"

"Then we'd better just tell the whole truth."

"Telling the whole truth sounds perfectly simple. It even sounds a little noble. But if you do, no one will ever believe you now. You'll always have a vague marriage floating around in your past. I wouldn't like that."

"But what can we do?"

"We'll have to carry on the funeral."

"There's Helen Vaughn," Vicky said hopelessly.

"Yes, there's Helen Vaughn," Dolly admitted. "Darn it!"

"Don't you think I could trust Helen with the truth?" Vicky asked.

"I don't think so. It's too late. You've been working her like a truck horse for days on the strength of her passion for your Clovis, and if she found out that there was no Clovis I'm afraid she'd be humanly annoyed. She might keep still for a time, but eventually she'd burst. No, Vicky, what we've got to find is some method of making Helen want to keep it a secret that we're only burying a load of stones."

"Who's thinking up hard things now?" Vicky asked.

A bell rang inside the house.

"The telephone?" Dolly asked.

"It can't be. He pulled out the telephone. Somebody must have heard the racket he made and come to the front door."

"Well, they've waited long enough."

CAUTIOUSLY they peeked around the corner of the house to see Helen standing on the porch.

"Why, Dolly, are you here!" Helen exclaimed. "You never went to Dr. Collins', did you?"

"No."

"I've been telephoning and telephoning over here, and finally I got frightened and walked over. She wanted to come, but I wouldn't let her."

"Who?" Vicky asked.

"That terrible Higgins woman from Bloomington. She's arrived and come to my house, and she still insists that he's her husband."

"That who's whose husband?" Dolly queried.

"Clovis," Vicky explained. "This woman read about my marriage to Frederick Brown and concluded it was some Frederick Brown she knows."

"Her husband," Helen Vaughn elucidated. "She'd married him secretly, and now she insists on seeing him."

"You'll have to tell her that she can't, Helen. I'm sorry, but he's in no state for inspection."

"She's pathetic in a way," Helen said. She's spent all her savings on a round-trip ticket here, and when I told her that he wasn't dead but was—you know—that convinced her more than ever."

"Was she glad?"

"Oh, glad and furious at the same time."

"Why not let her see him?" Dolly Tillinghast surprised Vicky by saying.

"But, Dolly, it can't be her man. You certainly realize that."

"I don't see what harm it could do to let her see him."

There was no fight left in Vicky.

"Well, maybe it can't," she agreed.

"I'll go over and get her in the car," Dolly volunteered. "You can stay here with Vicky, Helen. Just sit on the porch. I wouldn't go inside."

"I'm going to tell Helen," Vicky announced.

Dolly, who was standing slightly behind Helen, shook his head violently from side to side.

"Mustn't I?" Vicky asked blankly.

Dolly merely glared a "No" at her.

"I'll drop in the house and see that your husband is all right," he said, and he shut the front door after him.

"What is it you aren't to tell me?" Helen asked.

"How awful it's been, I guess," Vicky answered. "I'm so tried, Helen. I don't believe I'll talk, do you mind?"

"Not a bit."

DOLLY came out presently with the announcement that everything was all right.

"Where is he now?" Vicky asked.

"Dozing on the couch in your room. I don't want to scare you, but you might as well be prepared, Vicky. It may turn out that this woman is right."

"Don't be silly," Vicky told him.

"Oh, no, no!" Helen's hand crept to her throat in an agitated gesture.

"It would be bad business, wouldn't it, Helen?" Dolly asked.

Leaving that somber question in the air, he strode off toward his car. They heard him start the engine and drive away.

"How has he been?" Helen asked.

"Too sweet for words."

Helen looked at her in surprise; then, realizing a misapprehension, remarked, "I meant Clovis."

"He's been the devil," Vicky said.

"Vicky!" Helen began. "I don't want to do Dolly an injustice. I don't want to do men as a class an injustice, but an unhappy young wife is always in danger—in even more danger than other women."

"Thank you for warning me," Vicky said, biting her cheek to keep the smile she hid in her handkerchief from growing into a giggle.

"What is Miss Higgins like?" she asked when she could trust herself.

"A mousy little thing. No, she's not gentle like a mouse. More like a rat."

"You didn't like her, then?"

"No, but I was sorry for her. She's like a rat that's had such a lot of worries."

In one of her orgies of sympathy there was almost no one for whom Helen was not sorry.

When Dolly came back with Miss Higgins he seemed to feel some pressure on him to make things go.

"Well, we're here at last," he announced. "Miss Bond, this is Miss Higgins."

Helen had found an amazingly apt term for Miss Higgins. A rat she looked, and she was dressed in rat gray, which seemed to give the clue to her long, rodent nose and little, mean mouth.

"Pleased," Miss Higgins said. "Don't it make you mad this having to keep your own name?"

"I keep mine by choice," Vicky remarked.

"Humph!" Miss Higgins showed how much credence she gave that statement.

"You insist on this perfectly foolish inspection?" Vicky asked her coldly.

"I certainly do," Miss Higgins replied. "I've got my rights just as much as other people."

"It's fantastically impossible that he should be your husband," Vicky told her, "and I think it's very unkind to encourage any hope in you even for a minute. Your husband is named Brown, isn't he? This man is named Hackle."

"That wasn't the name she gave me," Miss Higgins said, pointing at Helen.

(*Continued on page 56*)

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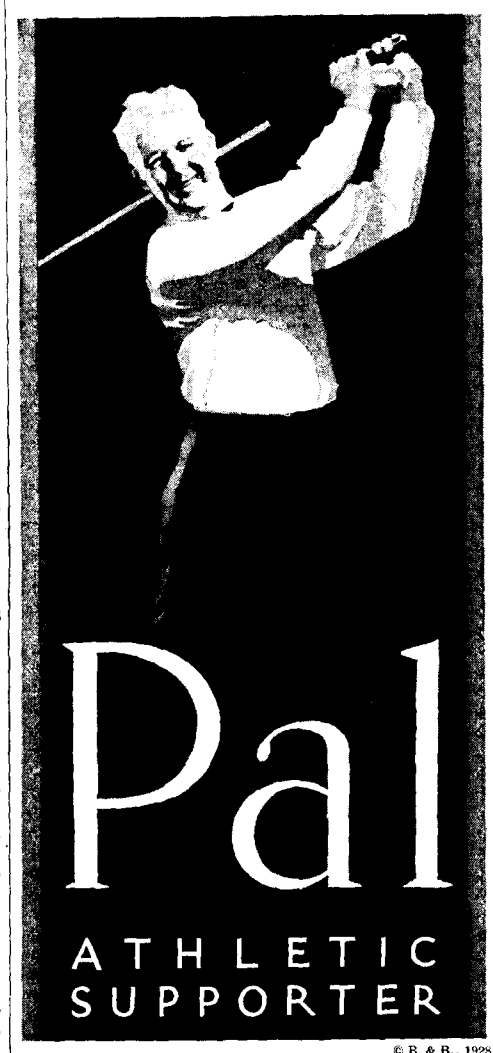

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Great Grief!

Continued from page 55

"It's another name he used," Dolly Tillinghast intervened quickly. "It's the name I knew him by."

"The whole thing sounds just like Fred Brown," Miss Higgins declared.

Dolly opened the door.

"He's in the room at the top of the stairs," he said.

Miss Higgins swept in.

"Are you coming up?" Dolly asked Vicky and Helen.

"Of course we're not," Vicky said crossly.

"Maybe we can hear from here," Helen suggested, stepping inside and craning one ear toward the stairs.

BEFORE Vicky could get her away the acoustics of the house had demonstrated themselves.

"Well, Fred Brown!" they heard Miss Higgins, who was standing in Vicky's door, exclaim.

"Violet!" issued from within in Mr. Hackle's voice.

Dolly rushed up the stairs, making a clatter, and they wouldn't have heard any more because Helen began to cry. "Oh, Vicky! Vicky! It's true!"

"It's preposterous!" Vicky gasped.

"You mustn't hear any more," Helen Vaughn told her and led her into the drawing-room and shut the sliding doors.

"It's too preposterous!" Vicky repeated to herself incredulously.

"My poor darling! What can I say?" Helen demanded. "How much better if he were in that coffin!"

"Oh, I don't feel that," Vicky said.

"You don't? You don't!"

"No. What are you so upset about, Helen?"

"Don't you realize what this means?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"It means— Oh, I can't say it."

"You must, Helen."

"It means—you've been betrayed."

"So it does," Vicky said.

Helen clung to her and wept incoherently, giving much more the impression of a magdalen than Vicky could manage.

After a few minutes Dolly thrust open the door.

"What are you doing in here?" he asked.

"Tell us there's some mistake," Helen begged him.

"I'm afraid there's not."

"Really?" Vicky thought her reason must be tottering on its ivory throne.

"It certainly looks as though Miss Higgins had a prior claim to your Mr. Brown."

"How can you speak of it so lightly?" Helen almost shrieked at him. "Can't you imagine how Vicky's feeling?"

"I'm sorry," Dolly said, "but it's true. We mustn't let it get out, though, must we, Helen?"

"How can we help it?"

"Have you told anyone about Mr. Brown's resurrection?"

"I certainly haven't."

"Not anyone?"

"I haven't seen anyone but that horrible Miss Higgins."

"Then why wouldn't it be a good idea just to go on with the funeral, if we could think of something about the right weight to put in the coffin?"

"That's what we must do," Helen affirmed, nodding solemnly.

"You two discuss it," Dolly directed. "I've got to see if there's a hat or cap of Gennery's in the hall closet that Mr. Brown can wear away. He didn't bring any with him, you may remember. Do you want to speak to him again, Vicky, before I drive them to the station?"

"I think not," Vicky answered.

She felt as though the inside of her skull were jammed with such a lot of things she couldn't think of any of them plainly.

"You'll cling to Dolly now," Helen said when the door was shut again. "I only hope—"

"What?"

"I only hope he won't hold this up against you. Some men would."

"I don't believe Dolly will," Vicky replied, but she was only attending to Helen with a corner of her mind. Most of it was thinking about Mr. Hackle and Miss Higgins. It was completely lunatic. It didn't fit in the least.

"What was that letter from Miss Higgins signed?" she asked Helen.

"Alice Campbell Higgins."

"But he called her 'Violet'."

"That must have been a pet name. And, oh, Vicky, don't let jealousy eat your heart out. That's the danger now. I know he was fascinating. I could see that even in those few words he said to me, but Dolly is so much more reliable. Don't you really want to see him once more, though? Just for a farewell? I could get her aside somehow, I'm sure. He's meant so much to you. Wouldn't you like to give him a rose, perhaps? You might take one from this spray I sent."

"Helen!" Vicky reproved her. "He is Miss Higgins' husband."

Helen sank into an abashed silence. They heard the front door close.

Vicky went on puzzling.

"I can't think of a thing," Helen said at last.

"What were you trying to think of?" Vicky asked.

"Something for the coffin."

"There's a bust of Uncle Eliphalet Bond in luxurious marble side whiskers upstairs. I think that and the pedestal will be about right."

"Oh, perfect."

"And it will solve the problem of what to do with that work of art better than I expected to have it solved."

"You go on gritting your teeth and being brave!" Helen sentimentalized. "You're wonderful."

"I suppose," Vicky remarked, ignoring her, "that everyone in Chatfield will expect me to wait a full year before I marry."

"My dear! Dolly Tillinghast hasn't spoken!"

"You've been with me ever since I learned of my freedom," Vicky reproved her. "Really, Helen, does the sacrament of marriage have absolutely no meaning for you?"

"I did forget," Helen admitted. "Well, under the circumstances, I certainly shouldn't expect you to wait a year."

"I'm glad," Vicky said, "because I don't believe I shall. Perhaps marriage will make me an honest woman—of sorts." . . .

"THEY'RE off," Dolly Tillinghast announced. "At least they're waiting for the midnight. Have you thought of a proper substitute for the gentleman?"

"Yes, Vicky has. Eliphalet Bond's bust."

"Bully! Where is it?"

"In the attic," Vicky said. "I'll take you up."

"Oh, I know where," Helen said. "You needn't bother, Vicky."

"I think you'd better stay down and guard the front door while the coffin is open and empty," Dolly told her.

"I'd forgotten about that," Helen said.

It was on the attic stairs that Vicky felt it safe to speak.

"I haven't gone insane, have I, Dolly?"

"You mean that he wasn't really Miss Higgins' Mr. Brown. He was not."

"But how did you manage it?"

"It was simple. I offered Miss Higgins a sum of money to claim Mr. Hackle whether he was her Mr. Brown or not. Miss Higgins accepted him like a wise woman. For her it was 'heads I win, tails you lose.' Of course I suppose she was disappointed, but she carried it off pretty well."

"That accounts for her, but how did you manage him?"

"Oh, I'm just a masterful man."

"Do you mean you threatened to beat him?"

"I merely eyed him."

"Dolly," Vicky told him, "the back of my mind is like a kaleidoscope with the

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pieces just ready to fall into a pattern. I think you'd better help them a little. I shouldn't like our marriage to be founded on a lie."

"Well, it won't be founded on one, at least," Dolly said. "It will have a good generous foundation of them."

"But about Mr. Hackle?"

"I'm sorry to say you're on the right track, Vicky."

"You had something to do with Mr. Hackle all the time? Oh, that unspeakable traitor of a Gennery Bond! He swore to me—"

"THAT he wouldn't tell me. Not that he hadn't told me. My dear Vicky, I may not know anything about most feminine psychology, but I think finally I've learned something about yours. Why, the minute you announced that there was to be a funeral I had a glimpse of what was in your mind, and when half an hour later Helen announced that you'd hurried off a letter to Gennery Bond, I saw it entirely. I was there when Gennery got your letter."

"You devil!" Vicky said. "Where did you get Mr. Hackle?"

"At a vaudeville agency. He's a dead-trance artist. It was a rotten trick to play on you, Vicky, but I had to call your bluff or die."

"It was a little scary at moments."

"Scarier than I'd any intention it should be. He was tight, of course, for one thing, and I'd only given him instructions as to what he should say on the supposition that I'd be present or at least immediately outside. He elaborated ad lib. and in the cinema manner."

"That common-law marriage was your idea, then?"

Dolly grinned his confession.

"But, believe it or not," he said, "I had quite a little of the punishment that was due me while I was trying to get out of that sealed-tight garage and more when I came around the corner of the house and saw you on that vine."

"Did you?" Vicky asked.

There was a pause of no consequence, then Dolly went on: "I suppose I ought to have thrashed Hackle for overdoing his performance as he did, but, after all, he did drive you into my arms."

"Dolly," Vicky said, "I'm perfectly astonished at myself. I may be just numb with fatigue, for by every law human and divine I should be in a speechless passion of rage against you, *and I'm not*. I doubt if I shall ever be in a speechless passion of rage against you again."

"Oh, please, now," Dolly begged. "Must we give up old times altogether?"

It was rather embarrassing for them to have to explain to Helen Vaughn that they'd forgotten all about Uncle Eliphalet Bond's bust, and have to start up to the attic for it again right away.

THE END

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One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. (*Print name and address clearly.*)

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
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Never Too Late

IF YOU want to lead, study. School will multiply enormously your chances of success in life.

What you are able to do and to learn will depend largely on how much education you have.

Measured on the lowest basis of dollars, schooling is the most profitable investment you can make for yourself or for your children.

Recently the Federal Bureau of Education published a study which shows in the most vivid way the money worth of schooling.

Untrained people earn from $400 to $1,200 a year in this country.

Those with common school training range from $600 to $1,500 a year.

High school products run from $850 to $2,450 on the average.

Those who have attended college get from $1,400 to $5,000, while college graduates' average income is $6,000 a year.

In American industry generally there is one executive to twenty-five workers. The bosses are all trained men and women.

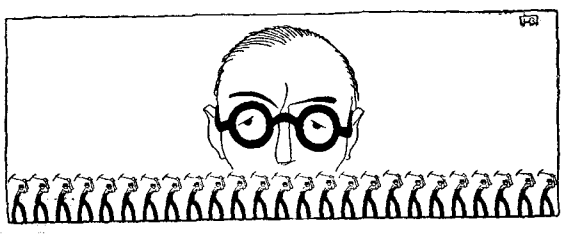
If you have a good education you will have little difficulty proving your fitness for a well-paid job. Lacking an education your chances at obtaining the more interesting opportunities are few.

And all this is chiefly the money side of the picture.

The other satisfactions are certainly not less important. Happiness and usefulness have often been associated with plain living and high thinking. Without schooling plain living can't be escaped and high thinking can't be attained.

The great value of education lies in the vistas it opens.

Without schooling only geniuses can think clearly and work with their minds.



Remember in connection with these conclusions that at no time are you too old to learn.

Your mind is about as receptive at forty years as it was during adolescence.

Your body is also much more flexible than most adults realize.

The fact that your early education may have been scant is no justification for continuing ill equipped through life.

Anyone in good health can broaden his horizon by study. Read books and read with a purpose. Other things being equal, no expenditure of time will reward you so well in ability and in happiness.

Learn games too, for play is essential to education. Helen Wainwright, the famous swimmer, taught a man nearly eighty years old the difficult crawl stroke.

Widen your range of interests by studying new things whether for work or for recreation. So long as you are learning you are growing and growth is the first essential to a healthy life.

Modern Magic

TWO University of California professors took some wheat apart and decided that they knew what made it work.

They put some grains in water, added the chemicals that growing wheat makes for itself in the field, darkened the room, turned on twelve special lamps of 300 candlepower each, and watched it work.

In seven weeks less than it takes a field wheat grower to get his crop they had mature wheat so much better than was ever grown in a field that they had to describe it as being of a supernature.

Man is going the natural processes much better so often that this experiment attracted little attention.

It was an application of all the useful knowledge about growing things that has been derived by a host of experimenters, plus the deductions of the two professors and their zeal to shove back the wall of ignorance another foot or two.

Professors are doing things like that right along, working more real political change than the Congress of the United States.

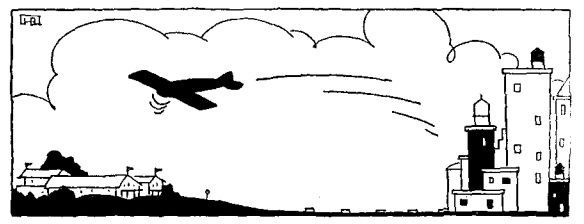
Wheat growers need have no fear that some progressive manufacturer will set up a city factory and put them out of business.

Wheat grown like that costs more than anyone now thinks bread is worth.

More Speed

BUSINESS was slack and life monotonous for two brothers, oil-drilling contractors in Tulsa, Oklahoma. A theatre performance at Kansas City, two hundred miles away, appealed. An airplane had them there, and in their seats, in little more than two hours.

Two members of Congress from New



York wished to return quickly to their homes. "We're in a hurry," was a comment that did not bother the Washington pilot to whom they took their problem.

It requires forty-five minutes now to get from the center of Chicago to a popular country club, twenty-seven miles distant. Fifteen should be enough, say the members. A landing field is under consideration by the board of control.

The best steamship record from New York to Queenstown, Ireland, is 4 days, 10 hours, 41 minutes. The Bremen, which accomplished the first western transatlantic airplane voyage, got from Ireland to land in the Strait of Belle Isle in 34½ hours under hard conditions.

We are moving toward more, not less, speed. But the real achievement is not in the fact of rapid travel. It is in being aided to get what we want when we want it.

Not in the Books

WHEN the students of Wake Forest College, citadel of Baptist learning in North Carolina, organized an Al Smith Club the Ninth Avenue Baptist Church of Charlotte heard about it and promptly resolved that it would make no more contributions to the support of the college if the student club were not disbanded.

This resolution was sent to Dr. Francis P. Gaines, president of the college, who politely but firmly refused to meddle. Dr. Gaines thinks that the students have a right to form any kind of club that does not interfere with the curricular activities or disturb the peace and dignity of the school.

Far more important than any contribution of money to any college is liberty. The lesson in independence given the students by their courageous president will be remembered when most of the classroom instruction is hopelessly forgotten.

And this is no endorsement of any man's candidacy for the Presidency.

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Test this New super heat-resisting Oil in your high compression Motor

THE proper oil for your new high compression motor is no more like the oil of other days than your engine is like the "one-lunger" of years ago. You'll recognize this the first time you fill your crankcase with the new super heat-resisting Veedol.

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3. They increase motor efficiency (they give a stronger piston seal due to heavier body and super heat-resistance).

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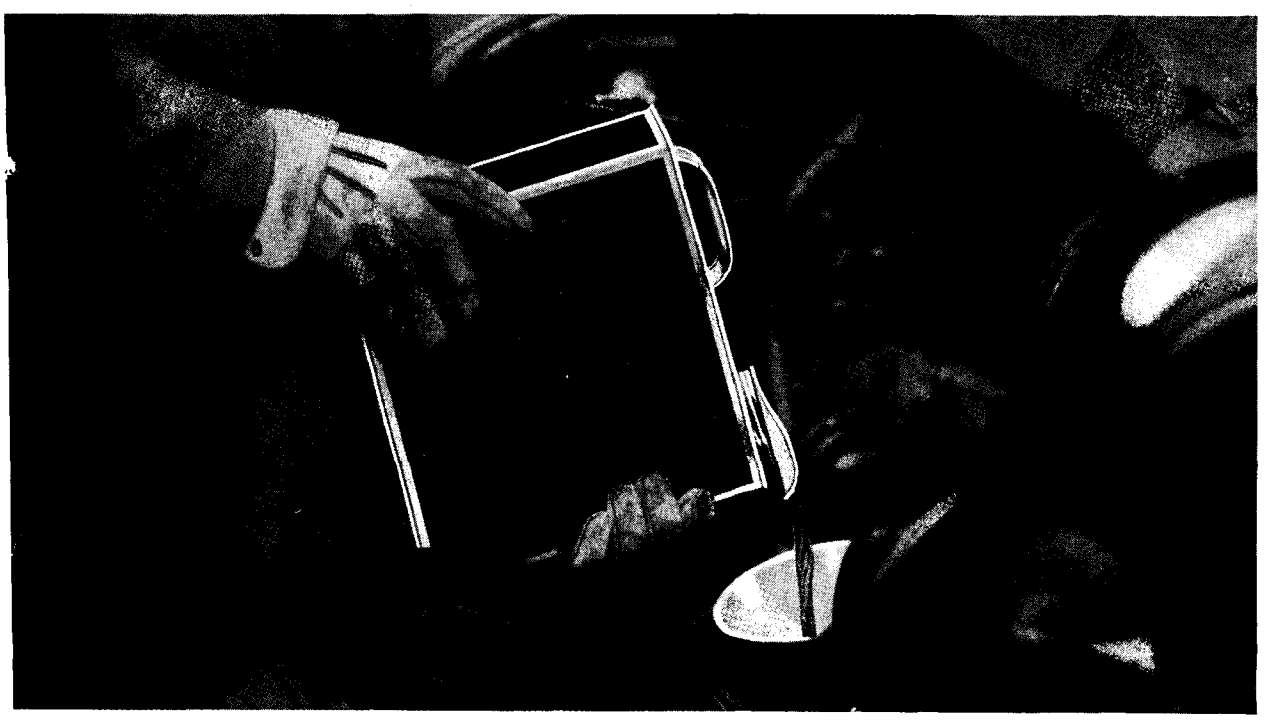

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To insure the highest degree of lubrication Veedol is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined from One Hundred Percent Pure Pennsylvania crude and from other Paraffine base crudes. The Pennsylvania crude required for Veedol is brought direct from the Bradford Field to the Tide Water Refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, through Tide Water's own pipe lines. Tide Water Oil Co., New York.

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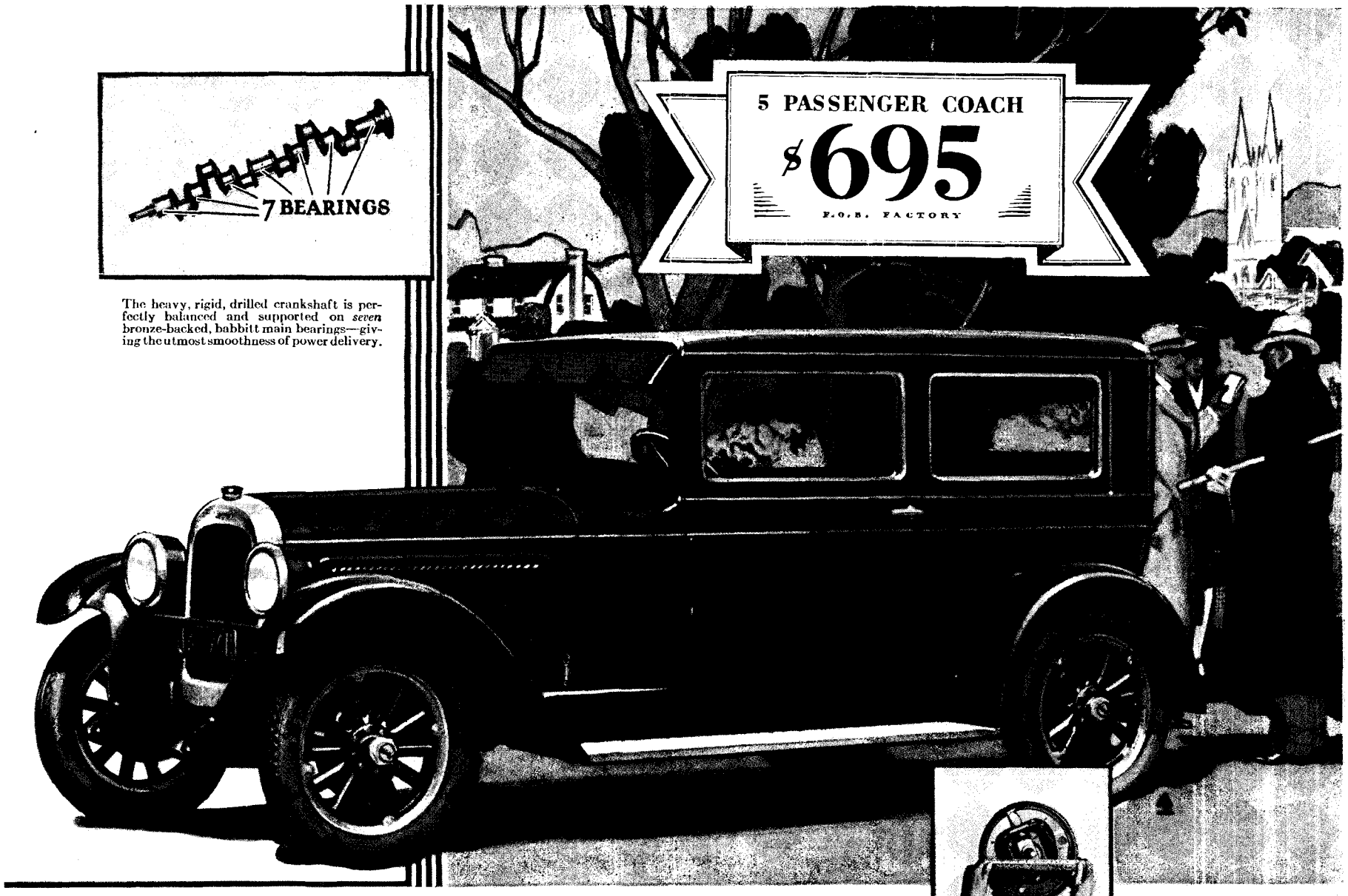
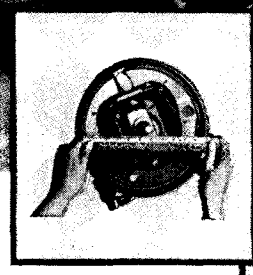
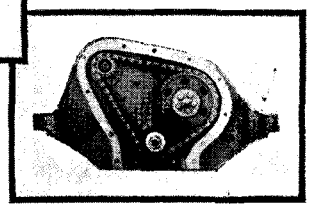


The heavy, rigid, drilled crankshaft is perfectly balanced and supported on *seven* bronze-backed, babbitt main bearings—giving the utmost smoothness of power delivery.



The new Whippet Six has officially approved 4-wheel brakes of the superior mechanical type.



A silent timing chain drives the camshaft, assuring quiet, smooth operation—a feature of the highest priced cars on the market.

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Invar-Strut Pistons
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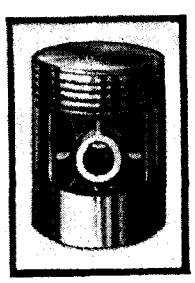
Whippet Six Touring $615; Roadster $685; Coupe $695; Sedan $745.
Prices (f.o.b. factory) and specifications subject to change without notice.



Pistons of the new Whippet Six are of the Nelson type—made of a special aluminum alloy, with invar steel strut. This design prevents piston distortion and assures faster pickup, greater speed and power, and longer life.

The new Whippet Six

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